JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 19

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JUDGE DREDD

THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 19

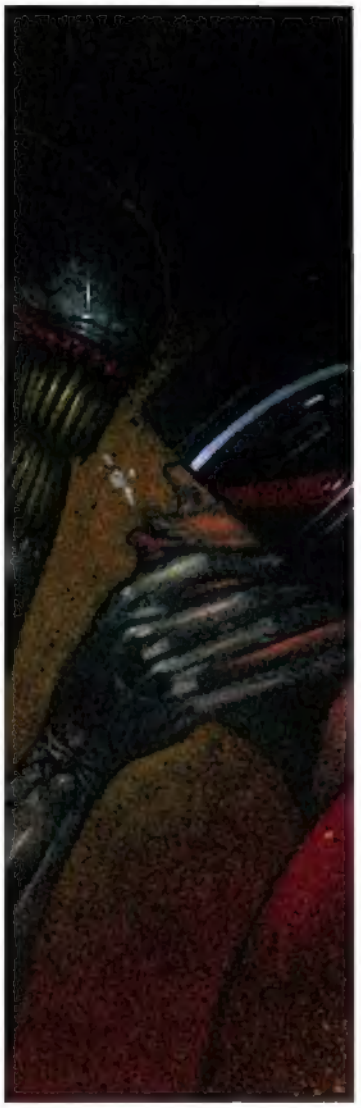
JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA

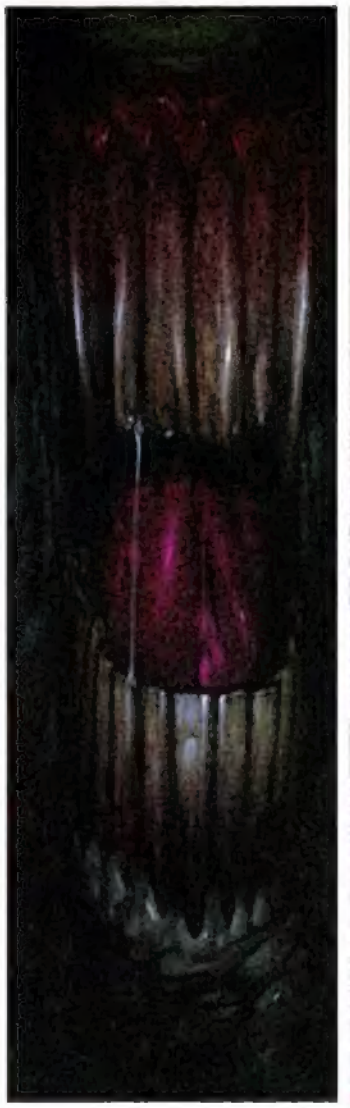
EAST MEG TWO, MIDNIGHT --

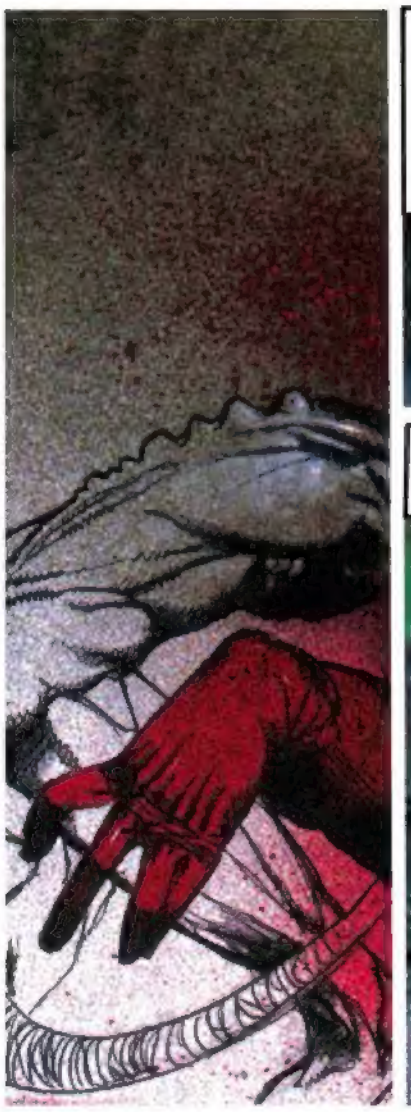
JUDGE DREDD

UH

KRAK!







THEY SAY OLD MAN TRAKTORFAKTORI WENT SOFT IN THE HEAD... HE DOESN'T KNOW HALF OF WHAT THE DIKTATORAT IS UP TO... A WALKING DEAD MAN, PAST HIS TIME.
SENILE.

SENILE HE MAY BE, BUT HE STILL TAKES THE OL' KLASHER 390 TO BED WITH HIM --

BADOW!
BADOW!
BADOW
SKUM!

DAOKKING KOBRAZ...
YOU'RE NOT READY FOR THE TOMBS YET, JOSEF.

FAMOUS LAST WORDS.
EH?

ENTER : JONNI KISS

PUCKER UP, JOSEF...

THIS IS YOUR GOODNIGHT KISS.

BLAM!

Script G. ENNIS
Art G. STAPLES
Lettering TOM FRAME

MEGA-CITY ONE.

GUESS THE IVANS ARE GONNA NEED A NEW SUPREME JUDGE...

THEY'RE SITTIN' ON IT TIGHT, BUT WE GOT US A **MOLE** IN THE DIKTATORAT.

SO MUCH FOR GLASNOST...

WAY IT GOES.

BULLET IN THE HEAD, THEY SAY. STRANGE, THOUGH -- THEY FOUND A BUNCH O' DEAD MUTIES IN THE ROOM. SOME KINDA **GILA-MUNJA** SUBSPECIES.

ANY IDEA WHO'LL REPLACE HIM?

WE'RE HOPIN' FOR **RIBOFLAVIN** -- COULD JUST AS EASILY BE A HARDLINER...

THEY GOT SOME HOTSHOT KID ON THE WAY UP, TOO -- **MARKIMARKOV**, WE THINK.

ONE SOV'S AS BAD AS ANOTHER!

EURO-CIT'S FRENCH QUARTER, THREE DAYS LATER. . .

WE GOT YOUR PACKAGE.

LIKE IT?

OH YES.

YOUR REP IS IMPRESSIVE, MR KISS -- BUT WE NEEDED TO BE SURE. . .

WE'RE FAXING ID ON YOUR REAL TARGET THROUGH NOW.

YOU JONNI KISS?

THE VERY SAME.

YOU DEAD.

YOU HIRE KOBRAZ BROTHERS-- YOU NOT WARN THEM OLD MAN **GUN**. YOU USE THEM **DECOY**.

I COME MANYMILE FIND YOU, JONNI KISS.

I HOPE I'M NOT A DISAPPOINTMENT.

CAN'T MOVE WHEN I DO THAT, CAN YOU?

AK!

GOODNIGHT.

HHH-

HHHH

HHHHHH...

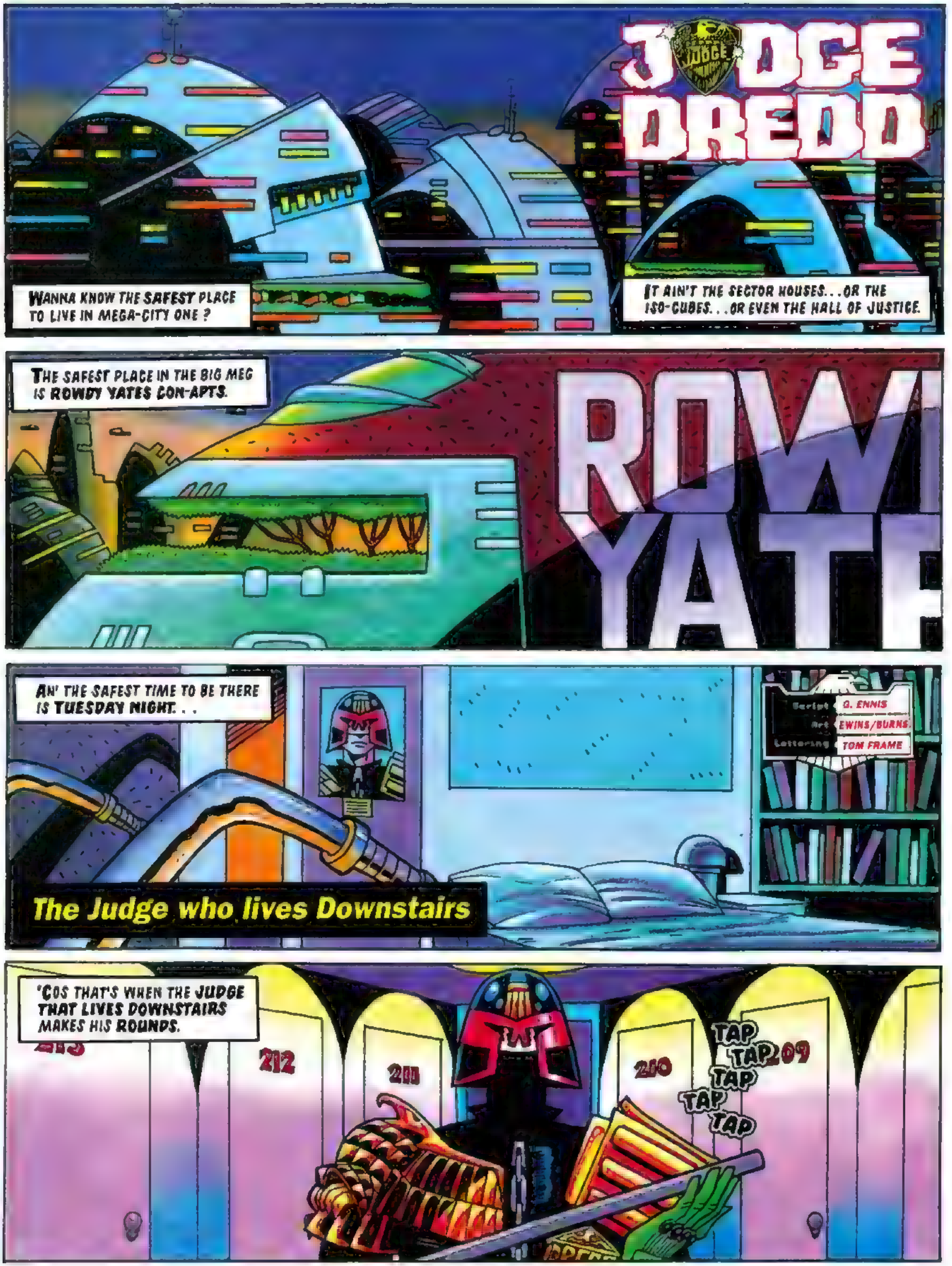
INCOMING

AH...?

I KNEW. I KNEW IF I WAITED LONG ENOUGH... SOONER OR LATER...

DREDD

HE'D BE MINE.


JUDGE DREDD
WANNA KNOW THE SAFEST PLACE TO LIVE IN MEGA-CITY ONE ?
IT AIN'T THE SECTOR HOUSES...OR THE ISO-CUBES...OR EVEN THE HALL OF JUSTICE.
THE SAFEST PLACE IN THE BIG MEG IS ROWDY YATES CON-APTS.
ROWDY YATES
AN' THE SAFEST TIME TO BE THERE IS TUESDAY NIGHT...
Script G. ENNIS
Art EWINS/BURNS
Lettering TOM FRAME
The Judge who lives Downstairs
'COS THAT'S WHEN THE JUDGE THAT LIVES DOWNSTAIRS MAKES HIS ROUNDS.
212
TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

SO ALL IN ALL, IT'S A PRETTY BAD NIGHT FOR **EMMI-LOO LAVENDER** TO HAVE MURDERED HER HUSBAND **PHIL!**

TAP! TAP! TAP! TAP!

GOOD TO WALK AROUND FOR AN HOUR BEFORE TURNING IN. SLEEP MACHINES BOOKED SOLID--TIRED FROM SIXTY HOURS ON THE STREETS.

BUT HE KNOWS IT'S WORTH IT.

LETS 'EM KNOW YOU'RE ALWAYS THERE. . . WATCHING. . . WAITING. . .

TAP TAP TAP TAP TAP

WAITING FOR 'EM TO PUT ONE STEP OUT OF LINE. . .

TAP TAP TAP TAP

LETTING 'EM KNOW.

KEEPING 'EM SCARED.

TAP TAP TAP TAP

THE DEVIL MADE ME DO IT!
THE DEVIL MADE ME ROCK!

♪ THE DEVIL SAID KAWOOLA-WOOLLA-WINGA-WINGA BOKK! ♪

♪ THE DEVIL SAID TO SMASH THINGS -- TO BITE AND RIP AND KILL, TO SHAKE THE CITY BY THE THROAT UNTIL IT FEELS QUITE ILL! ♪

♪ I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND IT, BUT SUDDENLY I KNEW! IT WAS THE DEVIL'S LINGO, TELLING ME WHAT TO DO! ♪

♪ THE DEVIL'S SUCH A COOL DUDE, THE DEVIL'S KING OF ROCK! BEST THING 'BOUT THE DEVIL IS - ♪

♪ HE DOESN'T GIVE A DROKK! ♪

WHAM!

YOU TWO CREEPS NOT KNOW TO ANSWER YOUR DOOR ?

W-W-WE DIDN'T HEAR IT!

EXACTLY. YOU'RE FINED TWO THOUSAND CREDS FOR **NOISE POLLUTION.** IT HAPPENS AGAIN, YOU'LL DO TIME.

TUESDAY NIGHTS, EVERYONE GETS THAT FEELIN' WAY DOWN DEEP IN THEIR SOUL... "DON'T LET HIM KNOCK ON MY DOOR! NOT MINE! AL NEXT DOOR, HE NEVER RENEWED HIS **MORON'S LICENSE**! KNOCK ON HIS DOOR -- BUT **NOT MINE**!"

'COS HE KNOWS **EVERYONE'S** GUILTY -- JUST A QUESTION OF WHAT THEY'VE DONE. **HE KNOWS.**

HE IS THE LAW.

COMING!

NOK! NOK!

OH! JUDGE DREDD! THIS IS A NICE SURPRISE!

MRS SCONES.

JUST CHECKING ON YOUNG **GUSTER.** BEHAVING HIMSELF, IS HE?

OH, HE'S BEEN EVER SUCH A GOOD BOY! DOES EVERYTHING HE'S TOLD!

I MEAN, EVER SINCE YOU DECLARED HIM AN **HABITUAL OFFENDER** AND MADE HIM HAVE THAT **OPERATION**, HE'S BEEN GOOD AS GOLD!

AFTER HIS PARENTS DIED ON **JUDGEMENT DAY**, HE JUST RAN WILD... I TRIED TO LOOK AFTER HIM, BUT THERE'S ONLY SO MUCH A GRANDMOTHER CAN DO... I'M AWFULLY GRATEFUL TO YOU, JUDGE DREDD.

WE AIM TO PLEASE, MRS SCONES.

IT'S JUST... WELL...

I'M SURE HE USED TO SMILE A LOT MORE.

MEANWHILE, UP IN 1302, EMMA-LOO'S GOING THROUGH EVERY CONCEIVABLE OPTION... THE GARBAGE GRINDER? NO! HE'LL JAM IT! **USELESS FAT SLOB!** ...OUT THE WINDOW? NO--13 FLOORS IS TOO SHORT A DROP! THEY'LL SEE THE SPLIT IN HIS HEAD! ... DISSOLVE HIM WITH ACID? WHERE DOES **SHE** GET INDUSTRIAL STRENGTH ACID?... HAUL HIM OUT? TOO HEAVY! ...

OH GRUD! OH GRUD! **OH GRUD!**

DREDD'S HAVING A SUCCESSFUL PATROL. IN 996, THE CARSON'S ARE USING SUGAR --

RONNIE HOOLIHAN IN 1060 FORGOT TO TAKE BACK THAT OVERDUE VIDSLUG --

AND UP IN 1299, THE BUGGINS BROTHERS HAVE ALL GONE **FUTSIE** AT ONCE...

UNTIL...

NOK! NOK!

JUDGE DREDD...

307

CITIZEN LAVENDER? NEIGHBOURS REPORTED A DISTURBANCE.

YES.

I'VE MURDERED MY HUSBAND.

JUST ANOTHER STUPID ARGUMENT. WE'RE ALWAYS AT IT.

AND HE SAID -- HE CALLED ME A USELESS MUGGLIE, AND --

...AND SOMETHING IN ME JUST **SNAPPED**...

OH, JUDGE DREDD.

THANK GRUD YOU'VE COME.

JUDGE DREDD

THE CHIEFTAIN pt 1

TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF THE TAGGART RAD-GASH, CALEDONIAN HABITATION ZONE...

WHAT IN THE NAME O' A' THAT'S GUID...?

WHAT'S HAPPENED TAE THE PLACE? OH. GRUD!

JENNY!

A-BIG MAN?

JENNY?

WHIT--I MEAN--OH GRUD. JENNY! WHIT'S GAWN ON?

I'M...A RIGHT MESS... ANDY...BUT I'M...GLAD YE'RE HAME TO--TO SAY GUIDBYE..

WHAT? JENNY, WHERE'S THE BAIRNS? WHERE'S HEATHER AN' JILL?

DON'T LOOK AT THEM, ANDY. YOU... DON'T WANT TO...

NO

G. ENNIS
M. AUSTIN
T. FRAME

AW--AW NOOO--

DINNAE CRY, BIG MAN.

WHO--WHO WAS IT?

BUNCH O' SCUNNERS. LEADER WAS...A YANK. NAME O'...AH THINK THEY CALLED HIM... MERRINI. LOOKIN' FOR YOU, HE SAID.

YOU NEVER WOULD...TELL ME WHIT IT WAS YE...YE USED TO DO, ANDY. LOOKS LIKE IT'S...CAUGHT UP WI' YOU...

AW...WOULD YOU... LOOK AT THE HILLS, ANDY...IS THAT NO' BONNY?

SNOW'S GONE PINK.

HEH.

MEGA-CITY ONE'S JIM BRUBB MEMORIAL AIRPORT, ONE WEEK LATER--

HOW LONG YOU PLANNING TO STAY IN THE MEG, DUNN?

'BOUT A WEEK.

BE PRECISE.

ONE WEEK.

SEVEN DAYS IT IS. BUSINESS OR PLEASURE?

PLEASURE.

OKAY. YOUR LUGGAGE IS CLEAN. MAKE SURE YOU LEAVE WHEN YOU SAID, OR WE'LL ISSUE A WARRANT FOR YOUR ARREST.

MOVE ALONG.

FOXER UNIT WORKED. GOOD.

DISRUPTS X-RAYS--TRANSMITS A FALSE PICTURE OF THE CASE'S CONTENTS TO THE MACHINE'S SCANNERS. HANDY WEE GIZMO.

IF THEY'D SEEN WHAT'S REALLY IN THERE, IT'D BE NEXT STOP THE CUBES. AN' THAT WOULD NEVER DO. WI' ALL THE KILLIN' LEFT UNDONE...

TAXI!

MIDNIGHT. CITY BOTTOM.

PEDRO'S

SIX DEAD HERE... ONE HERE... BUT THE INTERESTING ONES ARE **THESE** FOUR.

CAUSE OF DEATH: INTERNAL HAEMORRAGING, MASSIVE PRESSURE ON THE BRAIN. IT'S LIKE THESE GEEKS HAD THEIR INNARDS LIQUEFIED BY A **SONIC CANNON**...

NO WAY YOU'D GET A WEAPON THAT SIZE IN HERE.

DREDD

YEAH. GOT ME **STUMPED**.

THE REST DIED BY CUTS FROM AN EDGED WEAPON. BIG ONE, WITH SOME KIND OF **RIPPER** ATTACHMENT.

EXCEPT FOR NODDY THERE.

SO WE GOT NO WITNESSES-- MASS SLAUGHTER-- AND FOUR DEATHS BY UNKNOWN MEANS.

ONLY LEAD IS THIS CREEP-- **FUDGER JONES**, BRIT-CIT EXPATRIATE. ON AND OFF **NARK**. I'LL CHECK HIM OUT.

DREDD

FINDING JONES WAS EASY, JUST LIKE THE AULD DAYS.

MAKIN' HIM TALK WUZNAE HARD EITHER -- ONCE THE NYAFFS HE HAD ROOND HIM WERE MINCEMEAT, THE WEE CREEP WAS AWFY HELPFUL.

AND RIGHT UP TAE THE END, HE THOUGHT HE WAS GETTIN' OFF WI' IT. TOLD MERRINI WHERE TO FIND MA HOME, AN' HE EXPECTED TO BE LET OFF FOR A SORRY!

SO I GOT MERRINI'S ADDRESS OUT OF HIM...

AN' I REMEMBERED HOW WEE JILL CAME TAE BITS IN MA HANDS WHEN I WAS BURYIN' HER...

KLIK-RRRR

AN' I WRUNG HIS NECK LIKE A DROKKIN' CHICKEN.

KRAASH!

WE ARE THE PEOPLE!

G-G-G-GET HIM--

AN WOULDNAE TRY!

AAAAHH!

LEMME OUTTA HERE!

THEY'LL BE BACK! ARMED TO THE TEETH! THEY'LL KILL YOU!

THEY'LL NO EVEN MAKE IT OOT THE DOOR, DAW'HELD! WHERE'S MICKY MERRINI?

SPITGUNS ARE IN THE CAR! MOVE!

WH-WH-WHAT--?

WHAT IN DROKK'S NAME IS THAT?

RRRRRRRR!

JUDGE DREDD

THE CHIEFTAIN pt 2

CAL HAB HARD MAN ANDY DUNN IS OUT FOR REVENGE. NOW, AS HIS FOES TRY TO MAKE THEIR ESCAPE...

IT'S... IT'S...

ROBOT, OR...

IT'S IN THE WAY! SHOOT IT!

GARTH ENNIS
MICK AUSTIN
ELLIE DE VILLE

EEEEEEE

EEEEEEE

WHAT - GRUD! MY HEAD!

AARGOWW!

IN THE NEXT ROOM...

AAAACCHH - WASSA - DAMN NOISE -

YER PALS'VE MET THE PSYCHO-PIPER, JAMES! THAT'S HIS LAMENT!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE

AAAAHH!

TIGHT FOCUS SONIC DISRUPTOR ON A ROBOT CHASSIS! HE'S SERVED ME WELL O'ER THE YEARS!

NOO, IF YE DINNA WANNAE BE NEXT... TELL ME.

WHERE'S MERRINI?

OUT! GOT-GOT A MEETIN' WITH THE C.E.O. AT WAR-TECH! HE'S MEANT TO BE MEETIN' US DOWNTOWN TO FINISH THE SUGAR DEAL!

WHO-- WHO ARE YOU?

AH'M THE FELLA JUST HAD THE BURY HIS AIN WIFE AN' DAUGHTERS. AH'M THE LAST THING YOU'RE EVER GAUNNY SEE.

AH'M THE CHIEFTAIN.

NO!

KUK-KRRRP

AAAAA—

SUKK!

THE HALL OF JUSTICE THE LAW IS HOT ON ANDY'S TRAIL...

VOCAL INTERFACE

JONES, F K. FOUR YEARS ISO-BLOCK 17, SETTLED MEGA-CITY ONE 2.12.05. JUSTICE DEPT INFORMANT.

SEE ALSO HIGH SECURITY FILE Z. MOST SECRET. SENIOR JUDGE CLEARANCE REQUIRED.

SUBJECT: JONES, FUDGER. BRIT EX-PAT.

SEARCHING...

DREDD, JOE.

DREDD, J - SENIOR JUDGE - V.P. MATCH - I.D MATCH - CLEAR.

INTERFACE WITH BRIT-CIT CAL HAB RECORDS ACHIEVED. JONES, F.K. MEMBER CAL HAB COVERT ASSASSINATION RANGER TEAM, 2049-2105.

WELL, WELL...

WHO'S THE BIG GUY?

JONES F.K.

RANGER TEAM DELTA 2102

RANGER WAR CHIEFTAIN DUNN, A.F. RESIDENT CAL HAB. ENTERED MEGA-CITY ONE 1330 HRS YESTERDAY.

THIS DUNN LOOKS LIKE JONES' KILLER, CONTROL. POSSIBLY AN OLD GRUDGE – CAN'T TELL WITHOUT MORE DETAILS ON THE RANGER MISSIONS.

MEANTIME, GET AN APB OUT–

SAME M.O. AS JONES-- HEAVY BLADE, SONIC HAEMORRHAGING–

THAT'S HIM.

OCCURRED IN HOME OF ONE MICKY MERRINI. HIS WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN.

THIS JUST IN, DREDD-- BEEN A MASSACRE AT SCORCESE BLOCK!

FIND HIM!

GÜT TIME IN GAL HAB, HERR MERRINI?

NOT BAD, MR SCHMEISSER. CALLED IN ON AN OLD FRIEND.

AND OUR BUSINESS?

LOOKIN' GOOD.

THE WHISKEY CLANS'RE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS PERMANENT, BUT THEIR HARDWARE'S ANTIQUE. WITH WARTECH TO SUPPLY 'EM AN' ME TO STIR THINGS UP...

WE COULD HAVE OURSELVES A PROFITABLE LITTLE WAR FOR YEARS TO COME.

GET LOST, BUDDY! WARTECH DON'T OPEN 'TIL NINE -- IT'S FOUR AM!

EARLY OPENIN', SPARKY!

KREESSHH!

BREAK-IN AT WARTECH, DREDD! SECURICAM'S PICKED UP YOUR MAN!

ON MY WAY!

LEVEL 929
C.E.O
SCHMEISSER

LEVEL
D.P.
EVAN

DER ALARM!

BEEBEEBEEBEE

WARTECH ACCESS

DUNN!

ALL I NEED-- ALL I DROKKIN NEED!
VOT IS GOING ON?
DUNN!
EXIT
AW, DROKK!
LOSE THE SWORD, BIG MAN. NOW.
WHAMMM!
RRRRR!
STOMM!
NICE WAN, PIPER!
NNNG-!
GNUHH!
VOT THE DROKK-?
YON DREDD'LL NO HELP YE NOO, YE PIECE O' SCUM!
TIME THE DIE!

JUDGE DREDD

RANGER CHIEFTAIN *ANDY DUNN* HAS FOUND THE MAN WHO KILLED HIS FAMILY, *MICKY MERRINI*. NOW, AT THE OFFICES OF ARMS MANUFACTURERS *WARTECH*...

AH'M GONNA *ENJOY THIS*...

LEAVE IT! I'M *WARNIN'* YOU-

AND I'M WARNIN' YOU! *YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, CREEP!*

DINNAE MAKE ME LAUGH! AH'VE PUT YE DOON ONCE- AN' AH'LL DAE IT *AGAIN!*

AAAOOUFF!

THE CHIEFTAIN pt 3

AAAAHH!

WUNCH!

WHOOKKK!

NNNGG!

NO ONE *DOES IT TWICE!*

G. ENNIS
M. AUSTIN
J. ALDRICH

DUNN'S SONIC-ARMED ROBOT-THE *PSYCHO-PIPER.*

AS FOR YOU-

EEEEEE

WHOKK!

EEERK!

GOTTA KILL 'EM *BOTH.*

D-DER JUDGE *TOO?*

HE'LL SCOTCH OUR CAL-HAB DEAL. HIM TOO.

DUNN'S SECURE, CONTROL. CATCH WAGON TO WARTECH.

ROJ.

LET'S HAVE SOME ANSWERS WHILE WE'RE WAITING, BIG MAN. WHAT'S YOUR BEEF WITH MERRINI?

HE KILLED MA FAMILY! MA *WIFE!* MA TWO WEE *DAUGHTERS!* THEY WERE ONLY *EIGHT* YEARS AULD AN' HE *KILLED* THEM!

YEP.

AN' I *ENJOYED IT,* TOO.

YOU ADMIT THIS?

SURE. WANNA KNOW HOW I DID IT?

"EASY AS PIE."

WHO'S *THAT..?*

JILL! HEATHER! *WAIT!*

HELLO, MISTER. THIS IS OOR HOOSE!

HI, KIDS.

ARE YE COMIN' TAE VISIT? HELLO!

BLAMBLAMBLAM!

OKAY, BURN IT TO THE GROUND. THREE MINUTES, THEN WE'RE OUT.

THE WOMAN'S *MINE.*

AH SWEAR TAE GRUD, MERRINI- AH'LL BATHE IN YER BLOOD BEFORE THIS NIGHT'S OOT...

SHUT UP.

YOU'RE SOME PIECE OF WORK, MERRINI. GOT A REASON?

ASK HIM.

"YOU AN' THEM MERCENARIES O' YOURS WERE HID OOT IN CANTERBURY. NO-ONE KNEW HOW TO GET AT YE - NOT SINCE YE MASSACRED THEM FIVE TOWNS O' FOLK IN THE PARTICK THISTLE RISIN'...

"BUT WE FOUND YE.

AYE, AH KNOW ARRIGHT. IT WUZ MA LAST MISSION AS CHIEFTAIN O' THE RANGERS...

"FUDGER JONES SNIFFED YE OOT. HE WAS AYE GOOD AT THAT, WASN'T HE?

"AH DINNAE KEN HOW YOU SNEAKED OOT THAT NIGHT, MERRINI - BUT WE GOAT THE REST O' YER BUTCHERS...

"NAEBODY HAD A CHANCE AGAINST THE CAL-HAB RANGERS."

WHICH LEAVES ONLY ONE QUESTION: WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT WARTECH?

SORRY, JUDGE-

-NO COMMENT!
BLAMBLAMBLAM!
HNNNNG-!
AAAAAHH!
BADAMM!
BADAMM!
DROKK!
AAAAGGHH!
ARMOUR PIERCING!
BADAMM!
DROP THE FAT CREEP AND RAISE 'EM...
IT'S... MA FIGHT...
STAY OOT O' IT!
UNNH!
I-I'LL LEAVE YOU BOYS TO IT!

OOF ACCESS
TO LEVEL 5 TO
KEEWAY RAMP
OH DEAR GRUD...
RUN ALL YE WANT, YE SCUNNER! YER CLAIMED!
NO' YET... NO YET... NO' TIL THE PIPER'S PAID...
CREEP KNOWS HOW TO WIND ME UP-
MADE IT!
OH AYE!
EEEIIGHH!
GET THE WAGON TO THE ROOF! AND BACK-UP! LOOKS LIKE WARTECH'S ROTTEN TO THE CORE!
DUNN, NO! FOR MERCY'S SAKE-
AH'VE NAE TIME TAE... MAKE THIS... LAST, MERRINI-
SO AH'LL JUST-MAKE IT HURT.
NOOOAAARR-

LAST WARNING, DUNN! FREEZE!

NO THANKS, JUDGE.

JILL...HEATHER... JENNY...

HOLD ON FOR US.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE!

IT'S OVER, CONTROL.

DREDD OUT.

THE END

JUDGE DREDD

THE MEAN STREETS OF THE BIG MEG ARE NO PLACE FOR A HOMELESS CITIZEN. . .

HEY! GIMME A BREAK, HUH? ALL I'M ASKING FOR IS A FEW CREDS!

DON'T WALK PAST ME. PLEASE -- SOMEBODY STOP!

'SLIKE I'M INVISIBLE... LIKE NOBODY CAN EVEN SEE ME.

WE CAN SEE YOU, BEGGAR --

NOOO! PLEASE -- DON'T HURT ME! HELP! SOMEBODY HELP!

NOBODY'S LISTENING, STINKY -- NOBODY CARES!

THIS IS CALLED A "NEURON EXTRACTOR", SPUGHEAD -- WE'RE GONNA USE IT TO TAKE AWAY THE LAST THING YOU GOT LEFT!

CONTROL TO DREDD! MUGGING REPORTED OFF BRETT ANDERSON PEDWAY!

RESPONDING. TWO MINUTES.

M. MILLAR

R. SMITH

T. FRAME

The Great Brain Robbery 1

THOUGHT THEFT. THE LATEST CRAZE TO HIT THE MEG.

MAIN TARGETS ARE THE CITY'S HOMELESS -- HEADS FULL OF CRAZY IDEAS AND USUALLY ON THEIR OWN.

SO LONG, SUCKER -- THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES!

HE USED TO BE CALLED CALVIN PATATAS AND HIS BEST MEMORY WAS A BIRTHDAY PARTY WHEN HE WAS FIVE YEARS OLD...

THE WARM FEELING IN HIS HEART AS HE BLEW OUT THE CANDLES.

BUT THAT'S GONE -- STOLEN.

STRIPPED FROM HIS MIND TO BE SOLD TO THE RICH AND BORED ON THE PLUSH SIDE OF TOWN.

YEE-HARR!

DID YOU SEE THE LOOK ON THAT BUM'S FACE? WE MUSTA SUCKED HIS WHOLE DROKKIN' HEAD DRY!

HMMM. METER ONLY READS EIGHT GOOD MEMORIES--

GRUD ALMIGHTY! LOOK!

PULL OVER, CREEPS!

DON'T STOP, JAKKA. RUN 'IM DOWN!

INCENDIARY!

BADAM!

SH-BLAMM!

YOU WON'T CATCH ME, DREDD!

I GOT THE FASTEST LEGS IN THE MEG!

NOT ANYMORE, CREEP!

EEEEGH!

CONTROL, REQUIRE MEAT-WAGON AND CLEAN-UP TEAM! CREEPS EXECUTED ON COUNTS OF THOUGHT-THEFT, ATTEMPTED MURDER...

AND SPEEDING!

MY HEAD--IT'S POUNDING...LIKE SOMETHING JUST--JUST SLICED THROUGH MY BRAIN!

OH DEAR GRUD...IT HURTS SO MUCH TO THINK!

HOLD IT, VAG!

DON'T THINK! I FORGOT ABOUT YOU!

BEGGING IS ILLEGAL, CITIZEN--

YOU'RE DOING TIME!

THE HALL OF JUSTICE--

NICE CATCH, DREDD. WE'VE BEEN AFTER THAT PATATAS CREEP FOR MONTHS!

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, CHIEF JUDGE?

SECTOR SEVEN'S BEEN ACTING UP AGAIN, JOE-- REPORTS OF MUGGINGS AND ARSON ATTACKS.

HAVEN'T REALLY GOT THE MANPOWER TO TACKLE IT, BUT WE WANT YOU TO HEAD A SMALL RAPID-ASSAULT TEAM.

I'LL HANDLE IT ON MY OWN.

TOO RISKY, DREDD! WE COULD BE TALKING HUNDREDS OF PERPS IN THAT GHETTO.

YOU'RE GONNA NEED SERIOUS BACK-UP!

UH--NO OFFENCE, JOE...!

THE MEMORIES OF A TOP TREE SURGEON FOR ONLY TEN THOUSAND CREDS!

MMM...

IT WAS WORTH EVERY PENNY!

NAHH. TOO OBVIOUS!

BEST MEMORY MY SUPPLIER EVER SOLD ME WAS ONE OF PICKING UP THIS MEASLY ACCOUNT CLERK'S MED BILLS! GRUD, THAT FELT GOOD!

YOU ARE SOME SERIOUS SICKO, O'TUNDLY!

YOU GUYS ARE PATHETIC -- STRICTLY SMALL TIME! YOU GOTTA LEARN TO THINK BIG!

ME? I'M GOING FOR MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP LAWMAN.

I WANT THE MEMORIES OF JUDGE DREDD HIMSELF!

SAY WHAT?

VITO! FOR GRUD'S SAKE -- YOU GOT TO BE JOKING!

MY FRIEND...

"I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS!"

DREDD

JUDGE DREDD

IT'S BEEN A GRIM COUPLE OF YEARS FOR MEGA-CITY ONE.

SABBAT'S ZOMBIES, THE BIG NEC--

HALF THE JUDGES HAVE BEEN WIPED OUT AND THE CREEPS ARE MAKING THE MOST OF IT!

The Great Brain Robbery PART 2

P-PLEASE... DON'T HURT US!

GIVE ME EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT OR I'LL THROW UP ON YOU!

LOOK! UP AHEAD!

IT'S JUDGE DREDD!

ATTENTION, MEATHEADS!

SURRENDER-- OR DIE!

HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, LAWMAN? THIS AREA IS OFF-LIMITS TO JUDGES!

HEH, HEH. YOU TELL 'IM, ROT-GUT!

M. MILLAR
R. SMITH
T. FRAME

NO AREA IS OFF-LIMITS TO THE JUDGES, CREEP!

BIKE CANNONS!

AIEEEE!

AAARGH!

ABOVE THE SCENE...

THERE HE IS! I GOT HIM--RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THAT HEAP OF DEAD BODIES!

WE CAN'T BOTCH THIS THOUGHT-THEFT, REEVES. TOO MUCH MONEY RIDING ON IT--

TAKE US IN A LITTLE CLOSER. I DON'T WANNA RISK A MISS!

KEEP FIRIN'! AIM FOR HIS HEAD!

DIE, DROKK YOU! DIE!

BLAAM!

BLAAM!

BARAM!

HI-EX!

THEY SAY NOTHING CAN HURT JUDGE DREDD -- THAT THE BIG MAN JUST CAN'T DIE!

GONNA CUT YOU IN HALF, DREDD!

BUT THAT ISN'T TRUE--

BLAMM!

EAT ELBOW, PUNK!

EVERYBODY BLEEDS.

EVERYBODY DIES.

SMESH!

IT'S JUST THAT NOBODY CAN HIT DREDD HARD ENOUGH!

LAST CHANCE, CREEPS! COME QUIETLY!

NOW!

THOUGHT-THEFT -- THE NEWEST CRIME IN THE MEG!

PERFECT FOR THOSE TOO BUSY TO LEAD AN INTERESTING LIFE.

VREEEE

DID YOU GET THEM? DID YOU STEAL DREDD'S MEMORIES?

ONLY A HANDFUL--

BUT THEY MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST FIVE MIL!

HE'S DOWN! GET 'IM!

NO WAY, SPUG-HEAD! GET OUTTA HERE WHILE YOU CAN STILL WALK!

DROKK! LOST 'EM!

CONTROL TO DREDD. SOMETHING JUST CAME UP!

MY TEEF! GRUD, MY TEEF!

THOUGHT-THIEF YOU PICKED UP EARLIER HAS SQUEALED ON HIS MAIN CLIENTS. JUST NEEDED A LITTLE PERSUASION.

HERE WE ARE, MR COLLETTA -- JUDGE DREDD'S MEMORIES! NOW WHAT ABOUT THE FIVE MIL YOU PROMISED US?

TSK. TSK. SHOW THE GENTLEMEN THE DOOR, OTIS! YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND SUCH BAD MANNERS!

YUSS, MR COLLETTA!

HEY, WAIT! PUT ME DOWN, YA BIG LUMMOX!

THANKS A LOT, LADS!

JUDGE DREDD'S MEMORIES! THE ACTION OF NECROPOLIS -- CROSSING THE CURSED EARTH IN A KILL-DOZER. SOON I'LL KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO BE A HERO!

AAAARGH!

VITO! WHAT'S WRONG?

SPLUTCH!

GRUD! BAD TRIP, HUH?

BETTER GET A MOP, OTIS!

BZZZZ

I'LL JUST GET THE DOOR, MR PALMER--

LIGHTS OUT, CREEP!

RAISE 'EM, PUNKS! THIS IS A RAID!

WHAT HAPPENED, JUDGE DREDD? WHY DID YOUR MEMORIES BLOW VITO'S MIND?

BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL BAD, MEATHEAD.

GUESS THAT CREEP WASN'T TOUGH ENOUGH TO HANDLE 'EM!

I BELIEVE IN JUDGEMENT.

MY JUDGEMENT. MY DIVINE RIGHT TO JUDGE THOSE WHO CLING TO POOR TASTE IN MUSIC. WHOSE COLLECTIONS HOUSE A GENETIX ALBUM. OR WHO LIKE KYLIE.

THOSE WHO LOVE THE MUZAK.

NNNNGG—!

GARTH ENNIS
DERMOT POWER
ANNIE PARKHOUSE

JUDGE DREDD

UNNNHH!

AND I WILL JUDGE THEM. THOUGH I AM IN THE CUBES DOING SIXTY—

MY JUDGEMENT IS NIGH.

MY FELLOW INMATES DISAGREE—

FEEB!

SAD LITTLE SPLUGGER!

GET A LIFE, DOUGHBALL!

BUT I'M NOT LIKE THEM.

I'M MARTY ZPOK.

MUZAK KILLER

:LIVE! PT 1

I'M NOT LIKE THEM AT ALL.

THERE HE IS! LET'S DO IT!

BAKOOMM!

WE'RE UNDER ATTACK! FULL ALERT!

FADOOMM!

MARTY! MARTY ZPOK! GET IN!

WHO—?

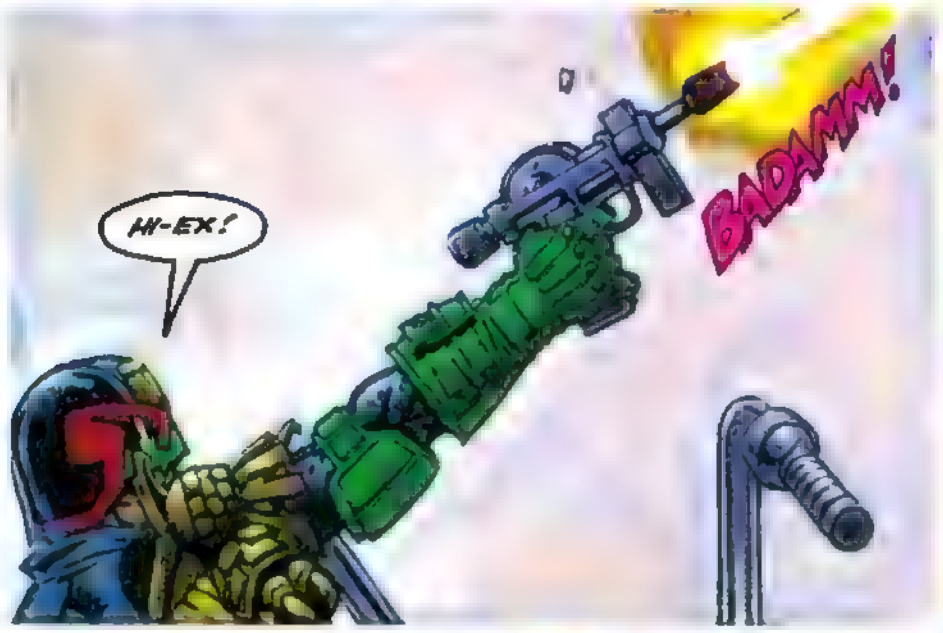
I'M INDIANA SADDOE, ME ZPOK! CALL ME INDY! I'M A BIG FAN OF YOURS!

150-BLOCK SIX TO NEAREST UNIT! PRISONER ABSCONDING IN BLACK '99 STRATOROVER! HEADING SOUTH!

DREDD AT MASTERS' JUNCTION! ON 'EM!

SO WHO ARE YOU?
WE'RE YOUR FANS, MARTY!

WE THINK YOU'RE GREAT! THE WAY YOU TRASHED THE RAMSAY BOP-- THAT WAS THE COOLEST!
WE COULDN'T LET YOU ROT IN THE CUBES, MARTY! YOU GOT TOO MUCH WORK STILL TO DO!
YOU ARE THE MUZAK KILLER!


HI-EX!
BADAMM!

SPAKOWW!

UNNNGH!
OH GRUD! TH-THE WHEEL!
NAILED YOUR STRATOROVER, CONTROL. THEY'RE HEADED FOR THE ZUIKO DUST ZONE.
DREDD

BUT, BY THE TIME THE OVERWORKED JUSTICE DEPT. CAN SEND AN H-WAGON —

WAGON TWELVE FIVER CONTROL -- TWO DEAD ON SIGHT, BUT NO SIGN OF ZPOK. MUST BE LONG GONE.

WE WERE LUCKY WE GOT OUT ALIVE!

PEEL ACRES

SHAME

SCURVY

STILL, ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL — OH! CHECKING OUT MY VIBE COLLECTION, HUH? SOME PRETTY COOL GEAR IN THERE!

NO.

IT'S MUZAK!

KRRASSHH!

MUZAK! MUZAK! MUZAK!

KRUNCH! KRUNCH!

B-B-BUT THEY'RE THE HIPPEST ALTERNI-VIBES IN THE MEG!

EXACTLY, INDY. LESSON ONE —

MUSIC IS ONLY COOL WHEN IT'S OLD.

DOWN TO BUSINESS, INDY -- HOW'S THE MUSIC SCENE DOING? WHO'S ***BIG?*** MUST BE SOME PRETTY GOOD BANDS ABOUT, SINCE I ***WIPED OUT*** ALL THE BAD ONES!

UH...

NOT EXACTLY. AFTER THE RAMSAY BOP, LOTS OF ***NEW*** MUZAK STARS POPPED UP AND TOOK OVER FROM THE DEAD ONES...

EH? DIDN'T THEY EVEN ***NOTICE*** ME?

OH, YOU ***BET.*** I SAVED SOME PRESS CLIPPINGS...

"A PATHETIC CALL FOR ATTENTION FROM A SAD AND DESPERATE MAN"... "MARTY ZPOK — A NASTY, SAD SPOILSPORT"... "A SAD MAN"..." A MAN WHO IS VERY, VERY SAD"...

WHAT? DAVID O' STEVEN IN ***STREETSOUNDS*** WRITES "MARTY ZPOK'S SLAUGHTER OF MUZAK STARS PROVES JUST HOW SAD SOME PEOPLE ARE. THE LOVE OF A GOOD WOMAN MIGHT HELP — BUT HE'S SO SAD HE'S PROBABLY NEVER HAD A GIRLFRIEND, THE SAD JERK."

MY SCRAP BOOK

MEANWHILE...

BILI BLUR AND KARL SHAMEN, DREDD. NO FORM.

TRY FOR A LINE ON THEIR ASSOCIATES -- SEE IF WE CAN TURN UP WHO'S HIDING ZPOK.

LAST THING WE NEED IS ***THAT*** SAD LITTLE CREEP ON THE LOOSE.

I AM NOT ***SAD!***

M-M-MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE YOUR ESCAPE ON THE VID!

—LAST ITEM THIS HOUR, THE VIOLENT BREAKOUT AT ISO-BLOCK SIX!

MARTY ZPOK—THE INFAMOUS MUZAK KILLER, MURDERER OF 19 TOP MUZAK STARS, MADE HIS ESCAPE BY HOVER-CAR, DESPITE BEING DESCRIBED BY JUSTICE DEPT. AS "SAD"—

ZPOK IS CONSIDERED HIGHLY DANGEROUS. IF SEEN, DO NOT APPROACH! CALL THE JUDGES!

SEE? YOU'RE DANGEROUS!

SHUT UP, INDY. WHAT'S THIS?

AND NOW ON NINE, THE MEG'S MOST POPULAR JUVE-SLOT: WORD UP!

ARRIGHT, MEGA-CITY ONE! OH, I'LL 'AVE SOME O' THAT! ARRIGHT? ARRIGHT!

Word Up

TONIGHT ON WORD UP WE'VE GOT MUSIC FROM THE USELESS THINGS AND FUDD...

AND WE'LL BE TALKING TO GRUNGERS MONTANA ABOUT WHAT YOU GET WHEN YOU CROSS THE D.T.s WITH THE FAIRIES. STAY TUNED, ARRIGHT?

HEH, HEH, HEH...

INDY, MY BOY? YOU AND I ARE GONNA BE VID-STARS.

MUZAK KILLER MARTY ZPOK IS LOOSE. NOW, AT THE HOME OF TOP VIBES JOURNO DAVID O' STEVEN—
BY THE SEETHING SYNTAX OF SWELLS! WHAT A FINE PIECE THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE.
"ZPOK'S ESCAPE WILL NO DOUBT BE HAILED AS A TRIUMPH BY THE FEW DWEEBS WHO AGREE WITH HIS DAFT AIMS -- BUT FOR MOST OF US, IT MEANS ONLY ONE THING: LOOK OUT! SAD MAN ALERT!"
BING-BONG
ERM— YES?
OH MY DROKKING GRUD!
Y-Y-YOU'RE MARTY ZPOK! THE MUZAK KILLER!
I AM.
AND YOU'RE THE GUY WHO THINKS I'M SAD.
RR-RR-RRNN!
WITH MARTY, HIS BIGGEST FAN-- INDIANA SADDOE...
JUDGE DREDD
RRRNN! RRRNN! RRNN!
I'LL PRINT AN APOLOGAAAARGH!

LATER, AN ANONYMOUS TIP-OFF ALERTS THE LAW...

I'M IN O' STEVEN'S HAB, CONTROL--HE'S ALL OVER THE PLACE.

LOOKS LIKE ZPOK'S BEEN MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME. ANY PROGRESS YOUR END?

SOME. WE CHECKED OUT THE CREEPS FROM THE HOVERCAR WRECK...

ONE OF THEIR ASSOCIATES LOOKS LIKELY: **SADDOE**, INDIANA WALTER. DID SIX MONTHS FOR **PUBLIC WHINGEING**.

RECKON ZPOK COULD BE **WITH** HIM...

DREDD AGREES...

SADDOE!

SADDOE'S NOT AT HOME, CONTROL—BUT HE SEEMS PROBABLE. COULD BE **HE** GAVE US THE O' STEVEN TIP-OFF.

GET AN APB OUT, **PRONTO**.

MUZAK KILLER :LIVE! PT 2

2008 AD Credit Card

Script: GARTH ENNIS

Art: DERMOT POWER

Lettering: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

MARTY AND INDY HAVE GONE TO GROUND —

I-I'M SCARED, MARTY! THIS IS HEAVIER THAN I EXPECTED!

QUIET, INDY. IT'S ON...

NCE

—THE MEG'S NIGHTLY LOOK AT WHAT'S HIP, TIP AND FLIP! WORD UP!

ARRIGHT, MEGGERS!

IN THE STUDIO TONIGHT WE'VE GOT THE BEL-X POSSE AND BIG DROKK, AND I'LL BE TALKING TO AGEING STAR CONRAD CONN ABOUT LIPOSUCTION!

HOW ABOUT YOU, KATI?

word up

I'M DOWN IN THE FLORIDA RAD-KEYS, GERRY, FINDING OUT ABOUT THE NEWEST, WILDEST SPORT OF THE RICH AND IDLE -- SHARK WRESTLING!

DEMANDA?

KATI MUKRAKE

I'LL BE-BE-UH—

UNDERGOING... SPONSORED BRAIN SURGERY... TO RAISE MONEY F-FOR THE ORPHANS...

DEMANDA CALAMITY

NOTHING TO LOSE AND EVERYTHING TO GAIN, DEMANDA! WITH ME NOW I'VE GOT CONRAD CONN...

word up

TELL ME, CONRAD-- D'YOU GET A LOT OF BRAIN SURGERY IN THE ACTING BUSINESS?

GRUD IN HEAVEN, WHAT A *LINK!* WELL DOWN TO HIS USUAL STANDARD!

HOW'S YOUR GIZMO COMING, INDY?

I'M ALMOST FINISHED-- BUT MARTY, I'M *SCARED!* BUSTING YOU OUT OF THE CUBES IS ONE THING--I DIDN'T EXPECT TO END UP TAKING OVER A *LIVE VID-SHOW!*

RELAX. WITH THAT *RANDOMISER* YOU'RE BUILDING, THERE'S NO WAY THE JUDGES CAN JAM THE SHOW! WE'LL EXPOSE THE MUZAK FOR THE TRASH IT IS, *LIVE!*

AND BELIEVE ME... *NO-ONE* WILL STOP US.

NO LEADS, DREDD! WE GOT MUZAK STARS *SCREAMING* FOR PROTECTION--HOW WE'RE GONNA COVER 'EM, I DUNNO! UNTIL ZPOK MAKES HIS MOVE-- I GUESS WE'RE *STYMIED.*

SOMETHING TELLS ME WE WON'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG!

LR4

AND, THE VERY NEXT NIGHT—

—STUDIO TWO, WHERE OUR MOST SUCCESSFUL SHOW IS MADE— WORD UP!

CHANNEL 9 WORD UP

SO THAT CONCLUDES THE TOUR OF CHANNEL NINE, FOLKS. IF YOU'LL JUST FOLLOW ME...

THIS WAY, INDY!

YOU GET UP TO THE CONTROL ROOM, SET UP THE RANDOMISER.

WH-WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I'LL BE READY...

AND—

N-N-NOBODY MOVE! I'M NOT AFRAID TO USE THIS THING!

MY GRUD!

MARTY TAKES CARE OF HIS END.

GERRY HINDU TO STUDIO, PLEASE! GERRY HINDU TO STUDIO!

GLURK!

THIV!

KATI MUKKRAKE TO SOUNDSTAGE PLEASE! YOU'RE ON IN FIVE!

START THE SHOW! I MEAN IT! I'M A DESPERATE MAN!

HI. GERRY HINDU CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT--SORE THROAT.

I'M MARTY ZPOK, MUZAK KILLER AND FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE...

Word up

ALL MEGA-CITY ONE VID SHOWS ARE ROUTINELY MONITORED BY JUSTICE DEPT...

STOMM! THEY'RE LIVE!

JAMMING NOW!

INDY'S RANDOMISER KICKS IN—

ENGAGED

NEGATIVE EFFECT! THEY'RE STILL LIVE!

GET DREDD!

TONIGHT ON WORD UP WE'VE GOT THE CRAZY SKED MOANERS AND EMERALD ISLE SINGER MAIRAID MCSLAPHEAD...

DEMANDA WILL BE TALKING TO ANNI O'BOGE ABOUT THE LEGACY OF HER SISTER, STYREEN—

Word up

—AND I'LL BE KILLING THEM ALL.

MUZAK KILLER

:LIVE! PT 3

CONTROL TO DREDD! ZPOK AND SADDOE HAVE TAKEN CONTROL OF WORD UP-- CHANNEL NINE BUILDING! JAMMING INEFFECTIVE!

ON MY WAY!

2000 AD Credit Card

Script: GARTH ENNIS

Art: DERMOT POWER

Lettering: ANNIE PARKHOUSE

MUZAK KILLER MARTY ZPOK IS BRINGING HIS MESSAGE TO THE BIG MEG-- LIVE...

MAIRAID M'SLAPHEAD... YOU'VE BEEN CRITICISED FOR CHANGING YOUR VIEWS ON MANY ISSUES. IS THIS INDECISION REFLECTED IN YOUR MUSIC?

WELL... SOME DAYS IT IS, AND, UH, SOME DAYS IT'S NOT...

MAKE YOUR DROKKING MIND UP, MAIRAID!

INDIANA SADDOE KEEPS THE SHOW ON THE ROAD—

FWINK

K-K-KEEP BROADCASTING! N-N-NO FUNNY MOVES!

AND, CITYWIDE—

SO WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO, DEMANDA?

UH... I'VE...

THIV!

UH...

THIV!

THIV!

THIV!

DROKK! KEEP MISSING THE BRAIN!

WELCOME TO CHANNEL 9

SMESSHH!

9

GRUD ON A GREENIE!

CLARENCE FROM THE CRAZY SKED MOANERS --YOUR RADICAL STANCE SEEMS UNDERMINED BY YOUR LACK OF MUSICAL ABILITY...

I'M SICK OF HEARING THAT! WHEN WILL WE BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY, DROKK IT!

WE'RE FOR REAL, RIGHT? I'LL PROVE IT WITH THIS LAS-CUTTER! NNNNGG—!

FOR REAL! FOR—FOR— UUUHHHH...

THAT'S NOT HOW YOU SPELL REAL, CLARENCE!

WHUMP!

FREEZE!

G-G-GRUD!

G-GET LOST, LAWMAN! I KNOW HOW TO—

BADAMM!

—USE THIS...

ANNI O' BOGE— YOUR SISTER STYREEN DIED IN THE RAMSAY BOP MASSACRE TWO YEARS AGO...

YEAH, BUT I'VE TRIED TO KEEP HER MEMORY ALIVE, SPORT. HANG ON A MO'... AIN'T YOU THE BLOKE WHO..?

YEP.

THIV!

CLOSE HIM DOWN! NOW!

Y-Y-YESSIR!

NOW THAT'S OUT OF THE WAY, LET'S LISTEN TO SOME OF MY MUSIC. I LIKE —

VZZZZZT!

TECHNICAL PROBLEM PLEASE BE PATIENT

AH WELL. IT WAS FUN WHILE IT LASTED.

HEH.

♪ AND NOW... THE END IS NEAR... AND SO I FACE... THE FINAL CURTAAINN... ♪

♪ MY FRIENDS, I'LL SAY IT CLEAR... I'LL STATE MY CASE... OF WHICH I'M CERTAAINN... ♫

I'VE LIVED! A LIFE THAT'S FULL! I'VE TRAVELLED EACH-- AND EVERY HIGHWAAYY!

BUT MORE! MUCH MORE THAN THIS! I DID IT—

BLAM!

DROP IT, ZPOK!

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

♫ MYY ♫ WAAYYY!

BADAMM!

SAD, CREEP.

SIX WEEKS LATER...

YOU THINK HE'LL EVER RECOVER?

DOUBT IT. YOUR BULLET TOOK OUT HIS FRONTAL LOBES AND TORE HIS CEREBRUM TO JELLY, DREDD.

ZPOK'S A VEGETABLE.

SHOULD BE AN IMPROVEMENT.

I'M MARTY ZPOK.

I USED TO BE NASTY, BUT NOW I'M EVER SO NICE.

THEY LOOK AFTER ME HERE. I'VE GOT MY SPECIAL ROOM, AND MY SPECIAL JACKET...

AND THEY PLAY ME MUZAK TO KEEP ME CALM.

I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY, LUCKY... I SHOULD BE SO LUCKY IN LOVE!

I'M MARTY ZPOK.

AND I LOVE THE MUZAK.

LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY LUCKY

I THINK IT'S JUST GREAT.

E17 JUVE COMPLEX, MEGA-CITY ONE.

FREEZE THE GAME, BOYS--LET'S GO KILL SOME CITIZENS!

DROKK OFF, SPUGGY!

ANYONE CATCHES YOU WITH THAT BLASTER AND YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT FIVE YEARS IN THE CUBES, MAN.

I DON'T BELIEVE YOU MEATHEADS -- THIS BABY COULD MAKE US A FORTUNE!

WHY DON'T WE BLOW THIS DUMP AND GO RAID SOME HYPER-MALL?

JUST TWO WORDS, SPUGHEAD --

JUDGE DREDD

TOUGH JUSTICE

SHANKS' CHINAWARE EMPORIUM--

BENNY THE BULL-- YOU'RE BUSTED!

2000 AD Credit Card

Script MARK MILLAR

Art MICK AUSTIN

Lettering TOM FRAME

JUDGE DREDD? WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, MAN? I MEAN, HE'S JUST ONE GUY.

YEAH. RIGHT. ONE GUY--WITH A BIG GUN!

TAKE MY UNCLE CORNELIUS F'RINSTANCE--

MMM... SMELL THAT FRESH AIR!

THAT DROKKER NEXT DOOR PAYS THE OXYGEN BILL AND WE SIPHON ALL THE CLEAN AIR WE WANT!

HA! WHAT A MEATHEAD!

OPEN UP! CRIME BLITZ!

JUDGES!

HANDS OFF, SCUM!

EAT MUNCE, LAWMAN!

I SAID "HANDS OFF"!

"POOR UNCLE CORNELIUS -- IT WAS THE LAST THING HE EVER TOUCHED!"

JUDGE DREDD DID THAT TO YOUR UNCLE?

DROKK!

THAT'S NUTHIN'!

YOU SHOULDA HEARD WHAT THE BIG MAN DID TO MY COUSIN!

"HE RAN WITH THE TOUGHEST GANG IN SECTOR 23.

"ONE NIGHT THEY HAD THE SMART IDEA OF SENDING OUT A FAKE DISTRESS CALL AND AMBUSHING ANY JUDGE WHO ANSWERED--

"I GUESS THE WRONG JUDGE SHOWED UP!"

BIKE CANNON!

AIEEE!

AAAGH!

LIGHTS OUT, MEATHEAD!

AAAKK!

"I HEARD DREDD TOOK ON MORE THAN THIRTY PUNKS THAT NIGHT.

"WIPED THEM OUT IN TWO MINUTES FLAT!

"THE BIG MAN WASN'T EVEN BREATHING HEAVY!"

YOU WERE WARNED, CREEPS!

UMM...SUDDENLY I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD ABOUT THIS.

YOU THINK THAT'S BAD? YOU SHOULD HEAR WHAT DREDD DID TO THOSE "RESERVOIR PUP" GEEKS.

"THEY JUST RIPPED OFF SOME BLOOD-BANK AND ALMOST MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY..."

NICE WORK, MISTER RED! KEEP MOVING!

HE'S NOT MISTER RED -- I'M MISTER RED!

YOU'RE MISTER BLUE, MEATHEAD -- I'M THE REAL MISTER RED!

VIO-MART

DISCOUNT

JUDGE DREDD! BLOW HIM AWAY, MISTER RED!

BUT HE'S NOT MISTER RED -- I AM!

YOU PUNKS ARE UNDER ARREST!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, CREEPS!

AARGH!

RAPID-FIRE!

AAAA!

HEAT-SEEKER!

UHNN!

HI-EX!

EEEGHH!

CREEPS ALL LOOK LIKE MISTER RED TO ME!

YUK! DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD-- THIS BLASTER IS GOING IN THE TRASH-GRINDER.

YOU GUYS HEAR SOMETHING FUNNY OUTSIDE THE WINDOW?

ATTENTION, LAWBREAKERS! THIS IS A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT WARNING!

YOU ARE IN POSSESSION OF AN ILLEGAL WEAPON!

SURRENDER NOW-- OR WE OPEN FIRE!

GOT 'EM IN OUR SIGHTS, DREDD--

STANDING BY TO WIPE OUT THE ENTIRE FLOOR!

W-WE-WE'RE SORRY, JUDGE DREDD! WE GIVE UP!

WE WOULDN'T HAVE HURT ANYONE!

YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU HARBOURED AN ARMED CRIMINAL, MEATHEADS!

FIVE YEARS EACH!

JUDGE DREDD

Gianelli's

Vibrafax

BORED WITH MUTIES?

FED-UP WITH CANNIBALS?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE A BETTER CLASS OF PERP IN MEGA-CITY ONE?

THEN MEET "THE GENTLEMAN THIEF"!

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY! MEGA-CITY SOCIALITE!

A DREAMBOAT WITH A TASTE FOR DANGER AND AN EYE FOR THE LADIES!

CITIZENS BEG TO BE ROBBED BY THIS LOVABLE ROGUE!

HIS SENSE OF FUN AND FAIR PLAY ARE AS LEGENDARY AS HIS WIT AND HIS DASHING GOOD LOOKS!

BUT TONIGHT HE BROKE INTO THE WRONG APARTMENT.

Mark Millar
Brett Ewins
Tom Frame

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

SOMEBODY OPEN A WINDOW! THIS PLACE STINKS!

"CONGRATULATIONS -- YOU HAVE JUST BEEN ROBBED BY THE GENTLEMAN THIEF"

GET THIS CREEP OUTTA MY SIGHT.

ONLY TOO GLAD TO HAVE HELPED, OLD CHAP!

WE COUNT 142 CORPSES, DREDD. SOME HIDDEN IN THE WALLS, SOME UNDER THE FLOOR --

ALL IN VARIOUS STATES OF DECOMPOSITION.

APARTMENT BELONGS TO A PART-TIME DELIVERY MAN CALLED HARLEQUIN JONES. FIVE FOOT THREE. AGED FIFTY-SIX.

HARLEQUIN JONES

PUT A FULL APB OUT ON THIS SICKO, CHAPMAN. I WANT HIM **BUSTED** BEFORE HE KILLS AGAIN!

THOROUGH SEARCH OF SECTORS FIVE, SIX AND SEVEN COMPLETE, JUDGE DREDD. CHECKED AND DOUBLE-CHECKED!

THEN TRIPLE-CHECK, UNIT FOUR! I WANT THIS MEATHEAD CAUGHT!

I SWEAR, JUDGE! I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THE GUY!

NO SIGN OF HIM IN THE TRASH-CANS, DREDD.

KEEP LOOKING!

NOTHING IN THE SEWERS -- JUST RATS AND BAD SMELLS!

I DON'T CARE HOW BAD IT SMELLS -- KEEP LOOKING!

MED-LABS TO DREDD. MORE PROBLEMS!

WE'VE JUST CHECKED THE COMPUTER AND EVERY ONE OF THESE STIFFS IS LOGGED IN AS A NATURAL DEATH!

THIS GETS SICKER AND WEIRDER BY THE MINUTE!

PSI-DIVISION JUST PIN-POINTED OUR MAN, DREDD!

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE

WE'VE GOT AN EXACT LOCATION!

ACROSS TOWN...

'NIGHT, MR JONES! I HOPE YOU HAD A PLEASANT EVENING!

ALWAYS DO IN HERE, IGGY -- IT'S THE COMPANY! TELL BARNEY I SAID GOODNIGHT!

Omide rms

FREEZE, PUNK!

MAKE A MOVE AND YOU'RE MEAT, SCUM!

OTIS

REED

BRETT BURNS

I'D BETTER GET OUTTA -- OOPS!

LOOK! HE'S GOT ANOTHER CORPSE IN THE CASE!

SHOOT TO WOUND! KNEECAPS!

AAAAHH!

BLAMM!

BLAM!

MR JONES -- GRUD ON A GREENIE! WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

GET OUT...OF HERE, TIMMY... BEFORE... THEY SHOOT YOU... TOO.

ARNIE'S BLOCK

IT'S THE KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE! OPEN FIRE!

NO! THEY'RE TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING!

YOU SPUGHEADS! MR JONES AIN'T A KILLER-- HE'S A DELIVERY MAN!

HE DRIVES THE TRUNDLE-TRUCK FROM THE HOSPITAL TO RESYK!

HE STEALS A FEW CORPSES EVERY WEEK FOR THE MED-STUDENTS -- GIVES 'EM TO US FOR FREE 'COZ HE KNOWS HOW EXPENSIVE THEY ARE IN THE SHOPS!

ONLY... WANTED TO HELP... YOU KIDS...

HE AIN'T NO KILLER!

I THINK WE'VE JUST MADE A BIG MISTAKE, DREDD.

COHEN

DON'T BET ON IT -- STEALING CORPSES AND HANDLING STOLEN GOODS? I'LL SEE THEY GET FIVE YEARS APIECE--

DREDD

PLUS TEN MORE FOR WASTING JUSTICE DEPT TIME!

JUDGE DREDD

STARTS TODAY!

DAWN IN THE BIG MEG --

RISE AND SHINE, JANUS!

TODAY'S YOUR LUCKY DAY!

HUHHH?

GRUD, WHAT A HORRIBLE DREAM...

I KNOW, JANUS.

WE ALL HAD IT.

IT'S...AH...TODAY'S, LIKE, MY BIRTHDAY, JUDGE SHENKER, SIR. I'M NINETEEN AND...

WELL, HAPPY BIRTHDAY, JANUS.

CONSIDER THIS MY GIFT TO YOU.

SOMETHING BIG AND BAD IS IN THE WIND AND WE WANT YOU IN UNIFORM AND DOWN HERE AN HOUR AGO.

THIS IS PSI-JUDGE BHAJI ON SECONDMENT FROM DELHI-GIT. HE'S AGREED TO HELP CO-ORDINATE OUR EFFORTS.

WE WANT YOU IN HERE STRAIGHT AWAY. JUDGE ANDERSON IS OFFWORLD RIGHT NOW AND I'M GIVING YOU HER DUTIES. PSI-JUDGE JANUS.

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE IT?

THINKING'S WHAT I DO BEST, SIR.

I THINK.

BLOCK
INFERNO
PART 1
Grant Morrison
Carlos Ezquerra
Tom Frame

REPORTS OF ANOTHER BAZOOKA BROTHERS ASSAULT. 'MOZZER'S MUNCE-U-LIKE' ON GRAHAM FELLOWS BLOCK.

THESE GUYS ARE HEAVILY ARMED BUT WE'VE GOT A MEAT WAGON STANDING BY.

DREDD RESPONDING.

MOZZER'S MUNCE-U-LIKE

BOY, SMELLS LIKE SOMEBODY'S LEFT SOMETHIN' ON THE STOVE IN THERE!

HIT 'EM AGAIN, BEZ!

I'M SURE THERE'S STILL SOME OF THEM SUCKERS CRAWLIN' AROUND IN THERE, FILLIN' THEIR GREEDY...

DROP YOUR WEAPONS!

GRUD!

JUDGE DREDD!

IT'S UP TO YOU: YOU CAN COME QUIETLY OR YOU CAN DO THIS THE HARD WAY.

EITHER WAY YOU LOSE.

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER, DREDD.

I'LL BLOW YOU AWAY, MAN! SO HELP ME GRUD!

YOUR CHOICE, CREEP.

CHUNT!

SOMETHING SPOILING YOUR AIM?

CHUNT!

WHAT'S THE PROBLEM?

HANDS SHAKING?

NERVOUS?

CAN'T HOLD THE GRUDDAMN THING STEADY! THIS HAS NEVER HAPPENED TO ME BEFORE, BAZ.

DROKK IT! I GOTTA WASTE HIM!

DO IT, BEZ! DO IT!

INCENDIARY.

CHOOOM!

GRUD! MY ARM'S ON FIRE!

YOU WON'T TAKE ME ALIVE, DREDD.

SUITS ME.

HEATSEEKING.

MESSAGE JUST CAME THROUGH FROM CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER. YOU'RE WANTED AT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, DREDD.

BY THE WAY, YOU GONNA NEED THAT MEATWAGON?

NEGATIVE, CONTROL

BRUSH AND DUSTPAN OUGHT TO DO THE JOB

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

YOU WANTED TO SEE ME?

THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE MAN FROM MY DREAM!

WOW! JUDGE DREDD! WHOLLY!

WHO'S THE KID?

THIS IS JUDGE JANUS, DREDD.

SHE'S FILLING ANDERSON'S SHOES WHILE CASS IS ON MARS.

THOSE ARE BIG SHOES, JANUS. WATCH YOU DON'T TRIP.

WHAT DREAM?

I AM ARRIVING FROM DELHI-CIT YESTERDAY, JUDGE DREDD, AND ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, I EXPERIENCE A TERRIBLE SENSE OF FOREBODING. I AM BLAMING THE MEGA-CITY ONE **FOOD**, OF COURSE.

BUT THEN, LAST NIGHT, I HAD A DREADFUL **DREAM**: A GREAT SHADOW, SPIRITS OF VENGEANCE, FIRE, SICKNESS, DEATH. I SAW YOU STUMBLING IN THE RUINS

I SAW LORD SHIVA, IN HIS MANIFESTATION AS **NATARAJA**, WHOSE DANCE IS THE DANCE OF UNIVERSAL **DEATH**.

I SAW BLOOD RAIN FROM THE CLOUDS.

DEATH FROM THE SKIES, JUDGE DREDD.

"DEATH FROM THE SKIES."
NEXT PROG: TITAN FALL!

JUDGE DREDD

EX-JUDGE GRICE AND HIS ARMY OF RENEGADES FROM THE PRISON MOON TITAN ARE PLUNGING TOWARDS MEGA-CITY ONE, CARRYING A DEADLY GERM WEAPON, THE MEAT VIRUS.

THEIR MISSION: REVENGE.

WELCOME HOME, BOYS.

I WANT YOU ALL TO SPARE A MINUTE TO THINK ABOUT THOSE SLEEPING CITIZENS DOWN THERE: THE ONES WHO DREAMED THEIR LITTLE DREAMS WHILE WE SUFFERED ON THAT ROCK.

THINK ABOUT THE JUDGES WHO PUT US THERE.

DIDN'T NEVER THINK I'D SEE THET PLACE AGAIN.

HELL, ONCE WE'VE TRASHED THE BIG MEG, I GOT ME A HANKERIN' TO DO THE SAME FOR TEX-CITY.

WHAT DO WE WANNA STOP THERE FOR, STRUCKER? I SAY WE DO THE WHOLE PLANET. WE COULD HAVE A CITY EACH.

I'VE ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR THOSE BIG SOV WOMEN.

LET'S NOT RUN AHEAD OF OURSELVES, CROSBY. RIGHT NOW I JUST WANT TO ENSURE THAT EVERYBODY'S TAKEN THEIR BOOSTER SHOTS OF THE ANTI-VIRAL AGENT.

PRIME THE BOMBS AND PROGRAMME THE CRASHLAND CO-ORDINATES INTO THE DRONE SHIPS.

"IT'S TIME FOR HELL ON EARTH.

"WE HIT DIRT IN FIFTEEN, MEN."

Grant Morrison

Carlos Ezquerra

Tom Frame

INFERNO PART 2

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. MEGA-CITY ONE. CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER AND JUDGE DREDD.

EVERY SINGLE JUDGE IN PSI-DIVISION HAD THE SAME DREAM LAST NIGHT, JOE. WE HAVE TO TAKE THIS SERIOUSLY...

WE GOT SOMETHING HERE! THEY JUST CAME RIGHT OUT OF **NOWHERE**! MUST BE A DOZEN, FIFTEEN SHIPS!

GRUD!

INCOMING!

THEY'RE HEADING RIGHT FOR US!

FIRST SHIP COMING IN ON A COLLISION COURSE!

NO TIME TO EVACUATE!

GRUD! THEY MUST BE **CRAZY**!

WE GOTTA GET--

HHRRUUM!

SOUNDS LIKE A DIRECT HIT.

WE CAN TAKE IT. SOVS HIT THIS PLACE WITH A **NUKE** AND ALL THEY DID WAS BREAK A FEW PLATES IN THE CANTEEN.

SOVS WOULDN'T USE TERRORIST TACTICS LIKE THESE.

WHO THE DROKK ARE WE UP AGAINST?

WHOEVER IT IS PICKED THEIR TIME WELL. CITY'S STILL WEAK AFTER NECROPOLIS AND JUDGEMENT DAY, JOE. TOO MANY OF OUR DEFENCES NEED **REPLACIN'**.

"WE JUST **CAN'T** TAKE ANOTHER BIG ASSAULT".

THEY'RE COMING DOWN ALL OVER THE CITY. FIVE, SIX SHIPS. IT'S INDISCRIMINATE.

KROOOOM!

WHAT ABOUT THE REMAINING SHIPS?

SECOND WAVE COMING IN ON A BROAD SWEEP. I'D SAY IT'S A CLASSIC CHUTE TROOP DEPLOYMENT PATTERN.

THIS IS AN **INVASION**, DREDD!

YOU KNOW THE DRILL. IF IT MOVES, **KILL** IT.

IF IT LOOKS LIKE A **JUDGE**, KILL IT **REAL** SLOW.

AND LEAVE **DREDD** FOR ME.

THIS IS JUDGE NOONAN... **MICK TRAVIS BLOCK**... WE GOT SOME KIND OF... POISON CLOUD... HERE...

RAPID... TOXIC EFFECTS... EVERYTHING'S IN... CHAOS. I... I... THINK... I'M...

RRRUUK HHHUCH

GRUD! IT'S A **WARZONE!**

YOU SAID 'DEATH FROM THE SKIES', BHAJI. IS THIS WHAT YOU SAW IN YOUR DREAMS?

YES! **YES!** THIS IS WHAT WE TRIED TO **WARN** YOU OF, JUDGE DREDD. LOOK!

DROKK!

THIS IS YOUR WAKE-UP CALL, MEGA-CITY ONE!

Descent into the Maelstrom!

JUDGE DREDD
INFERNO
PART 3
AS MEGA-CITY ONE BURNS, THE RENEGADE JUDGES FROM TITAN DESCEND INTO THE CHAOS.
KAFF! HUKK!
HEY HEY HEY! LOOKEE HERE!
HELP ME... CITIZEN... I CAN'T SEE PROPERLY...
I'M SICK... I CAN'T FIND MY COMMUNICATOR...
IT'S BREAKING MY HEART.
SOMEBODY WANT TO PUT THIS POOR SICK BEAST OUT OF HIS MISERY?
MAH PLEASURE, PARDNER. YEE-HAH!
IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME!
BDAM!
SCRIPT Grant Morrison
ART Carlos Ezquerra
LETTERS Tom Frame

JUDGE MACHADO TO... TO... CONTROL... I NEED HELP...

I'M ON...ON THE SKED... ORTON/HALLIWELL INTERSECTION.

PLEASE... IS THERE ANYONE THERE?

KA-CHAANG!

BET YOU CAN'T TAKE OUT THE BITCH-JUDGE AND LEAVE THE BIKE UNDAMAGED.

YOU KNOW WHAT?

I'LL BET I CAN'T EITHER.

CHUNCH!

FWHOOOOM!

NOPE.

THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

IT'S WORSE THAN WE THOUGHT, JOE. BETWEEN BLAST DAMAGE AND THE PULSE FROM THAT SHIP'S REACTOR, SYSTEMS ARE DOWN ALL OVER THE **BUILDIN'**. AIR FILTERS ARE USELESS AND SECURITY'S COMPROMISED.

TEK BOYS ARE DOING WHAT THEY CAN.

I CAN FEEL THEIR **THOUGHTS** OUT THERE. IT'S HORRIBLE. IT'S LIKE MY BRAIN'S SITTING IN DIRTY WATER, SIR. I FEEL **SICK**.

ME TOO, JANUS. THAT'LL BE THE **GAS CLOUD** THE TERRORISTS RELEASED.

IT IS THE **PESTILENCE**. SICKNESS FROM ANOTHER STAR. IT IS NOT OF **THIS** WORLD.

WE'VE GOT A MESSAGE HERE FOR CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER.

I THINK IT'S ONE OF THE TERRORISTS.

TERRORISTS? WE'RE MUCH **WORSE** THAN TERRORISTS.

McGRUDER? WE HAVE JUDGE **OSTERWOLD** WITH US. SHE'S ONLY ONE OF **MANY** OF YOUR PEOPLE NOW IN OUR HANDS.

WE WANT THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE. WE'LL WADE THROUGH BLOOD AND BONES TO GET IT BUT I'M GIVING **YOU** A CHANCE TO SURRENDER FIRST.

FORGET IT, CREEP.

YOU HEARD THE MAN. NO DEALS.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOUR **COLLEAGUE**, JUDGE DREDD?

OSTERWOLD'S ONE OF THE BEST, JUDGE BHAJI.

SHE KNOWS THE RULES.

HEAR THAT, OSTERWOLD?
THEY DON'T CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU. I DON'T THINK THEY VALUE YOUR LIFE ONE LITTLE BIT. YOU'RE JUST A COG IN THE JUSTICE MACHINE AND WHEN THEY DECIDE YOU'VE WORN OUT, IT'S TIME TO GO.
THEY'RE RATS IN A TRAP, OSTERWOLD. THEY'LL ALL BE DEAD BY TOMORROW AND YOUR NOBLE SACRIFICE WON'T MEAN A DAMN THING.
THE OLD ORDER HAS ENDED. I'M OFFERING YOU A CHANCE TO BE A NEW KIND OF JUDGE. FOR THE LAST TIME: DO YOU RENOUNCE JUSTICE? WILL YOU JOIN ME?
DO YOU RENOUNCE JUSTICE?
SPIN ON IT, GRICE!
MAYBE I WILL.
BUT YOU WON'T BE THERE TO WATCH.

SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND, JOE?

I KNOW THAT VOICE.

IS THERE SOMETHING ABOUT THIS ATTACK YOU HAVEN'T TOLD ME?

THAT INFORMATION'S ON A 'NEED TO KNOW' BASIS, JOE.

FIGURE I NEED TO KNOW.

FIGURE YOU DO.

MY GUESS IS THIS GAS CLOUD'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH A **WEAPON** WE WERE TRYING TO DEVELOP ON TITAN.

WHEN TITAN WENT OFF THE AIR TWO DAYS AGO, WE THOUGHT MAYBE THE WEAPON HAD **MALFUNCTIONED**.

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE **WRONG**.

YOU MEAN THESE TERRORISTS COULD BE ESCAPED **CONVICTS**?

THAT MEANS WE'RE DEALING WITH HIGHLY-TRAINED AND DANGEROUS EX-JUDGES

JUDGES WITH GRUDGES, SIR

SORRY.

HOW LONG BEFORE WE START TO SHOW SYMPTOMS?

DEPENDS ON THE CONCENTRATION OF THE CLOUD. IN HERE, AN HOUR MAYBE.

MASKS ARE USELESS. THE WEAPON'S BASED ON A VIRAL AGENT WHICH IS ABSORBED THROUGH THE SKIN.

ANY PROGRESS THERE?

WE'RE TRYING TO GET THE BACK-UP SYSTEMS ON LINE. IT'LL GIVE US MANUAL CONTROL OF SOME OF THE BLAST DOORS AND DEFENCE MACHINERY.

WE NEED MORE TIME THAN WE'VE GOT, DREDD.

WE GAVE YOU A CHANCE.

YOU WANT TO SUFFER. THAT'S YOUR CHOICE.

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE JUST HOW MUCH WE SUFFERED UP ON THAT ROCK. BUT WE'LL MAKE YOU BELIEVE. SLOWLY.

YOU HEAR ME, DREDD?

GRICE!

IT'S GRICE!

WE'RE COMING IN!

SHADOOOM!

THIS IS SECURITY! THE TERRORISTS HAVE BREACHED THE HALL OF JUSTICE!

A LOT OF THE GUYS ARE SICK HERE. WE NEED BACK-UP!

WE'RE TRYING TO OPERATE THE INNER DOORS MANUALLY BUT...

UNNNH!

THAT'S IT! RIP THEM APART!

BURN IT TO THE GROUND! I WANT TO SEE BLOODY PANDEMONIUM!

TEAR IT ALL DOWN!

KILL THEM ALL!

KILL THE JUDGES!

KILL OR CURE!

JUDGE DREDD

INFERNO

PART 4

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

LETTERS John Aldrich

GRICE AND HIS RENEGADE JUDGES STORM THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE...

SECURITY'S DOWN!

DROKK! GAS!

THEY'RE PUMPIN' THE VIRAL CLOUD IN THROUGH THE VENTS!

OKAY, SOUND THE EVACUATION SIREN. WE'RE MOVIN' **OUT.**

WE CAN'T JUST LET THEM TAKE THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, McGRUDER.

THE LAW AIN'T A **BUILDING,** JOE. IT'S **US** AND THE CITY NEEDS US WHERE WE CAN DO MOST GOOD.

WE DON'T STAND A **CHANCE** IN HERE. WE'RE MOVIN' OUT AND THAT'S AN **ORDER.**

ONLY THING IS, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET GRICE FREE THE PRISONERS IN THE 150 CUBES.

NO PROBLEM.

THIS QUALIFIES AS AN EMERGENCY SITUATION. WE *FLOOD* THE CUBES.

SOUND THE EVACUATION SIREN.

LET'S GO!

WEEEEEOOOOO

NO! IT WAS ONLY A PARKING OFFENCE! MY GRUD! IT WAS ONLY A PARKING OFFENCE..!

FSSSH!

ED BALL BLOCKEXIT. BE PREPARED FOR-

JUDGES!

BLOW 'EM AWAY!

CHAKKA CHAKKKA CHAKKKA CHAKKKA CHAKK

FIGURED YOU GUYS MIGHT NEED SOME BACK-UP.

JUDGE HERSHEY!

NICE WORK, HERSHEY.

SAVE THE MEDALS TILL LATER, DREDD.

STREETS ARE *SWARMING* WITH CREEPS. I THINK IT'S TIME WE GOT OUT OF HERE.

EVERYONE IN?

LET'S HIT THE ROAD!

—WE UNCOVERED SOME DEAD ALIENS ON TITAN, JOE, AND OUR TEK TEAMS MANAGED TO ISOLATE THE OFFWORLD VIRUS THAT'D *KILLED* THEM HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO.

I AUTHORISED THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE VIRUS AS A *WEAPON*.

WE CALLED IT THE *MEAT VIRUS*. TESTED IT ON SOME OF THE TITAN CONS.

IT WORKS IN THREE STAGES: IMMEDIATELY AFTER EXPOSURE, SYMPTOMS OF NAUSEA, DIZZINESS AND DISORIENTATION ARE OBSERVED.

WE'RE ALREADY IN THE FIRST STAGE OF INFECTION.

COUPLE OF DAYS LATER THE *SECONDARY* SYMPTONS APPEAR IN THE FORM OF PAINFUL *SORES* ON THE SKIN.

SHOOOM!

THE TERTIARY STAGE ARRIVES TWO WEEKS AFTER THAT: TOTAL BREAKDOWN OF CELL STRUCTURES. IT AIN'T PRETTY.

THE ANTIDOTE HAS TO BE ADMINISTERED *BEFORE* THE ONSET OF THE TERTIARY STAGE OTHERWISE IT'S AN AGONISING, UGLY *DEATH*.

TWO WEEKS, JOE.

TWO WEEKS AND WE GOT NO ANTIDOTE.

DID YOU EVER THINK IT WOULD BE SO *EASY?*

THE JUDGES DESTROYED BY THEIR OWN WEAPON. THE WEAPON THEY WANTED TO TEST ON *US.*

WE HAVE THE ANTIDOTE. WE JUST HAVE TO SIT BACK AND WATCH THEM *DIE.*

I *LIKE* IRONY.

I REMEMBER WHEN I WAS A *CADET*, I *DREAMED* OF WALKING TOWARDS THIS CHAIR.

CHIEF JUDGE GRICE. CHIEF JUDGE GRICE.

WHAT'D I TELL YA, CROSBY? HE'S CRAZIER THAN A COONSKIN CLAW-HAMMER!

GRUD! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, STRUCKER.

DREAMS *CAN* COME TRUE.

MEGA-CITY ONE IS *MINE.*

– WE'VE BEEN FORCED TO RETREAT OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL, JUDGE HERSHEY. OUR PEOPLE ARE SICK. IF WE STAY IN THE CITY WE'RE *FINISHED*.

MOST OF US ARE OUT HERE IN THE *CURSED EARTH*. I SUGGEST YOU GET THE CHIEF JUDGE TO SAFETY.

UNDERSTOOD, JUDGE RAINIER.

I'LL BE BACK ON LINE AS SOON AS I DETERMINE OUR STATUS.

DROKK IT.

HAS ANYONE SEEN CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER? I HAVE TO SPEAK WITH HER.

SHE'S *THERE*.

SHE JUST GOT ON THAT LAWMASTER THAT WAS LYING THERE AND SHE WENT THAT WAY.

GRUD!

WHAT WAS SHE *THINKING?*

TWO MINDS WAR WITHIN HER. ONE IS ALL DUTY AND DISCIPLINE; THE OTHER FEELS *GUILT*. SHE THINKS HERSELF *RESPONSIBLE* FOR WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

SHE GOES TO MAKE *AMENDS*.

THEY'LL KILL HER.

I'M GOING AFTER HER.

BUT, DREDD...

YOU'RE IN CHARGE, HERSHEY.

DO THE RIGHT THING.

NEXT PROG

LONG LIVE THE CHIEF JUDGE!

JUDGE DREDD

INFERNO

PART 5

FORCED OUT OF MEGA-CITY ONE BY GRICE AND HIS RENEGADES, THE JUDGES HAVE ESTABLISHED A MAKESHIFT ENCAMPMENT IN THE CURSED EARTH.

IT'S ALL HAPPENED SO QUICKLY, JUDGE BHAJI. JUST YESTERDAY I WAS GETTING OUT OF BED TO START MY FIRST DAY AS A PSI-JUDGE

NOW I'M OUT HERE AND I FEEL, LIKE, WHOLLY WRACKED.

WELL, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE BEEN ENJOYING THE MONSOON IN DELHI-CIT

THIS, HOWEVER, IS WHAT OUR KARMA HAS DECREED FOR US, JUDGE JANUS.

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

LETTERS Tom Frame

WELL, I'M JUST SO, LIKE, WHOLLY GLAD MY KARMA MADE ME SHAVE MY HEAD. PRACTICALLY EVERYBODY IN THE CAMP'S GOT LICE.

WHAT ARE THOSE IN YOUR HAND?

TIBETAN HEALING BALLS. YOU ROLL 'EM AROUND IN YOUR PALM AND THEY RING AND KEEP ILLNESS AWAY.

I DON'T THINK THEY'RE WORKING.

DEEP IN THE BIG MEG:

...PLEASE...IN THE NAME OF GRUD...I'LL GIVE YOU EVERYTHING I'VE GOT...WHAT DO YOU **WANT** FROM ME?

WE'RE THE **NEW JUDGES**, CITIZEN. WE GOTTA UPHOLD THE **LAW**.

AND YOUR EYES ARE TOO CLOSE TOGETHER.

THE SENTENCE IS **DEATH**!

CHUTT!

CHUTT!

YOU SAID IT, CREEP.

JUDGE DREDD! OH THANK GRUD! THANK GRUD!

ON YOUR WAY, CITIZEN.

AND WHEN THIS IS OVER, REPORT TO THE CUBES. I'M GIVING YOU **SIX MONTHS** FOR ATTEMPTED **BRIBERY**.

HHHRRUUH

AS IF.

UKK

WHAT DID YOU THINK YOU WERE **DOING** COMING HERE, McGRUDER?

I'LL GIVE YOU THE SAME CHANCE I GAVE THE OTHERS. JOIN US AND LIVE. OPPOSE US AND WE **SHRED** YOU. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED HOW MANY OTHER 'LOYAL' JUDGES CAME OVER TO OUR WAY OF THINKING.

SHOVE IT, SONNY BOY.

KRAKK!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHIEF JUDGE? CAN'T GET YOUR STRENGTH UP, HUH?

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE SICK WITH THE VIRUS **YOU** AUTHORISED TO HAVE TESTED ON **US**.

UHH.

WELL?

WHUDD!

STUPID. OLD. BITCH.

FAK FAK FAK FAK FAK

...SO...WUH-WHEN DOES THIS...SO-CALLED PUNISHMENT START SONNY ?

LET ME HAVE HER

NO, BUNDY

I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA

EX-JUDGES OF MEGA-CITY ONE! THIS IS GRICE!

GRICE, YOU HEAR ME, YOU USELESS SCUM-SUCKERS?

THE RULE OF THE JUDGES IN MEGA-CITY ONE IS OVER!

IN TWO WEEKS, THE SICK FLESH WILL BE DRIPPING OFF YOUR BONES!

LET'S SEE HOW THE LAW HOLDS UP THEN!

AND JUST TO CONVINCE YOU, LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FIRST GUEST.

GRANNY McGRUDER. COME ON DOWN!

VRROOOOM!!

KA-THUNK

YOU'RE NO LONGER JUDGES. YOU HEAR ME?

SHE'S STILL BREATHING. BUT THERE MUST BE MASSIVE INTERNAL DAMAGE.

YOU'RE CURSED EARTH SCAVENGERS NOW. SOON YOU'LL BE TEARING EACH OTHER APART FOR THE LAST CAN OF CLEAN WATER. SOON YOU'LL BE WORSE THAN MUTIES!

IT'S ALL OVER!

THE CHIEF JUDGE IS DEAD!

LONG LIVE THE NEW CHIEF JUDGE!

LONG LIVE THE LORD OF MISRULE!

WHEN ARE YOU GONNA GET SICK OF THE SOUND OF YOUR OWN VOICE, GRICE?

'CAUSE I'M ALREADY SICK OF IT.

DREDD!

AT LAST.

I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

NEXT PROG: JUDGES WITH GRUDGES!

JUDGE DREDD
I'M TAKING YOU IN, GRICE.
INFERNO
PART 6
Grant Morrison
Carlos Ezquerra
Tom Frame

SURE YOU ARE.

YOU NEVER CHANGE DO YOU? JUST WHERE YOU TAKING ME IN TO?

BUNDY.

NNNH!

GRUNK!

IT'S ALL OVER, DREDD. THE LAW YOU FOUGHT FOR NO LONGER EXISTS.

YOU'RE SICK AND YOU'RE DYING, JUST LIKE THE SYSTEM YOU TRIED TO UPHOLD, AND YOU'RE WAY PAST YOUR SELL-BY DATE.

KNOW WHAT THEY DID TO BUNDY ON TITAN, DREDD? BURNED OUT ALL HUMAN FEELING.

AND WHY? BECAUSE SHE FELL IN LOVE AND THAT'S SOMETHING NO JUDGE IS ALLOWED TO DO.

SHE FELL IN LOVE WITH A CREEP CALLED "PSYCHO" STARLING. THEY HELD A WHOLE CITY BLOCK HOSTAGE AND KILLED THIRTY JUDGES.

THAT SOUND LIKE ROMEO AND JULIET TO YOU?

KRAKK!

NO. SOUNDED LIKE A JAW BREAKING TO ME.

AND THIS...

CHRRAAK

SOUNDS LIKE HEAVEN.

GET HIS HELMET OFF. I WANT TO SMASH HIS BRAINS IN.

YOU...WOULDN'T KNOW BRAINS...IF YOU SAW 'EM, GRICE.

SO EDUCATE ME, SPUGHEAD.

WHOOOM!

WHAT WAS THAT?

WHAT HAPPENED?

BUNDY! STRUCKER!

DOES ANYONE KNOW WHAT...

PROKK!

WHERE'S DREDD?

WHERRRRRE'S DREDD?

GET HIM BACK! GET HIM OR I'LL KILL YOU ALL!

THERE!

GET AFTER HIM! I WANT HIM ALIVE!

GRUD! WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE...WHERE THE HELL AM I?

YOU'RE IN THE SEWERS, JUDGE DWEDD. YOU'RE AMONG FWIENDS NOW.

SURELY YOU STILL WECOGNISE ME AFTER ALL THESE YEARS...

IT'S ME!

IT'S WALTER!

I'M WALTER

TRY ME

THERE HE IS!

HE'S WITH SOME KIND OF DROKKIN' ROBOT!

LET'S TAKE 'EM!

NEVER...THOUGHT I'D BE HAPPY...TO SEE... YOU AGAIN, WALTER...

STILL NOT... CONVINCED I AM.

OH, JUDGE DWEDD, I WEALISE YOU'RE ONLY WAGGING ME BUT YOU SHOULD WESERVE YOUR STRENGTH.

DON'T WOWWY, WE'LL SOON BE OUT OF HERE AND YOU'LL BE WIGHT AS WAIN.

SPANGGG!

NOT IF THOSE CREEPS HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH IT.

NO PWOBLEM.

THEY SHOULD BE WECEIVING MY PWESENT WIGHT ABOUT NOW.

WHAT THE HELL'S THAT?

TAKE CARE. IT COULD BE A WEAPON.

A WEAPON?

WHAT'S IT SUPPOSED TO DO? JOLLY US TO DEATH? THEY JUST LEFT IT HERE AS A DECOY.

NO WAIT! I THINK IT'S...

HAVE A NICE DAY

KROOM!

SOMETIMES I CAN BE WATHER WUTHLESS, JUDGE DWEDD, DON'T YOU THINK?

SURE...WALTER...

JUST...JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE BEFORE...I... BEFORE I CROAK.

ALMOST THERE. LEAN ON ME, JUDGE DWEDD.

ISN'T IT JUST LIKE THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN WE USED TO...

HUNGRRRY.

HUNGRRRY.

OH DEAR.

I DON'T WANT TO BE THE ONE TO BWING IT UP BUT WE HAVE A PWOBLEM, JUDGE DWEDD.

JUDGE DREDD

JUDGE DREDD AND WALTER THE WOBOT HAVE ESCAPED FROM GRICE AND HIS MEN, ONLY TO FACE A NEW DANGER IN THE CURSED EARTH...

HUNGRRRY!

GET AWAY! YOU HOWWIBLE CWEATURES!

I'M WAWNING YOU! LEAVE US ALONE!

HUNGRRRY!

HUNGRRRY!

DON'T HAVE... MUCH STRENGTH... LEFT, WALTEN ..

LOOKS LIKE... THIS IS IT.

INFERNO PART 7

HUNGGGRRRY.

REAL HUNGGGRRY.

WHICH BIT I EAT FIRRRST, HUHHHH?

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

Tom Frame

TRY THIS, CREEP!

SKUNNCH!

I THINK YOU'VE MADE THEM VEWY ANGWY, JUDGE DWEDD.

KILL!

KILL HIM!

KILL HIM!

CHU

K-

OKAY! MOVE IT BEFORE THEY REGROUP!

GET DREDD!

TAKE IT EASY, JOE. YOU'RE MESSED UP PRETTY BAD.

HERSHEY

YOU GOT THAT NEW KID TO THANK FOR THE LAST MINUTE SAVE. JUDGE JANUS PICKED UP YOUR PSI-PROFILE AND LED US TO YOU.

IF THE MED-BOYS DON'T FIND A CURE FOR THIS VIRUS SOON, WE'RE FINISHED.

BE GENTLE WITH HIM. THAT'S JUDGE DWEDD, YOU KNOW.

LET'S MOVE IT.

IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THEIR STOMACHS GET BACK IN THE WAY OF THEIR BRAINS AND THE MUTIES MOVE IN AGAIN.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING ELSE I CAN DO TO HELP.

I MAKE A WATHER GOOD SOUFFLE...

GOOD WORK, JANUS.

WOW!

IT SEEMS YOU ARE DOING WELL, MY FRIEND. I ONLY HOPE THERE WILL BE TIME FOR YOU TO BE PROPERLY REWARDED.

I HAVE DISCOVERED SORES UPON MY BODY.

YEAH. I GOT 'EM TOO, BHAJI.

IT'S THE SECOND STAGE OF THE VIRUS.

IT'S STARTED.

THE SUN'S GOING DOWN THROUGH CLOUDS OF SOOT. THE CITY IS ABLAZE. SCREAMS ECHOING IN THE DUSK.

SMOKY RED LIGHT FILLS THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

GRICE WALKS.

HE CHANGES THE RULES EVERY DAY BY THROWING DICE OR TOSSING A COIN OR WATCHING SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

TUESDAY. IT'S A CRIME TO LAUGH. WEDNESDAY. LAUGHTER'S **COMPULSORY**.

EVERYONE HAS TO DIE. NO-ONE IS INNOCENT.

THE CITY'S GONE MAD, SCREAMING IN THE NIGHT. IN TWO WEEKS IT'LL BE FILLED WITH CORPSES. EATEN AWAY BY THE ALIEN VIRUS.

AND THEN GRICE WILL STRETCH OUT HIS HAND TO TOUCH AND CORRUPT EACH OF THE GREAT MEGA-CITIES IN TURN.

KING OF THE BONEYARD.

IT'S NOT ENOUGH.

THERE'S ONLY **ONE** THING HE REALLY WANTS.

DREDD -- GUTTED LIKE A FISH -- PIERCED BY CRUEL SPIKES -- SHRIEKING ON A PYRE OF HIS COMRADES' BODIES -- IN TORMENT.

DREDD.

DREDD.

DREDD.

...DON'T TELL ME YORE LOSIN' YORE NERVE, CROSBY!

GRICE HAS GONE LOCO! HE JUST WANTS TO **KILL** EVERYTHIN' NOW. FIGGER HE RECKONS HE'S **JUDGE DEATH** OR SUMTHIN'.

BUT I JUST...

DON'T YOU WEASEL OUT ON ME, BOY!

SOMEBODY'S GOT TO PUT THIS MAD HOUN' DAWG DOWN AND RUN THIS COUP IN A PROFESSIONAL MANNER!

IN THE NAME OF GRUD, STRUCKER!

I'M ON YOUR SIDE!

GOOD, 'CAUSE THIS IS THE ONLY CHANCE WE'LL GIT!

GRICE COMES ON UP HERE TO BE ALONE.

LET'S HUSTLE.

GRICE?

YES?

YORE DEAD, PARDNER.

ON THE CONTRARY.

KLIK-KA-LA
KA-LATCH-KA-LA
KLI-
KLOTCH

GRUDDAMN.

WELL, AIN'T LIFE A BITCH, STRUCKER?

KILLER

next prog: TRIAL BY FIRE next prog:

YOU BETRAYED ME, STRUCKER.

Grant Morrison
Carlos Ezquerra
Tom Frame

JUDGE DREDD

YOU PLOTTED AGAINST ME AND YOU TRIED TO KILL ME. THE CHARGE IS HIGH TREASON.

HOW DO YOU PLEAD?

AND STRUCKER, MAKE SURE YOU SAY "GUILTY".

INFERNO PART 8

SOMEBODY'S GOTTA HELP ME HERE! HE'S **MAD**! CAN'T YOU SEE IT? HE'S GONNA KILL US ALL!

TODAY IT'S **ME**. TOMORROW IT'LL BE **YOU**!

OR **YOU**! OR...

WHUKK!

HNNN!

WHINE, WHINE, WHINE.
HE'S ALL YOURS, BUNDY.
PLEASURE.
IN GRUD'S NAME, GRICE!
AT LEAST DO IT CLEAN!
THIS IS GREAT!
ISN'T IT?
BUNDY! LET STRUCKER SEE WHAT HE'S GOT TO LOOK FORWARD TO.
DON'T DO THIS TO ME, GRICE!
I'M **LOYAL**! WHAT D'YOU WANT TO DO THIS FOR?

I'M BEGGIN' YOU! IN THE NAME OF GRUD!

PLEASE DON'T!

DON'T...

SHAAAK SHAAAK SHAAAK

EEEEE EEEEE

ALL RIGHT!

COME ON, Y'UGLY BITCH! LET'S SEE WHAT Y'ALL GOT!

RRRAAAA

SHAAAK

DON'T LOOK AWAY.

WE HAVE TO LOOK AT THE HORROR. WE HAVE TO.

WE HAVE TO LOOK AT IT UNTIL IT BECOMES A FRIEND.

SHAAAK SHAAAK SHAAAK SHAAAK SHA

I HATE RACIST REDNECKS.

ANYONE ELSE HERE ENTERTAINING ANY THOUGHTS OF REBELLION?

GOOD.

CLASS DISMISSED.

HE'S COMING ROUND.

SIGNS LOOK GOOD.

DREDD?

TAKE IT EASY, JUDGE DREDD, YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS.

TRY NOT TO MOVE TOO QUICKLY. WE DON'T WANT THOSE WOUNDS RE-OPENING.

WHAT HAPPENED?

WHERE AM I?

YOU'RE IN THE JUDGE ENCAMPMENT IN THE CURSED EARTH. THE TITAN CONVICTS HAVE TAKEN COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE CITY.

WE'RE SICK AND DISORGANISED AND THEY BEAT US.

BEAT US? WHAT THE HELL YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

WE'RE JUDGES! SWORN TO DEFEND THE CITY WHATEVER THE COST. WHAT ARE WE DOIN' IN THE GRUDDAMN CURSED EARTH!

TRY TO STAY CALM, JUDGE DREDD.

LOOK, DREDD: WE'RE ALL IN THE SECONDARY STAGE OF INFECTION FROM THIS ALIEN VIRUS. WE'RE DEAD ON OUR FEET AND THE MED BOYS SAY THERE'S NO CURE IN SIGHT.

HOW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIGHT BACK? YOU GOT A PLAN?

YEAH.

RRRRIP!

MY GRUD!

I GOT MY PLAN RIGHT HERE.

WHO'S WITH ME?

HERE COMES THE JUDGE!

JUDGE DREDD

RULES ARE SIMPLE, GRANNY.

YOU PAY YOUR FINES TO *US* OR WE WASTE *YOU*.

IN THE NAME OF GRUD, BOYS, I GOT NO MONEY!

LOOK AT ME! I'M JUST A POOR OLD DEAR WITH NOTHING TO SHOW FOR HER LIFE BUT A COUPLE OF PLASTIC BAGS FULL OF DIRT!

AND *YOU* KNOW THE PENALTY FOR IMPERSONATING A JUDGE, CREEP!

SPARE US THE VIOLINS.

YOU KNOW THE PENALTY FOR FLAUNTING POVERTY. IT'S...

UH?

KLARANG!

AKK!

CHURRT!

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

LETTERS John Aldrich

INFERNO PART 9

FUN AND GAMES ARE OVER.

BACK OFF, DREDD, OR GRANNY GETS A TUNNEL IN HER SKULL!

BACK OFF!

CHUMMF!

YOU WERE SAYING, MEATHEAD?

ON YOUR WAY, CITIZEN.

ANYONE YOU MEET TELL 'EM **JUDGE DREDD** IS BACK.

IT'S LOOKING GOOD, BOYS.

JUST MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT THOSE CHARGES PLACED RIGHT.

I PROMISED THE PEOPLE SPECTACLE, DIDN'T I?

I PROMISED TO LIVEN THIS PLACE UP A LITTLE.

WE PUT THE CHARGES WHERE YOU TOLD US TO, CHIEF JUDGE GRICE.

EVERYTHING'S READY TO GO.

THEN LET IT COME DOWN.

THE SYMBOL OF JUSTICE AND ORDER. MONUMENT TO EVERYTHING THE JUDGES STOOD FOR.

LET IT ALL COME DOWN.

GRUD!

WHAT HAS HE DONE?

LOOK AT IT!

EVERYTHING THEY MADE! EVERYTHING THEY FOUGHT FOR! EVERYTHING THEY BELIEVED IN! I'VE TORN IT ALL DOWN!

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT HE'S DONE! HE'S, LIKE, WHOLLY KNOCKED DOWN THE WALL THAT WAS KEEPING US OUT HERE.

HE'S JUST MADE, LIKE, THE MOST OSTENTATIOUS DOOR.

WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, JANUS?

THAT'S OUR WAY IN!

YOU HEARD HER! THIS COULD BE OUR LAST CHANCE!

GET THOSE H-WAGONS ROLLING! WE'RE MOVING IN!

JUDGE DREDD?

YOU'RE LUNCH!

BUNDY!

DROKK IT!

NEXT PROG: GIRL TROUBLE

DREDD VERSUS BUNDY, GRICE'S MURDEROUS CHIEF HENCHPERSON...

LOOK! RIGHT DOWN THERE!

SHRRIPP

WHAT DID I TELL YA? IT'S **DREDD!** SEE? TAKE US IN A LITTLE CLOSER.

I'VE GOT THEM IN THE SIGHTS BUT I DON'T WANT TO HIT **BUNDY**...

AW, BUNDY'S A **FREAK!** NOBODY'S GONNA MISS HER BUT GRICE!

BLOW 'EM **BOTH** AWAY.

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

LETTERS Tom Frame

JUDGE DREDD INFERNO 10

CHAKACHAKACHAKACHAKACHA

WHOKK!

FOKK!

RRRAA!

HNN!

DROKK!

CHAKACHAKA CHAKACHAKACHAKACHAKACHAKACHAKACH

YOU SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE BULLETS, DREDD QUICK DEATH.

I'LL MAKE IT **SLOW**. I'LL MAKE IT HURT **BAD**...

FREEZE, BITCH!

ONE MOVE AND YOU'RE CHARCOAL!

BUNDY!

ARMOUR-PIERCING!

KA-CHOOMF!

WHROOM!

NICE SHOT, DREDD.

THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THE NEW KID LED US RIGHT TO YOU.

YEAH? WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, JANUS?

GONNA HAVE TO WORK FASTER THAN THAT IF YOU WANT TO BE A JUDGE.

WE PICKED UP YOUR **LAWMASTER** ON THE WAY.

GOOD.

GET THESE PEOPLE MOBILISED, HERSHEY. LET'S FINISH THIS THING.

OKAY! SPREAD OUT.

GRICE'S JUDGES ARE DISORGANISED AND CUT OFF FROM COMMAND. WE CAN DO THIS NEAT AND FAST.

THE VIRUS IS EATING US UP, JOE. IF THIS FAILS, WE'RE ALL GONNA BE TOO **SICK** FOR A SECOND CHANCE.

WE WON'T NEED A SECOND CHANCE.

ONE THING, HERSHEY: GRICE IS **MINE**.

ALL I GOTTA DO IS FIND HIM.

HE'S **THERE**.

I CAN FEEL HIM. IT'S LIKE HIS BRAIN'S ON FIRE. BITS OF IT FALLING AWAY INTO THE DARK.

HE'S GOING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING.

BURN!
BURN!
FWOOOSH!
BURN!
SHRUFFF!
NO LAW!
THERE IS NO LAW!
THERE
IS
NO
LAW!
WRONG, GRICE.

I AM THE LAW!
DREDD?
YOU CAME BACK?
AND THEY'RE CALLING ME MAD?
WELCOME TO THE INFERNO, DREDD!
BURN IN HELL!
FWUMMF!
GRUD!
WHITE HEAT!

DREDD AND GRICE SQUARE OFF IN THE RUINED SHELL OF THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE...

WHERE ARE YOU GOING, DREDD?

YOU'RE BURNING TO DEATH! WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU CAN GO?

THAT'S IT! SHOOT THE FLOOR!

MAKE YOUR LAST ACT AS STUPID AND USELESS AS YOUR LIFE HAS BEEN!

WOOMF!

FLOOR!

Grant Morrison
Carlos Ezquerra
Tom Frame

JUDGE DREDD INFERN PART 11

THE FLOODED ISO-CUBES...

GRUDDAM YOU, DREDD!

KA-CHAK!

UNNH.

CHUUSSH

LAWMASTER.

IT'S ALL OVER. GIVE YOURSELVES UP!

COME AND GET US, HERSHEY!

HAVE IT YOUR WAY.

FTOOOM

MY PRECOGNITIVE POWERS TELL ME YOU WILL VERY SHORTLY OVERCOME AN ATTACKER FROM YOUR RIGHT-HAND SIDE, JUDGE JANUS.

AND YOU GOT ONE COMING UP ON YOUR LEFT, BHAJI.

INDEED

ANYBODY HERE SEEN JUDGE DREDD ?

IT'S A PERSONAL MATTER...

CHIEF JUDGE GRICE, SIR! YOU'VE GOTTA TAKE CHARGE HERE! THE JUDGES ARE BACK!

NO-ONE'S TAKING ORDERS!

WHAT?

I'LL GIVE YOU AN ORDER, BISHOP

SHUT YOUR DROKKIN' MOUTH!

BDAM

THIS IS A GIRL'S GUN

THIS GUN'S NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR THE CHIEF JUDGE!

I WANT THE BIGGEST GUN WE'VE GOT.

YOU JUST KEEP COMING, DON'T YOU, DREDD?

I DON'T KNOW IF YOU'RE BRAVE OR JUST DUMB BUT I LIKE IT!

KA-CHOW!

ARMOUR-PIERCING!

SHRUTT!

I'LL BLOW YOU INTO **BITS**, YOU DROKKIN' --

KRAK!

KNOW SOMETHING, GRICE?

I'M GETTING SICK LISTENING TO YOU

YOU WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN FOR MUCH LONGER...

GRUD!

KRR-KK

LET ME TELL YOU A SECRET, DREDD.

WHOKK!

I **RESPECTED** YOU ONCE, YOU KNOW THAT? BUT THEN YOU WENT **SOFT** AND I JUST GOT HARDER AND HARDER.

ALL THOSE YEARS ON TITAN, DREAMING OF THIS.

WHEN YOU DIE, THE **LAW** DIES.

JUDGE DREDD

GRICE'S COUP IS COLLAPSING BUT HE HAS JUDGE DREDD AT HIS MERCY...

LOOK AT YOU! SICK AND WEAK AND BROKEN!

JUST LIKE THE SYSTEM YOU STAND FOR, HUH?

WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO? KILL ME WITH YOUR RADIO?

FACE IT, DREDD, NO-ONE'S COMING TO SAVE YOU NOW

SO LIE BACK AND TAKE IT LIKE A MAN!

LAWMASTER.

RENNIK

2000 AD CREDIT CARD

SCRIPT Grant Morrison

ART Carlos Ezquerra

LETTERS Tom Frame

INFERNO PART 12

VROOOMM!
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRR
ARRGHH!
WHUMMP!
.OHHH OHHH GRUD THE PAIN I...NNNGH... I STILL HATE YOU DREDD ..YOU CAN'T KILL MY HATE...STILL HATE YOU...
HATE YOU .. HATE YOU ..

LAWMASTER, FORWARD AND REVERSE.

REPEAT UNTIL FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

REV REV REV REV REV

WHAT'S THE MATTER, GRIGE?

...NNNNNNNN...

FEELING RUN DOWN?

THAT'S THE LAST OF GRICE'S MEN, DREDD.

SENDING 'EM BACK TO TITAN'S NOT THE BEST SOLUTION BUT WE JUST DON'T HAVE THE FACILITIES HERE TO DEAL WITH THEM.

AT LEAST THE VIRAL ANTIDOTE WORKED.

ONLY PROBLEM IS THE MED BOYS SAY THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO PRODUCE ENOUGH OF THE STUFF TO DOSE ALL OF OUR CIVILIAN POPULATION.

LOOKS LIKE RESYK'S GONNA BE WORKING OVERTIME.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, HERSHEY.

FEWER CITIZENS MEANS LESS CRIME.

TITAN CAN'T HOLD US, DREDD!

SHUT UP!

WE DID IT ONCE, WE'LL DO IT AGAIN!

DREAM ON, CREEP.

THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY.

I'M STILL WORRIED ABOUT THIS WHOLE THING. I KNOW WE PUT THEM INTO A PRE-PROGRAMMED ROBOT SHIP BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THEY GET TO TITAN?

WHAT'S TO STOP THEM TRYING ANOTHER BREAK?

SECURITY UP THERE'S SO BADLY COMPROMISED...

YEAH.

I THOUGHT OF THAT.

PROBLEM SOLVED

BLEEP!

JUDGE DREDD, I...YOU JUST EXECUTED ALL THOSE PEOPLE.
YOU DIDN'T EVEN WARN THEM...
YEAH. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE TOLD THEM GIVEN 'EM TIME TO SWEAT.
GUESS GRICE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL.
I AM GETTING SOFT.
THE END

JUDGE DREDD

WAR GAMES

Mark Miller
Paul Marshall
Tom Frame

JUDGE DREDD! FOR CRIMES AGAINST JUSTICE--

YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DEATH!

BURN, GWAI-LOH!

SHHH-TAAK!

RRAAARGH!

NO! CAN'T LET THEM... BREAK ME!

SKRIPP!

DRINK SOME JUICE, CREEP!

BDAAM!

AARGHH!

DROP DEAD, MEATHEADS

BDAAM!

BDAAM!

SHUDDD...DDM!

DREDD TO CONTROL REQUEST BACK-UP...

WE'VE GOT A NEST OF SINO-CIT JUDGES RIGHT HERE IN MEGA-CITY!

NOT JUST SINO-CIT JUDGES, IMPERIALIST PIG!

STOMM! SOV JUDGES!

CONTROL! WHERE'S THAT BACK-UP? THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH HOSTILES!

AROOGA

GRUD! INTER-BLOCK ZOOM!

AROOGA

AROOOOOOO

NO USE -- CAN'T OUT-RUN IT!

DREDD TO CONTROL! COME IN, CONTROL!

WHY DON'T YOU RESPOND?

DROKK!

HALL OF JUSTICE

I'M STILL ALIVE, GRUD-DAMN IT! AND I'LL FIGHT YOU TILL MY LAST BREATH!

IT'S USELESS, DREDD...

YOU FAILED, DREDD!

WELCOME TO HELL!

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT TO FIGHT FOR!

NOOO!

JOE ?

TAKE IT EASY, JOE. IT'S ALL OVER.

WHAT'S GOING ON, McGRUDER?

JUST A LITTLE EXPERIMENT. SJS JUDGE STONE WILL EXPLAIN.

OUR JUDGES NEED TO BE TOUGHENED-UP, DREDD. YOU'RE FACING YOUR STIFFEST CHALLENGE YET.

ACCORDING TO PSI-DIVISION THERE'S A CRISIS COMING ON. AT OUR CURRENT DEPLETED STRENGTH WE'RE NOT STRONG ENOUGH TO DEAL WITH IT.

WE'VE DEVELOPED A NEW AGGRO-DRUG AND WE NEEDED TO TEST IT ON YOU.

WE KNEW YOU WOULDN'T OBJECT.

HMM.

WHAT ABOUT THESE CREEPS?

PERPS...WE PICKED THEM UP THIS AFTERNOON.--

MOST OF THEM MINOR OFFENCES-- BUT WE NEEDED SOME GUINEA PIGS.

HARSH BUT NECESSARY, JOE --

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO GO SOFT ON THIS ONE.

THIS CRISIS -- HOW MUCH DO WE KNOW ABOUT IT?

NOT MUCH.

PSI-DIVISION RECKON THE TROUBLE'S GOING TO START IN THE EASTERN BLOCKS. FIGURE WE'VE GOT EIGHTEEN MONTHS-- MAYBE LESS.

BUT ONE THING'S FOR CERTAIN, JOE...

"...SOMETHIN' BAD IS HEADIN' THIS WAY."

JUDGE DREDD

Judge Tyrannosaur

HOSTAGE SITUATION. WEST WALL OF THE CITY.

NOBODY CAN HIDE FROM THE LAW, CREEP--

NOT EVEN IN THE CURSED EARTH!

DROKK YOU, LAW-DOGS!

BDAM! BDAM!

ONE BILLION CREDS--

THAT'S HOW MUCH I WANT FOR MEGA-CITY ONE'S FAVOURITE GRANNY.

P-PLEASE, YOUNG MAN... T-TODAY'S MY 150TH BIRTHDAY!

MANY HAPPY RETURNS, OLDSTER--NOW SHUT THE DROKK UP!

SWEET GRUD!

LOOK OUT!

GRUD ON A GREENIE!

Mark Millar
Ron Smith
Tom Frame

AMONG THE MANY PERILS FACING MEGA-CITIZENS ARE THE GENETICALLY-CREATED DINOSAURS ROAMING THE CURSED EARTH -- AND OCCASIONALLY CLOSER TO HOME...*

RROOAAR

*Thorg note: First seen in THE CURSED EARTH, progs 61-85

STOMM! DON'T LET IT GET ME!

FORGET IT, SPUG-HEAD! YOU'RE DINO-CHUNKS!

KKRUNCH!

HOORAY! THREE CHEERS FOR THE TYRANNOSAUR!

IT JUST SAVED THE OLDEST CITIZEN IN MEGA-CITY ONE!

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

LISTEN TO THEM, JOE.

THE WHOLE SITUATION IS GETTING OUT OF HAND.

TWO...FOUR...SIX...EIGHT...

WHO DO WE APPRECIATE ?

TY-RANN-OSAUR-RUSS!

DINO NOW

DO

KILL

DINOSAUR OUR HERO

DINO FOR THE CITY

D

UR

DINOSAUR TO LIVE IN PEACE

MEGA-CITY ONE HAS TAKEN TO THE STREETS TO SUPPORT THE HERO DINOSAUR WHO SAVED THE LIFE OF ITS OLDEST CITIZEN

WITH ME NOW IS DR MIKE CRICHTON, JURASSIC EXPERT, WHO IS APPEALING TO THE JUDGES TO LET THE CREATURE LIVE.

HI!

WE THINK THE TYRANNOSAUR SHOULD BE GIVEN THE KEYS TO THE CITY.

IN FACT, THAT HERO DESERVES TO BE MADE INTO A FULLY-FLEDGED JUDGE!

JUDGE TYRANNOSAUR? WHO KNOWS?

ONE MILLION CITIZENS HAVE ALREADY SIGNED A PETITION DEMANDING IT!

ARE THEY NUTS?

THIS NONSENSE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH.

RROAR!

HEADS UP, BIG FELLA!

TYRANNOSAUR

WE BUILT YOU A GIANT-SIZED UNOFFICIAL JUDGE'S BADGE!

HA! LOOK AT HIM-- HE'S LICKING HIS LIPS IN ANTICIPATION!

HE CAN HARDLY WAIT TO TRY ON HIS NEW BADGE!

LOOK OUT! HE'S BROKEN FREE!

ROAAARRR!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

KEEP PERFECTLY STILL!

THE TYRANNOSAURUS RESPONDS TO SUDDEN MOVEMENT--

KEEP PERFECTLY STILL...

THUD

EVERYBODY MOVE IT! NOW!

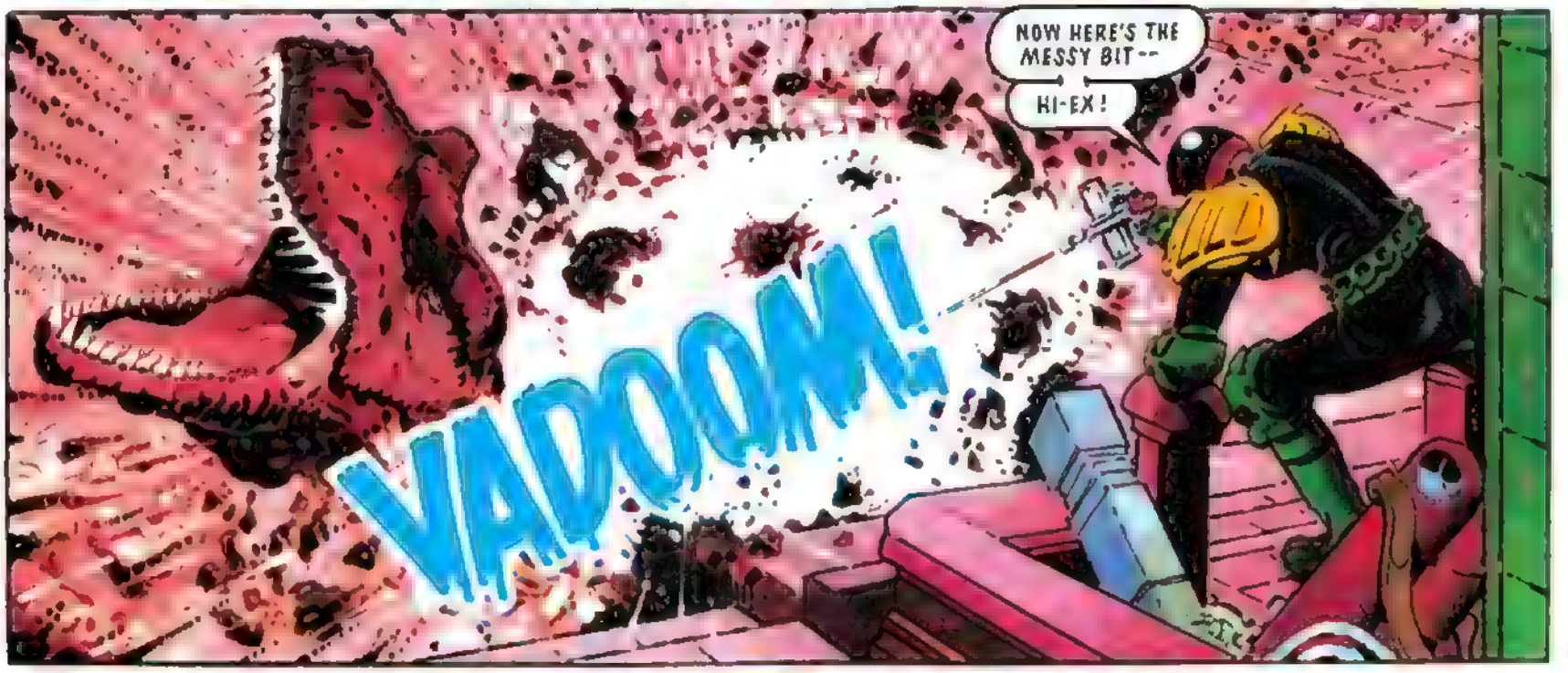
JUDGE DREDD!

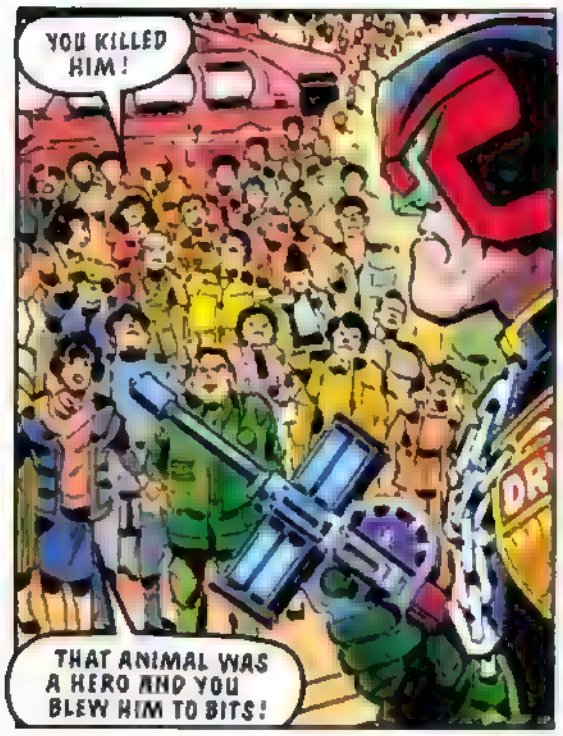
SNNORTT!

STOMPING CITIZENS IS ILLEGAL, MEAT-MOUTH!

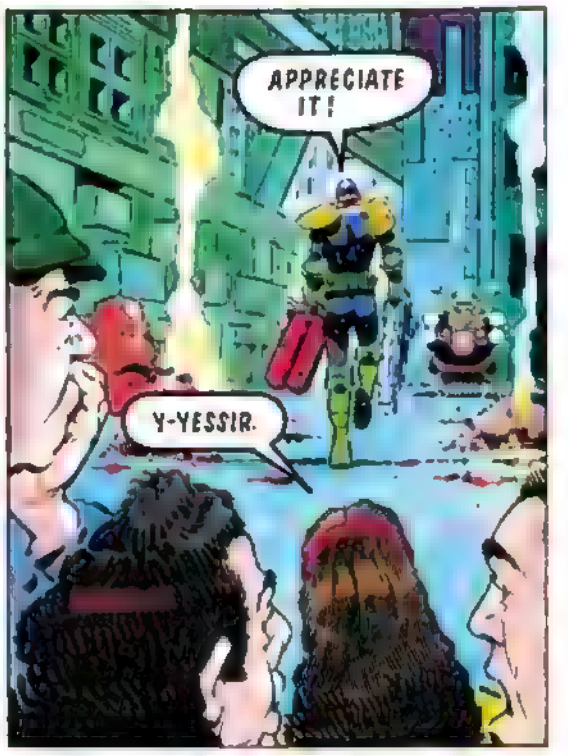
YOU'RE TOAST!

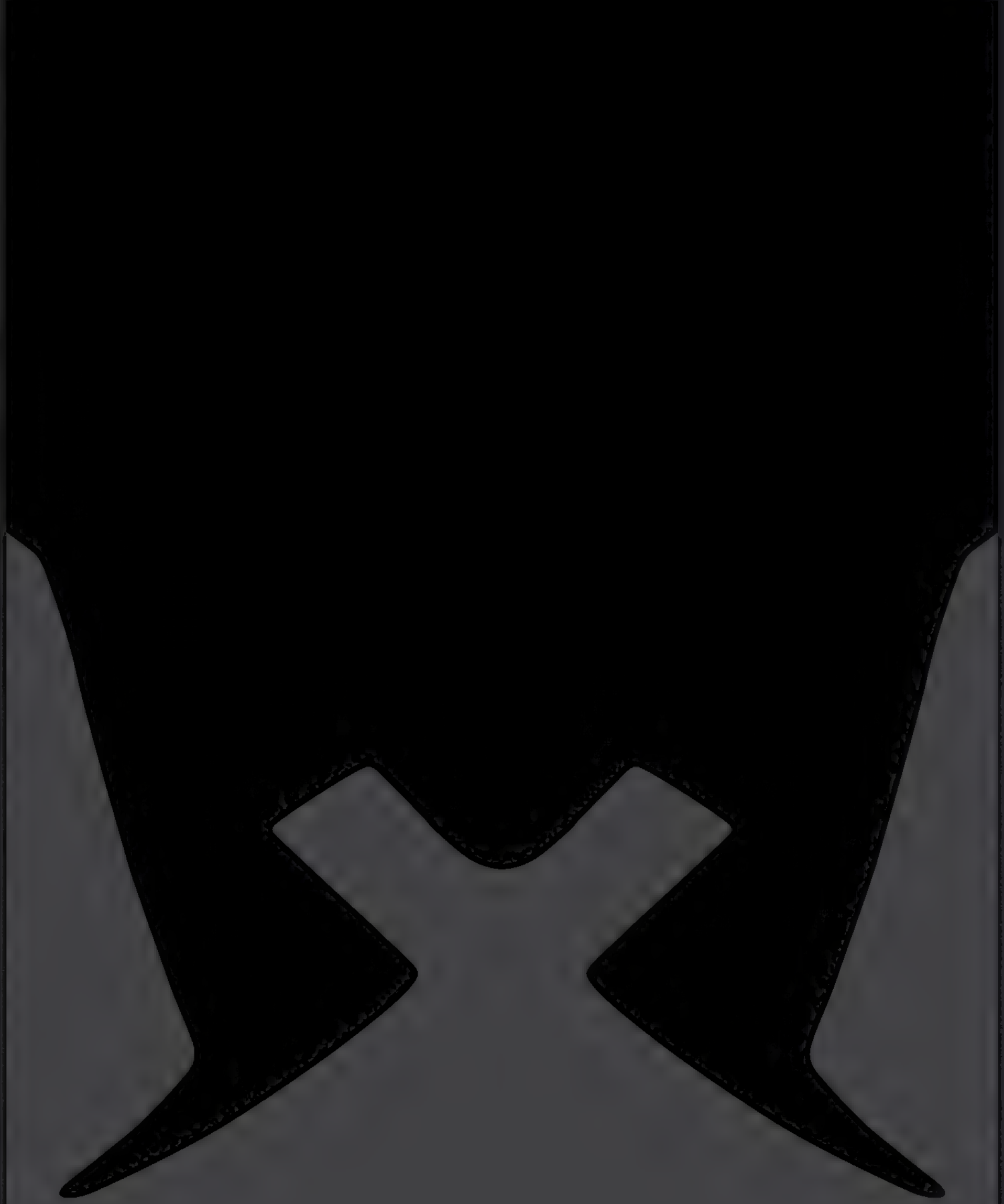
RRAAA


NOW HERE'S THE MESSY BIT--
HI-EX!
VADOOM!


YOU KILLED HIM!
THAT ANIMAL WAS A HERO AND YOU BLEW HIM TO BITS!

YOU CITIZENS DON'T NEED HEROES--
YOU ALREADY GOT US!


APPRECIATE IT!
Y-YESSIR.



0500.

THE WEATHER CONTROL UNITS ARE DOWN OVER SECTOR 19.

THE STORM'S BEEN BLOWING SINCE MIDNIGHT. IT'S MINUS TWENTY OUT. WIND SPEEDS OF OVER 80KPH.

THE STREETS ARE EMPTY.

ALMOST EMPTY.

DREDD TO CONTROL.

WE'VE FOUND SOMETHING ON RAMADA PEDWAY.

LOOKS LIKE THE JIGSAW KILLER'S BACK IN TOWN.

BEEN SEVEN MONTHS SINCE HE LAST MADE A HIT. GUESS HE MUST BE BACK FROM VACATION.

LOOKS LIKE THE LIMBS AND TORSO COME FROM FOUR, MAYBE FIVE DIFFERENT BODIES...

SAME M.O. AS LAST TIME.

YEAH? SO WHAT'S THIS?

BODY MAC SOUL

CREEP NEVER LEFT A CALLING CARD BEFORE...

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE THIS IS THE SAME GUY, DREDD? HOW D'YOU KNOW IT'S NOT A COPY CAT?

I KNOW.

OKAY. LET'S GET A TEK-SQUAD DOWN HERE.

WE NEED THE BODY PARTS DEFROSTED AND I.D'D. THEN THEY CAN TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT THAT MESSAGE.

I WANT THIS SICKO OFF THE STREETS.

18 MONTHS AGO.

THAT'S WHEN IT STARTED.

THAT'S WHEN OL' **CUNDO** FIRST WENT DOWN TO THE **UNDERGROUND** AND **THE GIGGLER** GAVE HIM THE FEVER.

HE'S THERE NOW, IS OUR MAIN MAN **CUNDO DELMUNDO**, WAY DOWN DEEP IN THE **VELVET UNDERGROUND**...

HAVING THE TIME OF HIS LIFE.

HaHAhaHAhaH

'COURSE, WHEN HE TOLD 'EM AT THE **AMPUTEE HOME** ABOUT THE VELVET UNDERGROUND, THE MEDICS SAID HE WAS CRAZY.

SAID THE UNDERGROUND WASN'T A **REAL** PLACE AT ALL AND PUT HIM STRAIGHT ON **TRANQS**.

BUT CUNDO...HE KNEW **BETTER**, MAN. CUNDO KNEW THE SCORE.

HELL, HE'S SPENT THE LAST 18 MONTHS TRYNNA **EVEN** IT UP.

18 MONTHS.

SHOOT, THAT WAS A **LOOONG** TIME AGO. JUST BEFORE THE ACCIDENT AT **MERKL & RHODES.**

BEFORE THE SHEET OF **GLASSEEN** SLIPPED... CAME FALLIN' DOWN IN SLO-MO AND ALMOST SLICED HIM IN TWO.

SAVED HIS LIFE BUT LOST HIS ARM.

AND THEN... YEAH, HE **DID** GO CRAZY FOR A WHILE.

WENT DOWN INTO THE UNDERGROUND AND MET **THE GIGGLER**, AND THE GIGGLER TOLD HIM:

don't get **MAD** Get **eVEn.**

WELL MAN-OH-MAN, THAT'S **JUST** WHAT HE'S GONNA DO. GONNA GO OUT THERE AND **SHOW** 'EM.

GONNA KEEP ON **CUTTIN'** AND **SLICIN'** TILL HE FINDS HIMSELF THAT NICE NEW ARM.

GONNA GET HIMSELF FIXED UP **BETTER** THAN BEFORE.

DREDD?

ALTMAN, **FORENSICS**. WE FINISHED THE AUTOPSY ON THE RAMADA PEDWAY KILLING.

WOUND PORTRAITS MATCH ALL FIVE PREVIOUS MURDERS. COMBINATION LAS-SAW AND HIGH-PRECISION TUNGSTEN CUTTER.

YOUR HUNCH WAS **RIGHT**. IT'S DEFINITELY THE **SAME** GUY.

ANYTHING ON THE **MESSAGE**?

TEKS ARE WORKING ON IT NOW. GRAPHOLOGY, PRESSURE ANALYSIS...THE **WORKS**. SHOULD HAVE A PERSONALITY PROFILE PRETTY SOON.

WHEN IT COMES THROUGH, ALTMAN, I WANT YOU TO CROSS-REF THE PSYCH-FILE WITH REGISTERED **DYSLEXICS**. SEE HOW MANY HITS WE SCORE.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE **KIDDING**?

THAT'S GOING TO GIVE ME A HUNDRED, TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND **SUSPECTS** TO SORT THROUGH.

BETTER SKIP LUNCH THEN.

YOU FIND ANYTHING, I'LL BE AT **TV-CENTRAL**.

DO YOU RECOGNISE THIS LIMB?

?

THIS IS JUST ONE OF THE GRISLY TROPHIES FROM THIS MORNING'S JIGSAW MURDER CASE.

OF THE SIX BODY PARTS FOUND AT THE SCENE, FIVE HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFULLY MATCHED WITH PREVIOUS KILLS...

...LEAVING US JUST THIS ONE LIMB STILL TO IDENTIFY.

WITH US TO PROVIDE INSIGHT INTO THE CASE IS MEGA-CITY ONE'S TOP LAWMAN -- JUDGE DREDD.

JUDGE, JUST BRIEFLY... WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO ANY VIEWERS OUT THERE WHO MIGHT HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT THIS CASE?

SOONER YOU SQUEAL, THE BETTER.

SO -- IF YOU RECOGNISE THIS LIMB, OR THINK IT MIGHT BELONG TO A FRIEND OR RELATIVE, CONTACT US ON 979-30500.

CRIME LINE 2105

WE CAN'T OFFER YOU ANONYMITY, BUT WE CAN OFFER PEACE OF MIND!

SECOND NIGHT RUNNIN'

HE'S GOT THE COOL BREEZE STOCKED UP AND READY TO ROLL.

OL' CUNDO'S GONNA HAVE HISSELF SOME FUN TONIGHT, YES-SIREEE!

HEY, MISTER!

WHA-!

CAN I HAVE A FREEZER POP ANNA DOUBLE 99, PLEASE?

OH.

YEAH... UH...SURE-- YEAH.

'COURSE YOU CAN, KID...

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT HE GETS LUCKY. TONIGHT, HE'S GOIN' FOR THE BIG ONE.

CUNDO—MAN, HE CAN FEEL IT IN HIS STUMP.

SOMEWHERE, OUT THERE, THERE'S AN ARM WITH HIS NAME ON.

CONTROL?

HAVE IDENTIFIED THE **SUGAR-HOUSE** WE BEEN AFTER LAST COUPLE OF WEEKS. **DENNY'S DENTAL BOUTIQUE**, CORNER OF 6th AND VINE.

MEAT AND MED WAGONS REQUIRED. TWO **DEAD**, THREE ON **HOLD**.

...aouhhh...

PLEASE...

C-CAN YOU L-LOOSEN MY C-COLLAR? I'M ON MUH-**MEDICATION**... BREATHING PROBLEMS...

I...I THINK I'M HAVING A **PANIC ATTACK**...

YEAH?

SUCK ON THIS. IT'LL CALM YOU DOWN.

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT, VICINITY **FRITZ LANG BLOCK**. BODY FOUND AT **ST. ATWILL'S**

POSSIBLE VICTIM OF **JIGSAW KILLER**.

DREDD RESPONDING.

IT WAS FATHER PRETTYMAN HERE WHO DISCOVERED THE BODY. HEARD A NOISE IN HIS SLEEP AND CAME DOWN TO FIND THIS.
XUGS

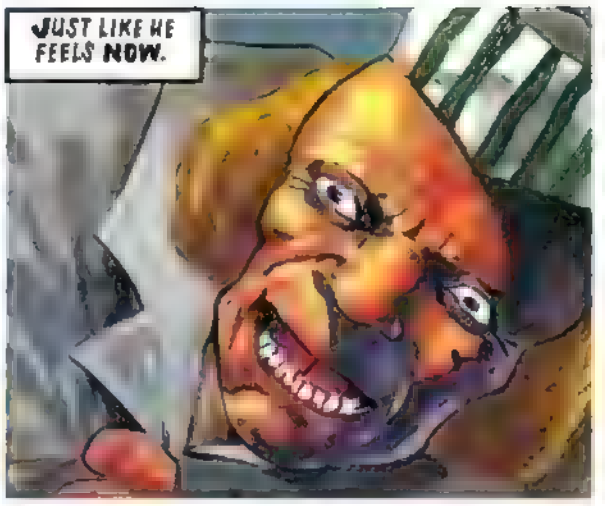
HE CAN'T HAVE GOT FAR. YOU NOTIFY UNITS IN THE AREA?
WHAT OF? WE DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO WE'RE LOOKING FOR...

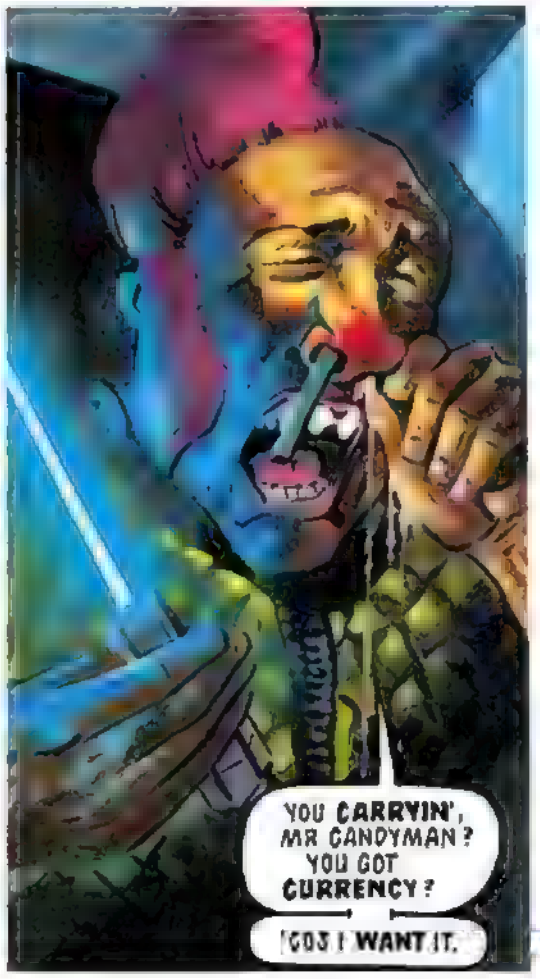
PUT ALL UNITS ON LOOK-OUT. NOW!

WHOEVER DID THIS, HE'S STILL IN THE AREA.
I WANT HIM NAILED!

MAN, WILLYA LOOK AT THOSE **STARS**? AIN'T OFTEN YOU SEE A SKY LIKE THAT IN THE **BIG MEG**.

HARD AND SHARP AND FAR AWAY -- LIKE CUNDO FEELS SOMETIMES IN THE **VELVET UNDERGROUND**.





SHIFTY LITTLE PUNK. WHO THE HELL DOES HE THINK HE IS, TRYANNA SPOIL CUNDO'S NIGHT?

DON'T THE JUVES ROUND HERE HAVE NO SENSE?

YOUR NOSE IS RUNNIN', MAN. HERE... LET ME.

CUNDO GUTS HIM.

RIPS HIM UP LIKE A PAPER BAG. METAL FINGERS CLICKIN' AN' CLACKIN'-- LIKE A SEWIN' MACHINE WORKIN' BACKWARDS.

AND ALL OF A SUDDEN CUNDO JUST STOPS. STOPS DEAD. DOESN'T EVEN BREATHE.

G-GIGGLER?

GIGGLER, COME AN' LOOK WHAT I GOT HERE, MAN...

YOU AIN'T GONNA BELIEVE WHAT OL' CUNDO JUST FOUND HISSELF...

HALL OF JUSTICE

ALL UNITS VICINITY **FRITZ LANG BLOCK.** PERP KNOWN AS **JIGSAW KILLER** BELIEVED STILL IN AREA.

NO DESCRIPTION, BUT BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR ANYTHING **SUSPICIOUS**...

CUNDO'S GOT THE **ARM** WRAPPED AND BAGGED IN DRIP-PROOF FILM.

NOW HE'S GOTTA PICK UP HIS **WHEELS**, PUT IT ON **ICE**, AND GET THE HELL **OUTTA** HERE.

CONTROL? **GEARY.**

CITIZEN REQUIRES **MEDIC**, MALVINA SIDE-PED, OFF RIVERSIDE DEVELOPMENT COMPLEX.

ROJ THAT.

LOOKS LIKE WE MAY HAVE A TIE-IN WITH YOUR **JIGSAW KILLER.**

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT?

VICTIM'S MISSING HIS **RIGHT ARM.**

SACRED HEART MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

ABOUT TIME.
HOW IS HE?

HE...HE WASN'T IN TOO GOOD A SHAPE WHEN WE PICKED HIM UP. BLOOD LOSS. MAJOR INTERNAL DAMAGE...
HOW IS HE?

HE DIED SIX MINUTES AGO.

RIGHT, LeGRIS -- YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IT **HERE**. WE'VE LOST ENOUGH TIME AS IT IS.
I'LL DO MY BEST.

WHAT'S GOING **ON**?

KILLER'S PREVIOUS VICTIMS WERE LONG DEAD. **PSI-DIVISION** COULDN'T GET **SQUAT** OFF 'EM.
THIS ONE'S STILL **WARM**.

SHE'S GOING TO DO A **POST-MORTEM SCAN**. IF THIS GUY SAW OUR PERP, WE'VE GOT OURSELVES A **FACE**.

A FACE
A FACE
A FACE
BLURRED VOICES
SOUNDS RUNNING LIKE COLOURS
THE DYNAMO WHINE OF HIS MIND
AND SHE'S IN

LEGRIS FIXES THE IMAGE ONTO **PSI-SENSITIVE** FILM AND FAXXES IT STRAIGHT TO JUSTICE CENTRAL.

THEY PUT A **NAME** TO THE FACE IN NO TIME.

SUSPECT IDENTIFIED AS ONE **CUNDO DeLMUNDO**, RESIDENT 49-70 DOUGLAS BADER BLOCK.

REGISTERED **AMPUTEE** AND **DYSLEXIC**. RELEASED FROM PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT 16 MONTHS AGO.

SOUNDS LIKE OUR MAN.

GET BACK-UP UNITS THERE **NOW**!

I'M ON MY WAY!

CUNDO'S **ITCHIN'** TO GET BACK TO HIS HAB. STASH THE ARM IN THE MULTI-FREEZE TILL HE CAN MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL.

MAN, HE **STILL** CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THE LUCK OF SOME--

FREEZE!

MR FRISK!

CUNDO DeLMUNDO! YOU ARE WANTED FOR INTERROGATION!

THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS!

THEY JOKIN' OR WHAT?

ALL THE TROUBLE CUNDO'S BEEN TO, AIN'T NO **WAY** HE'S GONNA GIVE IN NOW.

FFZZZZZZ

OUR MAIN MAN'S STILL GOT A FEW **TRICKS** UP HIS SLEEVE.

LOOK OUT! HE'S HIT THE FUEL TANK!

IT'S GONNA--

BFHOOOM

DON'T KNOW HOW THEY **FOUND** HIM. DON'T DROKKIN' **CARE**.

JUST WANNA GET THE HELL **OUTTA** THERE.

GET HIM!

BDAM! BDAM!

Xuasus

DREDD--WE HAVE TO GET OUT! THOSE THINGS ARE GOING UP LIKE **HI-EX!**

HE'S GOT **THE GIGGLER** ON HIS SIDE, MAN.

IF **HE** CAN'T MAKE IT, AIN'T **NOBODY** CAN...

CONTROL!

FIREFIGHTERS TO DOUGLAS BADER POD PARK! WE'VE GOT AN **INFERNO** DOWN HERE!

I WANT THE BLOCK **SEALED OFF!** HE CAN'T GET FAR!

THEN PUT OUT AN **APB.** ALL UNITS. PERP IS **HIGHLY** DANGEROUS! **SHOOT ON SIGHT!**

AN' CUNDO?

MAN. CUNDO GETS HIS BUTT THE HELL **OUTTA** THERE.

GRUD! JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE...

YOU EVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS **BEFORE**, DREDD?

ONCE OR TWICE.

WE GOT ABOUT A **DOZEN** BODIES HERE... A WHOLE BUNCH **MORE** BODY PARTS STASHED IN THE FRIDGE.

CREEP CERTAINLY PLANNED **AHEAD**.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF **THESE**? LOOKS LIKE A KID'S DRAWINGS. RECKON **DELMUNDO** DID 'EM?

IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME.

ALL RIGHT. TURN THE PLACE **UPSIDE DOWN**. WE'RE LOOKING FOR ANYTHING THAT MIGHT CLUE US IN ON WHERE HE'S GONE.

ESTEVEZ-- CREEP HAS A **PSYCHIATRIC HISTORY**. I WANT TO KNOW ABOUT IT.

HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY THIS TIME!

THIS AIN'T RIGHT. OUR MAIN MAN HIDIN' OUT LIKE THIS. CURLED UP IN THE DARK LIKE SOME WOUNDED ANIMAL.

GOTTA THINK...

GOTTA GET MY HEAD STRAIGHT...

CUNDO SITS BACK AND CLOSES HIS EYES AND LETS HIMSELF GO. LETS HIMSELF SINK DOWN INTO THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.

THE GIGGLER'LL KNOW. THE GIGGLER'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO.

XS

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE, YOU KLUTZ?

YOU WANT THAT FINE WHITE ARM TO GO TO WASTE? IT'S GONNA SPOIL ON YOU IF YOU'RE NOT QUICK...

BUT, GIGGLER... IT'S MY PAPERS, MAN.

THEY'RE BACK AT THE HAB. THE JUDGES HAVE GOT MY PAPERS. WHO DO I GET TO DO THE TRANSPLANT NOW?

YOU FIND ANOTHER HOSPITAL, YOU GO IN, YOU MAKE THEM OPERATE.

JUST MAKE SURE YOU TAKE SOME DECENT FIREPOWER WITH YOU...

DREDD--VOIGHT. GOT SOMETHING **ELSE** FOR YOU...

SEARCH OF DeLMUNDO'S HAB TURNED UP DOCUMENTATION FROM **MERCY HOSPITAL**.

LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF **ADVANCE BOOKING** CARD. SURGICAL FACILITIES TO BE MADE AVAILABLE AT 24 HOURS NOTICE.

CREEP HAD THIS ALL FIGURED OUT, DIDN'T HE?

THE MURDERS, THAT CRAZY M.O. -- IT WAS ALL JUST A **SMOKE-SCREEN**. HE WAS JUST KILLING TIME TILL THE RIGHT ARM SHOWED UP.

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE MISSING THE POINT ALL ALONG. HUH?

OKAY.

PUT A WATCH ON **MERCY**. DeLMUNDO'S SO **CRAZY** HE MIGHT JUST SHOW UP THERE. THEN ISSUE A DESCRIPTION TO ALL HOSPITALS IN THE CITY.

I'VE GOT A MEET WITH HIS **SHRINK**.

CUNDO DeLMUNDO, HUH?

DR LENNOX PSYCHIATRIST

YEAH, I REMEMBER HIM. WHAT'S HE DO THIS TIME? BEEN HASSLING THE SCHOOLJUVES AGAIN?

DR LENNOX PSYCHIATRIST

THAT'S NONE OF YOUR CONCERN, CITIZEN.

I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHY HE WAS IN HERE.

'CAUSE HE WAS CRAZY AS A BEDBUG. THAT'S WHY. TEXTBOOK PSYCHOTIC.

CAME HERE AFTER HE LOST AN ARM. SOME KIND OF ACCIDENT OVER AT MERKL & RHODES' GLASSEEN PLANT.

HE JUST COULDN'T COME TO TERMS WITH HIS DISABILITY. HE WAS IN SHOCK FOR MONTHS.

WITHDREW INTO A FANTASY WORLD. SOME PLACE HE CALLED THE VELVET UNDERGROUND.

HAD AN IMAGINARY FRIEND WHO LIVED DOWN THERE--THE GIGGLER.-- BASED ON SOME ANIMATRONICS MODEL AT THE LAFAYETTE SHOPLEX. CUNDO SAW IT WHEN HE WAS A KID.

AND YOU LET THIS PSYCHO LOOSE? YOU'RE LUCKY I'M NOT PULLING YOU IN ON AN INVOLUNTARY ACCESSORY CHARGE.

W-WHY? WHAT IS IT? W-WHAT'S HE D-D-DONE?

WHAT THEY ALL DO. HE BROKE THE LAW.

POP

CUNDO GOT THE GUN FROM HIS STASH IN LATOYA PARK. A HAIBATSU 3000 THAT'S HOT AND HEAVY IN HIS HAND.

Lafayette Sh-

DREXLER

HE'S GOT THE GUN, BUT HAS HE GOT THE GUTS ?

DON'T NOBODY MOVE!

YOU--DROP THE LAZER-BLADE!

WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING ? THIS WOMAN IS CRITICALLY ILL...

NOT ANY MORE, SHE AIN'T!

NOW! I WANT YOU TO FIX ME UP -- AN' FIX ME UP GOOD!

I D-D-DON'T UNDERSTAND...

WHAT ARE YOU-- DUMB ?

I WANT IT SEWN ON!

HOLY GRUD!

HEY, RUDY! WE GOT SOME MANIAC WITH A GUN IN THEATRE 6!

SECURITY--ALL FLOORS RESPOND. WE HAVE A HOSTAGE SITUATION IN THEATRE 6!

WELL, THE M-MATCH ISN'T P-P-PERFECT, BUT IT'S THE B-BEST WE CAN HOPE FOR. NOW, IF THE ANAESTHETIST IS READY--

WHAT?

YOU THINK I'M CRAZY? DO I LOOK CRAZY TO YOU? I AIN'T HAVIN' NO GRUDDAM ANAESTHETIC...

B-BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PAIN? AT LEAST L-LET ME GIVE YOU A L-LOCAL...

YOU AIN'T GIVIN' ME NOTHIN', SCUZZBAG! JUST GET THE NEEDLE AND THREAD AN' SEW IT ON!

AN' HURRY!

I GOT MYSELF ONE BUSY SCHEDULE TONIGHT...

DREDD? REPORT OF A DISTURBANCE AT DREXLER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL. SOME KOOK'S TAKEN OVER AN OPERATING THEATRE.

DESCRIPTION MATCHES YOUR PERP.

I'LL BE THERE!

LOOK, D-DON'T TAKE THIS THE WRONG WAY, BUT I'M A S-SURGEON, NOT A VET...

WE REALLY NEED MICROSURGERY TO --

SCREW MICROSURGERY! I BEEN WAITIN' TWO YEARS FOR THIS BABY! I AIN'T GONNA WAIT ANY LONGER!

YOU MAKE SURE THOSE STITCHES ARE GOOD AN' TIGHT NOW, Y'HEAR? DON'T WANT 'EM COMIN' UNDONE ON ME, DO WE?

YOU!

HOSPITAL SECURITY! PUT DOWN YOUR GUN AND NOBODY GETS HURT!

WANNA BET ON THAT?

XS

CONTROL--I'M AT DREXLER. WHERE'S THAT BACK-UP?

SORRY, DREDD, BUT WE'VE GOT A BLOCK WAR BREWING IN YOUR SECTOR. OVERZOOM'S JAMMED UP TIGHT. BE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

DOWN THERE, HE'S DOWN THERE... OH GRUDDD...

DROKK!

CONTROL, HE'S OUT!

LEGS PUMPIN', ARM FLAPPIN', HEART BEATIN' FIT TO BURST, AND MAN-OH-MAN--JUST WHAT DID HE DO TO DESERVE THIS?

THE LAWBOY'S ON HIS TAIL AGAIN.

PERP HEADING INTO LAFAYETTE SHOPLEX--AM IN PURSUIT!

EXIT

'GET YOURSELF THAT ARM', THE GIGGLER'D SAID. 'GET YOURSELF FIXED UP AND BACK ON YOUR FEET. GET BACK TO NORMAL.'

ONLY THINGS NEVER TURN OUT LIKE THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO, DO THEY ?

MOVE !

MOVE !

GUNDO'S STARTIN' TO THINK THE GIGGLER'S LET HIM DOWN, MAN. LET HIM DOWN IN A BIG WAY.

WHERE ARE YOU ? PLEASE...GIGGLER...

WHERE...

THE GIGGLER

I KNEW IT! I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T LEAVE ME, MAN... KNEW YOU'D BE THERE WHEN I NEEDED YOU...

JUST LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID, RIGHT ?

RICOCHET.
AIN'T... AIN'T FAIR, MAN...
JUST AIN'T FAIR...
YOU'LL LIVE, DELMUNDO. YOU'RE GOING TO LOSE BOTH ARMS AND LEGS, BUT WE'LL PATCH YOU UP.
SEE, THAT'S THE THING ABOUT JUSTICE DEPARTMENT...
HAhaHAhaHAhaHA
WE ALWAYS GET THE LAST LAUGH.

HI! THIS IS SPIV WATCHELL, AND I'M REPORTING LIVE FROM THE SELL-OUT LaDONNA CONCERT AT COSTNER HEIGHTS.

LaDONNA

IT'S JUST 3 MONTHS SINCE THE RELEASE OF HER DEBUT ALBUM, AND LaDONNA IS ALREADY BREAKING ALL RECORDS...

...SELLING OVER 90 MILLION ALBUMS AND DRAWING CAPACITY CROWDS ON EVERY LEG OF THE TOUR.

♪ YOU CAN PUT ME IN STIRRUPS AND SMEAR ME WITH SYRUP IF YOU THINK THAT'LL HELP YOU GET IT UP ♪

SEXXX

♪ YOU CAN ROLL ME IN CLOVER AND LICK ME ALL OVER I KNOW WHAT A HUNGRY CASANOVA YOU ARE ♫

LaDONNA'S SMOULDERING LOOKS AND UP-FRONT SEXUALITY HAVE ALREADY EARNED HER A LEGION OF DEVOTED FANS...

PUTTING HER WELL ON THE WAY TO BECOMING MEGA-CITY ONE'S MOST SUCCESSFUL POP STAR EVER!

YOU GOT TO HAND IT TO HER, DREDD -- THE WOMAN'S GOT PRESENCE.

THE WOMAN'S GOT AN ATTITUDE, SELTZ.

IN MY BOOK THAT MEANS TROUBLE.

Sector 9. Porn Shop

LOOK AT THIS...

SECTORS 8, 10 AND 11 ARE JAMMED WITH GAWKERS. WE GOT OBSTRUCTIONS ON ALL MAIN THOROUGHFARES, AND RIOTS SPREADING LIKE CREEPING BUBOS.

THE WHOLE CITY'S GONE LOVESICK AND IT'S HIGH TIME WE DID SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

ENRIQUEZ -- YOU FIND ANYTHING ON HER?

NOT MUCH.

REAL NAME'S ESTHER GILROY, FORMER TASTER AT CENTRAL MUNCE. MARRIED A PLASTIC SURGEON TWO YEARS BACK.

GAVE HER A FULL BODY JOB -- FACE CHANGE, LIPOSUCTION, SILICONE AND COLLAGEN IMPLANTS -- THE WHOLE SCHMEAR.

CREEP MUST HAVE PUT IN A LOT OF OVERTIME.

SUBJECT EVEN HELPED OUT DURING THE BIG NEG. MEMBER OF SANDRA BERNHARD CITI-DEF. RECEIVED A COMMENDATION FROM THE CHIEF JUDGE HERSELF.

ACCORDING TO THE FILES, DREDD, SHE'S AN EXEMPLARY CITIZEN.

SHE'S GOT TO HAVE SLIPPED UP SOMEWHERE. YOU'RE JUST NOT LOOKING HARD ENOUGH.

I WANT A CRIME BLITZ ON HER APARTMENT. THEN PULL HER FAMILY IN FOR INTERROGATION.

ENRIQUEZ -- WHEN'S HER NEXT SHOW?

TOMORROW NIGHT. EAST UTICAH ASTRODOME, SECTOR 138.

I WANT TEK-DIVISION THERE. ALSO BACK-UP UNITS AND RIOT SQUAD ON STANDBY.

ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, THIS IS GONNA STOP.

LaDONNA!

LaDONNA!

LaDONNA

STOMM--LOOK AT IT OUT THERE. AUDIENCE MUST BE 90% MALE...

YEAH. BETTER CHECK AMBIENT TESTOSTERONE. PROBABLY WAY PAST SAFETY LEVELS.

THE SHOW STARTS--

♪ I WANT AN OASIS OF SEX AND SWEAT, GOT WHAT I WANTED BUT IT LEFT ME WITH LESS... I NEVER ASKED TO BE SAVED BY PRAYER, WALLPAPER PICKUPS AND LICE IN YOUR HAIR... ♪

DREDD WATCHES FROM THE WINGS. EYES EVER ALERT. LaDONNA'S 30 MINUTES INTO THE SHOW BEFORE SHE SLIPS UP--

PUBLIC INDECENCY. THAT'S WHAT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.

OKAY.

SHUT IT DOWN!

WHAT'S GOING ON? GET YOUR FILTHY PAWS OFF ME! I'M IN THE MIDDLE OF A GRUDDAM SHOW HERE!

IT'S YOUR LUCKY NIGHT! LOOKS LIKE YOU GET TO FINISH EARLY.

TAKE HER OUT OF HERE. AND GET HER COVERED UP.

LISTEN UP! THE SHOW'S OVER! LEAVE QUIETLY OR FACE THE CONSEQUENCES!

BONK!

GO SUCK AN EGG!

WE PAID OUR MONEY! IT AIN'T RIGHT!

DROKKIN' KILLJOYS!

JUST FINISHED PHEROMONE TESTS. RESULT'S NEGATIVE. THAT'S A NATURAL HIGH OUT THERE...

BETTER TAKE A GOOD LONG LOOK AT IT, RENO. THEY'RE IN FOR ONE HELL OF A COLD SHOWER.

DREDD TO H-WAGONS...

FOAM 'EM!

SPLOSHE

BACKMANN -- GET THIS JUNK BAGGED AND FINGERPRINTED. ALL POSITIVE ID'S PULL A YEAR IN THE CUBES.

REST OF THE CROWD -- CUT 'EM OUT AND LOCK 'EM UP. SIXTY DAYS EACH.

...REPORTING FROM ISO-BLOCK 911, WHERE LaDONNA IS CURRENTLY IMPRISONED ON A WIDE RANGE OF CHARGES--

INCLUDING PUBLIC INDECENCY, BREACH OF THE PEACE, INCITEMENT TO LEWDNESS AND ASSAULT ON A JUDGE.

LaDONNA IS NOW FACING A TOTAL OF 30 YEARS IN THE CUBES.

ISO BLOCK 911

LaDONNA'S HUSBAND AND PERSONAL MANAGER-- DR. SHELDON LOTHROP -- HAD THIS TO SAY...

IT'S AN ABSOLUTE OUTRAGE! MY WIFE'S LOSING OVER A MILLION CREDS A DAY BECAUSE OF THE JUDGES! ANYTHING THOSE UP-TIGHT BOOTBOYS CAN'T CONTROL, THEY STAMP ON!

MEANWHILE, TENS OF THOUSANDS OF INCENSED LaDONNA FANS HAVE TAKEN TO THE STREETS IN PROTEST AT THE SINGER'S ARREST.

Let her go!

DA JUDGEZ

FREEDOM TO LISTEN!

IT SEEMS THAT--ONCE AGAIN--THE JUDGES HAVE UNDERESTIMATED THE STRENGTH OF PUBLIC FEELING AROUSED BY THIS CASE...

RELEASE LaDONNA!
RELEASE LaDONNA!
RELEASE LaDONNA!

FREE LaDONNA NOW SCUM!

LET HER GO!

EAT DIRT YOU JUDGES

IF IT'S TOO LEWD YOU'RE TOO OLD!

SAVE HER SOUL!

FREE HER NOW

FREE HER

WHAP!

OUT OF THE WAY.

NEWS JUST COMING IN FROM SECTOR HOUSE 43, WHERE JUDGES ARE REPORTED AS BEING HELD HOSTAGE BY WALDORF ENGELS...

SECRETARY OF THE OFFICIAL LaDONNA FAN CLUB AND LEADER OF SHEL SILVERSTEIN CITI-DEF.

PUT IT DOWN... PUT THE DETONATOR DOWN. NOBODY NEEDS TO GET HURT...

YOU GRUDDAM LIARS! YOU DON'T CARE! NOT ABOUT ME OR LaDONNA OR ANYONE! ALL YOU THUGS CARE ABOUT IS YOURSELVES!

GIVE HER BALK!

FREE HER

DOWN WITH THE JUDGES! LONG LIVE LaDONNA!

ENGELS -- NO!

KABOOM!!

...PETTY CRIME'S UP 32%... DEMONSTRATIONS OUTSIDE EVERY SECTOR HOUSE... WIDESPREAD RIOTING, LOOTING AN' FIREBOMBING...

WASN'T EXACTLY ONE OF YOUR BETTER IDEAS, WAS IT, DREDD?

JUST DOING MY DUTY, CHIEF JUDGE.

QUESTION IS NOW: WHAT DO WE DO ABOUT IT?

WE COULDN'T GIVE SQUAT ABOUT THIS LaDONNA -- FAR AS WE'RE CONCERNED SHE HAD IT COMIN' TO HER.

BUT IT'S ANARCHY OUT THERE, DREDD, AN' THAT'S SOMETHIN' WE AIN'T PREPARED TO TOLERATE.

WE CAN'T GIVE IN TO THREATS. THE MINUTE WE START COMPROMISING, THE LAW LOSES ITS MEANING.

WE AGREE.

WHICH IS WHY WE'VE THOUGHT OF A WAY TO MAKE EVERYONE HAPPY. THE CITIZENS GET THEIR GIRLY, AN' WE GET JUSTICE.

YOU CATCH OUR DRIFT, JOE?

YES, MA'AM. I THINK I DO...

IN A TOTALLY UNPRECEDENTED MOVE, JUSTICE DEPARTMENT HAS JUST ANNOUNCED THE RELEASE OF POP STAR LaDONNA.

JUDGES HAVE PROMISED THAT SHE'LL BE DISCHARGED WITHIN THE HOUR...

LADONNA IS N° 1 BABE!

WE WIN!

LADONNA 4 OUT

PARTY ON LADONNA

LADONNA LICKS 'EM!

HASTA LA VISTA DREDD!

THE LAW WINS AGAIN... NOT!

THOUSANDS OF JUBILANT ADMIRERS WHO'VE GIVEN THE STREETS AN ALMOST CARNIVAL-LIKE ATMOSPHERE.

ANY MOMENT NOW THE DOORS WILL OPEN AND LaDONNA WILL WALK OUT A FREE WOMAN.

SCREEEECH!

AND I THINK...

YES...YES, THEY'RE OPENING NOW...HERE SHE COMES...

EH?

S-S-SPEAK UP, SONNY...I C-CAN'T HEAR YOU...

LaDONNA...?

OH MY DEAR GRUD... LaDONNA! WHAT'VE THEY DONE TO YOU?

TIME STRETCHER.

YOUR WIFE WAS A MODEL PRISONER, CITIZEN LOTHROP. DID HER 30 YEARS WITHOUT A HITCH.

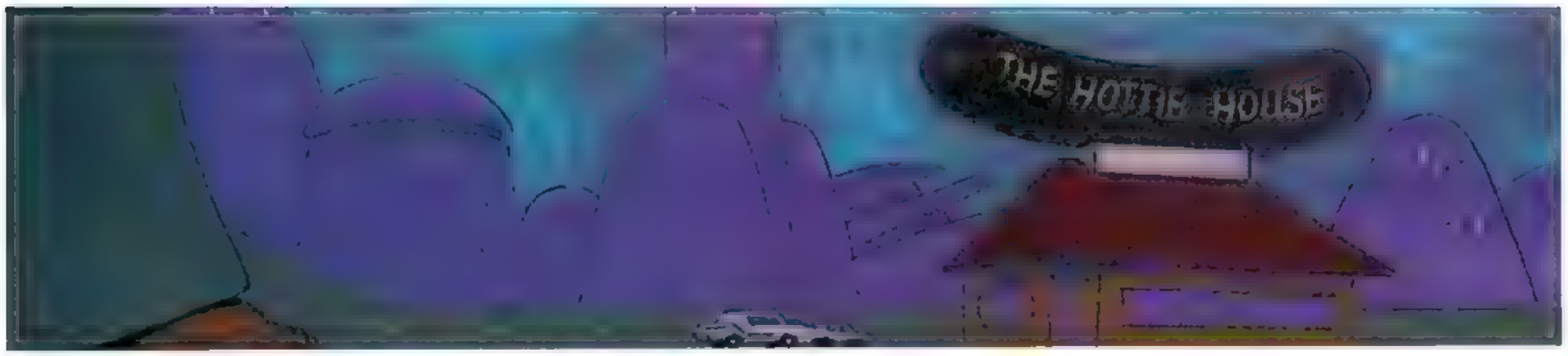
YOU CHEAT! YOU LOUSY DOUBLE-CROSSING BULLY!

YOU MIGHT THINK YOU'VE WON, LAWBOY. BUT YOU HAVEN'T! SHE MIGHT NEVER SING LIVE AGAIN BUT WE'VE STILL GOT HER RECORDS!

YOU'RE FORGETTING ONE THING, CREEP--YOU ONLY SIGNED HER UP FOR 5 YEARS. THAT CONTRACT IS LONG OUT OF DATE.

AS OF NOW ALL LaDONNA RECORDS ARE DELETED. ANY OUTSTANDING ASSETS WILL BE SEIZED AND USED TO COMPENSATE THE CITY.

BETTER GET THE OLD CROCK HOME. ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS, IT'LL BE HER BEDTIME.


THE HOTTIE HOUSE

EVERYBODY DROP DEAD AGAINST THE WALL! THIS IS AN OFFICIAL SECT SIEGE!

WE GOT 'EM ALL, BROTHER DAVE!
PUT THAT HOTTIE DOWN! NO EATIN' HOTTIES ON AN OFFICIAL SIEGE!

WHY NOT?
'COS I SAY SO. THAT'S WHY NOT!
BUT WHAT IF WE'RE STUCK HERE FOR DAYS AN' DAYS? WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO EAT SOMETHIN'.
LOOK, AM I RUNNIN' THIS SIEGE OR ARE YOU?
STRICTLY SPEAKING, IT'S NOT A **REAL** SIEGE TILL THE JUDGES GET HERE.

YOU'RE SUCH A SMARTASS, BROTHER MYRON!
MILTON.
MILTON!
I-I'M SORRY. I COULDN'T HELP IT. IT JUST CAME OUT.
SKIP TOO MANY **LOBOTOMY** SESSIONS YOU'LL **NEVER** BE A **MORON**! TIME AFTER TIME YOU WARNED ME THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN!

DON'T YOU MEAN I WARNED **YOU**-?
THAT'S WHAT I SAID, WASN'T I? DAMMIT! THERE I GO AGAIN!
SORRY! SORRY!

FURTHERMORE! LET'S GET ON WITH THIS SIEGE! PASSERS-BY, RANDOM FIRE!

JUDGES ARRIVE. THE AREA AROUND THE HOTTIE HOUSE IS CORDONED OFF.
THE HOTTIE HOUSE
YOU IN THERE! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD! I'M ORDERING YOU TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!
NOBODY ORDERS THE SECTOR 34 TWELVE!

WHO THE HELL ARE THE SECTOR 34 TWELVE ?

WE ARE !

THIS IS SECTOR 33 !

WELL THERE'S ONLY ELEVEN OF US, SO THERE !

WE'RE GONNA GIVE YOU FIVE MINUTES TO COME IN SHOOTIN' OR WE STAY PUT !

HUH ?

WAIT A MINUTE ! I THINK I GOT THAT WRONG—!

COMPUTER'S ANALYSED THE SECURITY TAPE FROM THE HOTTIE HOUSE.

THEY'RE RELIGIOUS FANATICS. A BREAKAWAY GRUDDIAN SECT--CALL THEMSELVES BRANCH MORONIAN.

THEY PRACTICE PROGRESSIVE LOBOTOMY.

THEY WHAT ?

THEY HAVE BITS OF THEIR BRAINS SYSTEMATICALLY BURNT OUT TO BRING THEM CLOSER TO GRUD. IGNORANCE IS BLISS, AS THEY SAY.

WHO'S BIG IDEA WAS THIS ?

THEIR LEADER, ONE DAVE WACOVITZ.

HE'S NOT VERY SMART BUT HE'S REAL CHARISMATIC.

WACOVITZ! WHAT'S YOUR BEEF?

WE'RE AGAINST BEEF!

I DON'T BELIEVE THESE JOKERS!

I MEAN, WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS? WHAT PROTEST ARE YOU MAKING?

WE'RE NOT PROTESTING ABOUT ANYTHING! WE'RE JUST HAVING A SIEGE, OKAY?

WAIT A MINUTE! BROTHER MYRON WANTS TO MAKE A PROTEST!

MILTON.

I'D LIKE TO PROTEST AT THE SICKNESS IN OUR SOCIETY THAT MAKES GUNS AND OTHER WEAPONS OF MASH DESTRUCTION READILY AVAILABLE! I'D LIKE TO PROTEST ABOUT THE CULTURE OF VIOLENCE THAT TURNS ORDINARY PEACE-LOVING MORONS LIKE US INTO RAVING PSYCHOPATHS!

AN' APART FROM THAT THEY SHORT-CHANGED US ON OUR ORDER LAST WEEK!

THERE YOU GO, JUDGEY! THAT ENOUGH PROTEST FOR YOU?

Brrring Brring

YEAH?

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT. THIS IS THE SIEGE. BROTHER SPIKE SPEAKING.

YEAH? YA DON'T SAY! HOW MUCH?

HEY, IT'S CHANNEL 9! THEY'RE OFFERING 100,000 CREDS FOR OUR EXPLUSIB STORY!

WHAT'S THAT?

WAIT A MINUTE, CALLER! I GOT A CALL WAITING--

WHAT? WHO?

LOOK, PAL, WE ALREADY GOT A DEAL WITH CHANNEL 9.

YOU'LL PAY HOW MUCH?

JEEZ! THAT'S CHANNEL 44! THEY'RE OFFERIN' 200,000 AN' A TEN PERCENT ROYALTY ON MERCHANDISIN'-- WHATEVER THAT IS!

LOOK, HOLD ON A SEC THERE, PAL! I GOT ANOTHER CALL WAITIN'--

YEAH?

YEAH?

YOU DON'T SAY!

EGG FLAVOUR SHAKE, TWO SPICED HOTTIES, SLAW ONNA SIDE.

NAME OF PERKINS. HE'LL CALL ROUND IN FIVE MINUTES.

NAH, DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT. GO WITH 44.

DUH...SOUNDED PRETTY GOOD TA ME!

HEY! WE'RE GONNA FAMOUS!

I'VE HAD ENOUGH! EITHER YOU MORONS COME OUT OR I COME IN AND GET YOU!

TRY IT AN' WE'LL KILL THE HOSTAGES!

UH, WE AIN'T GOT ANY HOSTAGES, BROTHER DAVE! WE KILLED EVERYONE!

YOU IDIOTS! DIDN'T I TELL YOU TO TAKED HOSTAGES?

NO, BROTHER DAVE!

WELL, I SHOULD'VE! WE GOTTA HAVE SOME HOSTAGES! WHO WANTS TO BE A HOSTAGE?

UH, BROTHER DAVE'S CHOOSING A HOSTAGE. BROTHER DAVE'S OUR LEADER, YEAH. HE'S THE ONE FOUNDED BRANCH MORONIAN, 'LEAST I THINK HE FOUND IT.

I GUESS IT WAS LYIN' AROUND SOMEWHERE OR SOMETHIN'.

YOU'LL DO, BROTHER BUB!

AW, HOW COME IT'S ALWAYS BUB?

I RECHECKED THE SECURITY TAPE. THEY CAN'T **HAVE** ANY HOSTAGE. EVERYONE WAS KILLED.

WELL, SOMEONE'S COMING OUT. LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEM--

BADOW!

DROKK! THEY'RE KILLING EACH OTHER NOW!

ONE HOSTAGE DIES EVERY TEN MINUTES TILL YOU DEMAND OUR AGREEMENT!

I MEAN, AGREE TO OUR DEMANDS!

WHAT DEMANDS?

HEY, BROTHER DAVE! THE VIEWERS WANT TO KNOW WHY WE'RE DOING THIS?

SEARCH ME! BETTER ASK SMARTASS!

HEY, MILTON, WHAT WAS THAT WE WAS PROTESTIN' ABOUT?

I DUNNO. I FORGET.

WE'RE PROTESTIN' ABOUT A LOT OF THINGS! WE'RE NOT HAPPY, SEE?

EVERY TEN MINUTES... AT THAT RATE THEY'LL KILL **THEMSELVES** OFF IN A COUPLE OF HOURS.

I'M NOT STANDING BY WHILE LAWBREAKING'S GOING ON!

HERE HE COMES! LET HIM HAVE IT!

HAVE WHAT? I THOUGHT WE WAS GONNA **SHOOT** HIM?

RESPIRATOR DOWN!

PTUM!

PTUM!

SCREEEE!

IT'S A WONDER THESE CREEPS CAN SHOOT STRAIGHT!

WHAT THE HELL-?

GAS!

THERE YOU GO AGAIN, MR KNOWALL!

NOBODY'S GASSING ME WITH GAS!

BLAM!

AHHHH!

THEY'RE DROPPIN' LIKE TOMATOES! BROTHER WHAT'S-HIS-NAME'S FIRING WILD! HE'S MOWED DOWN BROTHER BILL AND BROTHER BILLY!

DON'T WORRY, THE GAS WON'T GET TO ME! I GOT A HANDKERCHIEF OVER MY EAR!

UNNH!

THUNK!

IGNORANCE IS BLISS, BROTHER!

YEAH?

WELL, HERE COMES NIRVANA!

ZUNK!

HELLO, BROTHER SPIKE?

WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE, SPIKE? CAN YOU DESCRIBE THE ACTION FOR US?

THIS IS BROTHER DREDD. YOU'RE IN TROUBLE, CREEP!

TURN YOURSELF IN AT THE NEAREST SECTOR HOUSE. I'LL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY!

JUST ANOTHER DAY IN MEGA-CITY ONE.

E HOUSE

LOCK 'EM UP AND THROW AWAY THE KEY!

THOUGH FOR ALL THESE CREEPS KNOW YOU COULD TIE THE KEY ROUND THEIR NECKS AND THEY STILL WOULDN'T FIND IT!

FRANK NITTI

AL CAPONE WAS BORN IN THE POOR SOUTH SIDE OF MEGA-CITY ONE. RIGHT FROM THE START HE WAS A SWEET, LOVABLE CHILD WITH A GENTLE, PEACEFUL NATURE. . .

WASSAMADDA WIT' THAT KID? HE DON' SCREAM AN' BAWL, HE DON' SMEAR HIS FOOD ALL OVER THE PLACE, HE DON' THROW NO TANTRUMS.!

GOO GOO!

HE EVEN GOO GOOS NICE! HE MAKES ME SICK!

THUD!

WHY CAN'T HE BE MORE LIKE THE SCHWARTZ KID NEXT DOOR?

BY AN AMAZING COINCIDENCE, THE YOUNG CAPONE HAD BEEN BORN ON THE SAME DAY AS LITTLE HERMAN SCHWARTZ, HIS NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR...

SMAKKK!

OH, LOR! WHAT DID WE DO TO DESERVE SUCH A CHILD?

WAHHHHHHH

I'M BEGINNIN' TA WONDER IF THERE WAS A MIX-UP AT THE BLOCK HOSPITAL!

SMAKKK!

THUD!

GOO GOO!

CAPONE'S RECORD AT FRANK NITTI BLOCK ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IS ONE OF UNREMITTING ACHIEVEMENT. HIS READY GRASP OF ANY SUBJECT EARNED HIM STRAIGHT 'A' GRADES AND 'MOST REVILED BOY IN SCHOOL' AWARD THREE YEARS RUNNING. HIS POLITENESS AND CHEERFUL DISPOSITION WERE THE TALK OF THE STAFFROOM.

HERMAN SCHWARTZ, ON THE OTHER HAND, HAD SPENT THREE TERMS IN JUVE REHAB BEFORE HIS EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

TELL MY MOM, AL! I DON'T WANT THE OLD BAG WORRYIN'!

OKAY.

MATH AND BEOWATH

SEE YOU, HERMAN.

NOT IF I SEE YA FIRST, AL! HA!

SHUT UP!

WHEN AL CAPONE WAS TEN HIS FATHER, **THUG**, DECIDED TO MOVE THE FAMILY AWAY FROM THEIR ROUGH SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBOURHOOD TO AN EVEN **ROUGHER** NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE NORTH SIDE, IN THE HOPE OF TOUGHENING AL UP.

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, HERMAN SCHWARTZ'S PARENTS ALSO DECIDED AT THAT TIME TO MOVE FROM THEIR ROUGH SOUTH SIDE NEIGHBOURHOOD TO A QUIET, PLEASANT NEIGHBOURHOOD IN THE NORTH SIDE, IN THE HOPE OF **REFORMING** THEIR DELINQUENT SON.

THEY CHOSE THE APARTMENT NEXT DOOR TO THE CAPONES.

THE SCHWARTZES HAD BEEN MISINFORMED.

BOYZ

Joey B

DESPITE THE GLARING DIFFERENCES IN CHARACTER, THE TWO BOYS REMAINED FIRM FRIENDS...

PLAY AREA

I'M COMIN', BUDDY!

YA SPUGBALLS! NOBODY MESSES WIT' MY BUDDY, AL CAPONE!

TWIST!

URR!

BOK!

THANKS, HERMAN. HERE'S YOUR HOMEWORK. I DISGUISED THE HANDWRITING AND MADE A FEW INCREDIBLY DUMB ERRORS SO THEY'LL THINK IT'S YOU.

WHAT WOULD I DO WIT'OUT YA!

AL CAPONE WORKED HARD THROUGHOUT HIS TEENS, HELPING OUT WILLINGLY IN HIS FATHER'S 2ND HAND JUNK BUSINESS. STUDYING IN EVERY MOMENT OF HIS SPARE TIME.

STUDYIN'! STUDYIN'! STUDYIN'! YA MAKE ME SICK WIT' ALL THAT STUDYIN'! WHADDA WANNA DO? GROW UP TA BE RESPECTABLE OR SOMETHIN'?

CAPONE - JUNK

DON'T TELL ME -- YA WANNA BE A DOCTOR! IZZAT IT? A FREAKIN' DOCTOR?

A LAWYER, ACTUALLY. I'M QUITE INTERESTED IN CORPORATE LAW. I THINK THERE COULD BE A REWARDING FUTURE FOR ME IN THAT FIELD.

AIII! MY SON THE LAWYER! I'LL NEVER LIVE IT DOWN!

YOU'RE A DISGRACE, THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! I DONE THE BEST I COULD FOR YA! I GIVE YA A FAMOUS NAME -- A NAME TA LIVE **UP** TA! A FATHER COULDN'T GIVE HIS KID A BETTER START! AN' WHADDA I GET? A FREAKIN' **WIMP**! I'M ASHAMED OF YA!

WHY CAN'T YA BE LIKE THE OTHER JUVES, OUT CAUSIN' TROUBLE ALLA TIME? WHY CAN'T YA BE A THOROUGH-GOIN' BAD EGG LIKE **HERMAN**?

HERMAN HAD EMBARKED ON A LUCRATIVE CAREER IN MUGGING.

THUNK!

OH, YA WANNA LITTLE **TOO**, DREDDY!

YOU AGAIN?

HERMAN WAS TOUGH, BUT NOT **THAT** TOUGH.

THERE HE GOES! ARRESTED AGAIN! THERE GOES A SON WITH A RECORD A FATHER COULD BE **PROUD** OF! AN' ALL **YOU** CAN DO IS **STUDY** AN' WIN STUPID **PRIZES** AT YOUR STUPID SCHOOL!

WAIT HERE.

YOU AL CAPONE?

YES SIR.

IT WAS YOU! I CAME TO SEE. CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR ESSAY IN THE **GOOD CITIZENSHIP COMPETITION** WON FIRST PRIZE.

A JUSTICE DEPARTMENT DRAFT FOR FIVE HUNDRED CREDS! THANK YOU, JUDGE! I'M REALLY THRILLED!

EVER THOUGHT OF BECOMING A **JUDGE**, SON?

AIIII! MY SON THE JUDGE!

HMMM. ON SECOND THOUGHTS, NO. NOT MUCH WE CAN DO WITH A WIMP LIKE YOU.

STICK TO BEING A MODEL CITIZEN, CAPONE.

YES SIR.

HEY, AL! TELL MY MOM! THE OLD BAG'LL BE DELIGHTED!

SURE, HERMAN. SEE YOU.

AIIII! MY SON, NOT EVEN **BAD** ENOUGH TO BE A JUDGE!

THE HAPLESS CAPONE COMPOUNDED MATTERS BY WINNING A SCHOLARSHIP TO NORTH NORTH WEST LAW SCHOOL AND DATING A NICE GIRL.

CAPON

YA DON'T DO NOTHIN' RIGHT! WHY DON'T YA FIND A **BAD** GIRL, HAVE A LITTLE FUN? BUT NO, YA GOTTA FIND YASELF A **NICE** GIRL!

IT WAS WHILE ATTENDING A DANCE WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND, DOREEN, THAT THE TWO FRIENDS' PATHS ONCE MORE CROSSED.

HI, HERMAN! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE OUT. WORKING AS A BOUNCER, I SEE.

HONEY, THIS IS HERMAN SCHWARTZ, MY NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR.

PLEASED TA MEETCHA, BABE. YA EVER GET SICK OF THIS LITTLE RUNT, GIVE OL' HERMY A TRY! I BEEN AWAY A LONG TIME AN' I'M HOT TA TROT!

DON'T MIND HERMAN, HON. IT'S JUST HIS WAY.

SAY, AL, IF ANYONE PICKS ON YOU IN THERE 'COS YOU'RE A WIMP, DON'T WORRY. I'LL SORT 'EM OUT.

THANKS, HERMAN.

AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, NO SOONER WAS AL CAPONE THROUGH THE DOOR THAN HE WAS SET UPON.

AL!

HAVIN' A LITTLE TROUBLE, BUDDY?

LEAVE IT TA HERMY!

HERMAN SCHWARTZ TOOK THE FOUR TROUBLEMAKERS OUT THE BACK, LINED THEM UP AGAINST THE WALL AND RAKED THEM WITH A STUTTER GUN.

STUTTASTUTTASTUTT

THE DATE WAS FEBRUARY 14TH.

DEAR, OH DEAR, OH DEAR.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN OUT, SCHWARTZ ?

YOU AIN'T PUTTIN' ME BACK IN NO CUBE, DREDD-- **AAAAHHH!**

DAMMIT! I DON'T NEED NO GUN TA WHUP YA, DREDDY!

ZUNK!

HERMAN SCHWARTZ WAS TOUGHER THAN HE USED TO BE. BUT HE STILL WASN'T **THAT** TOUGH.

TO THUG CAPONE'S ETERNAL SHAME, HIS SON WENT ON TO GRADUATE WITH FIRST CLASS HONOURS FROM HIS LAW SCHOOL. MARRIED HIS NICE GIRL. FOUND A POSITION IN A TOP CITY LAW FIRM AND SWIFTLY WORKED HIS WAY UP TO A PARTNERSHIP AND A CONSIDERABLE FORTUNE.

MICHAEL MILKIN

TWELVE YEARS HAD PASSED SINCE HERMAN SCHWARTZ'S TERRIBLE ST. VALENTINE'S DAY MASSACRE. THERE WAS NO REASON TO BELIEVE THE TWO OLD FRIENDS WOULD EVER MEET AGAIN.

UNTIL ONE FATEFUL NIGHT IN OCTOBER...

YOU'LL NEVER LOCK ME AWAY AGAIN, LAWMAN!

SO BE IT!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE SHOOTING OUTSIDE, HON. I'LL JUST BRAVELY CHECK, SHALL I?

BE CAREFUL, AL! REMEMBER YOU'RE A WIMP!

HERMAN!

YA KNOW, AL...I FIGURE LIFE DEALT ME A...A ROTTEN HAND. TA...TA BE SUCH A ROTTEN, LOW-DOWN... BRUTAL TYPE A' GUY WIT' A...A NAME LIKE HERMAN SCHWARTZ!

IT...IT AIN'T FAIR. NO...NO WUNNER I TURNED INTA A VIOLENT PSYCHOPATH...

I SHOULDA HADDA...GOOD NAME. LIKE YOURS, AL...

SHOULDA...SHOULDA BEEN ME WHO WAS AL CAPONE...!

POOR DEVIL! HE **WAS** AL CAPONE!

WHAT?

I HAD A GENETIC ANALYSIS DONE. A LONG TIME AGO. THEY **DID** MAKE A MISTAKE AT THE HOSPITAL. WE WENT TO THE WRONG PARENTS.

B-BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?

I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HIM. IMAGINE HOW YOU'D FEEL IF SOMEONE TOLD YOU **THUG CAPONE** WAS YOUR **FATHER**.

OH, AL! YOU'RE SO CONSIDERATE!

WELL, DREDD, I HOPE YOU'RE FINALLY SATISFIED! YOU GOT YOUR MAN!

JUST PURE LUCK. I RAN INTO HIM ON THE STAIRS. IT WAS **YOU** I CAME FOR, CAPONE.

ME?

OUR INSPECTORS TURNED UP SEVERAL IRREGULARITIES IN YOUR BOOKS. THE CRIME IS **TAX EVASION**. WE GOT YOU COLD ON TWELVE COUNTS.

AND YOU SUCH A MODEL CITIZEN TOO.

DREDD

ULP!

NOW AL CAPONE IS DOING FIFTEEN YEARS IN 150-BLOCK 24.

24

WHICH ALL GOES TO SHOW THERE'S GOT TO BE **SOMETHING** IN A NAME!

THIS ROOM IS FINE.

RIGHT, I'LL LEAVE YOU THEN, MR DEADEYE. ENJOY YOUR STAY AT THE HOTEL.

ALWAYS AT YOUR SERVICE!

TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN.

THIS IS **NIRVANA O'KRAVITZ** HERE AT THE **TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN**, WHERE CROWDS ARE BEGINNING TO LINE THE STREET IN ANTICIPATION OF THE ARRIVAL OF **BAGWAN UPFERMIJIMI**, LEADER OF THE FAST-GROWING FAR-EASTERN CULT OF **KOWTOWISM**.

AND HERE, AT THIS MONUMENT TO THE ORDINARY CITIZEN --TO THE HUMBLE, DOWNTRODDEN NOBODIES OF EVERY LAND --THE **BAGWAN** WILL, IN JUST UNDER AN HOUR, MAKE HIS **PILGRIMAGE** TO PERFORM THE **WATERING CEREMONY**--

A **SECRET RITUAL** NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THE WEST.

SECURITY IS TIGHT. JUDGES ARE OUT IN FORCE. I CAN SEE H-WAGONS PATROLLING THE SKIES OVERHEAD.

THE **ORGANISATION OF EXTREMIST CITY STATES** HAS PLACED A **FIFTY MILLION CREDIT REWARD** ON THE **BAGWAN'S** HEAD. AS WELL AS THE USUAL CONTINGENT OF MEGA-CITY CRACKPOTS WE CAN EXPECT SOME PROFESSIONAL **ASSASSINS** OUT THERE TODAY.

AND I HEAR THAT THE **BAGWAN'S** SHUTTLE HAS TOUCHED DOWN.

GLENDON RIVET AT THE HOVERPORT--

THE BAGWAN IS COMING DOWN THE STEPS OF HIS HOVERSHIP NOW, NIRVANA. JUDGE DREDD IS THERE TO MEET HIM.

I'M YOUR ESCORT. DO EXACTLY AS I SAY AND WE SHOULD GET YOU THROUGH THIS ALIVE.

YOU ARE MOST KIND TO BESTOW YOUR FAVOURS UPON ONE SO HUMBLE.

KIND NOTHING. I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO. NOW LET'S MOVE -- YOU'RE IN DANGER EVERY MOMENT YOU'RE EXPOSED.

FIRST THINGS FIRST, PLEASE. BEGGING YOUR KIND PARDON--

JUDIT BLIMP, OUR FASHION EDITOR--YOUR COMMENTS ON THE BAGWAN'S OUTFIT?

THE BAGWAN IS WEARING A SIMPLE BUT STYLISH ONE-PIECE MOCOTTON LOINCLOTH, GLENDON. OF COURSE, WITH HIS SLIM GOOD LOOKS HE COULD MAKE ANYTHING LOOK ELEGANT--

--AND AS WE WATCH, A BEAUTIFUL KOWTOW FROM THE BAGWAN!

SOME THEOLOGIANS INTERPRET THIS AS AN ACT OF SUPREME HUMILITY, JUDIT. A GESTURE OF TOTAL SUBMISSION TO THE FICKLE FATES THAT CONTROL OUR DESTINY. OTHERS SAY HE'S JUST INTO KISSING TARMAC.

WHATEVER THE TRUTH WE CAN-- OH! WAS THAT THE CRACK OF A SNIPER'S RIFLE -?

KRA AAAK!

SMAK

WE HAVE OUR FIRST ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT! THIS IS WHAT YOU FOLKS AT HOME HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR!

AARHH!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

AND I CAN TELL YOU THAT THE BETTING -- IF BETTING WAS ALLOWED IN THIS CITY--WOULD BE HEAVILY AGAINST THE BAGWAN MAKING IT TO THE TOMB!

YANK!

CONTROL! FIND OUT HOW THAT JOKER GOT PAST HOVERPORT SECURITY!

YOU! MOVE IT --INTO THE MANTA TANK!

CHIEF JUDGE, I REQUEST AGAIN-- CALL THIS THING OFF!

THINK OF THE NEGATIVE PUBLICITY IF WE CAN'T ENSURE A PUBLIC FIGURE CAN WALK SAFE ON OUR STREETS! I'M RELYING ON YOU TO HANDLE IT!

MARK MY WORDS, THERE'LL BE MORE CASUALTIES!

WE GOT **ENOUGH** CRAZIES IN THIS CITY WITHOUT THAT **PRICE** ON YOUR HEAD. GUESS NOBODY LIKES A **TROUBLEMAKER**, HUH?

BUT I STAND FOR PEACE AND LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN ALL PEOPLES.

THAT'S WHAT I MEAN.

THEN I INSIST THAT YOU LET THEM KILL ME. IF THAT IS TO BE MY FATE, SO BE IT.

I CANNOT ALLOW YOU AND OTHERS TO RISK YOUR LIVES FOR ME.

IT'S OUT OF YOUR HANDS, PAL!

THE SECURITY VEHICLE CARRYING THE **BAGWAN** IS ON ITS WAY, AND ALREADY THE JUDGES ARE MAKING A NUMBER OF ARRESTS AMONG THE CROWD!

I SEE YOU'RE BLEEDING, SIR. ANY SUGGESTION OF JUDGE BRUTALITY?

GET LOST!

I WAS JUST CARRYIN' A GUN. I ASK YA — DO I LOOK LIKE THE KINDA GUY WHO NEEDS A FIFTY MILLION CRED REWARD?

*IN HIS APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE MONUMENT, 14-YEAR-OLD WHIZKID **ROM PEROT** PRIMES THE TWO **HOMING MISSILES** HE CONSTRUCTED FROM HIS CHRISTMAS TECHNOKIT.*

BAG 1

$X=MC^2$

I HEAR THE BAGWAN HAS NOW REACHED BOLGER CROSS!

*MURDER, HE CALCULATES. PULLS DOWN AN AVERAGE **TWENTY** STRETCH. HE WILL BE OUT AT 34 WITH FIFTY MILLION CREDS WAITING, PLUS INTEREST. ROM FIGURES IT FOR **THE** SMART CAREER MOVE.*

IN THE CROWD MRS AND MR BETTY FUSTER PRAY THE JUDGES' METAL DETECTORS WON'T SOMEHOW ZERO IN ON THEIR CUNNINGLY-CONCEALED PLASTEEN DAGGER.

FOR THEM, THE GOOD DAYS ARE OVER -- IF THERE EVER WERE ANY GOOD DAYS. JAIL HOLDS NO TERRORS. BUT THE CHILDREN -- THINK WHAT THE MONEY WOULD DO FOR THEIR LIVES!

AND ALL ALONG THE BAGWAN'S ROUTE A HUNDRED UNKNOWN CITIZENS CLUTCH THEIR WEAPONS AND NURSE THEIR DESPERATE SCHEMES...

THE PROWL TANK HAS REACHED CITIZENS' BOULEVARD WHERE THE BAGWAN WILL ALIGHT AND WALK THE LAST 500 METRES!

AND I CAN SEE THE BAGWAN NOW!

THIS IS THE DANGER ZONE! ALL UNITS ON MAXIMUM ALERT!

THIS IS FOR YOU, BAGWAAAHH!

WAAACK!

BREAK HIS HEAD, PAL!

ARREST THAT LOUDMOUTH!

CLICK!

WE HAVE ANOTHER ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT, AND THE CROWD ARE LOVING IT! THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE HERE FOR!

YOU'RE GONNA DIE, BAGWAN!

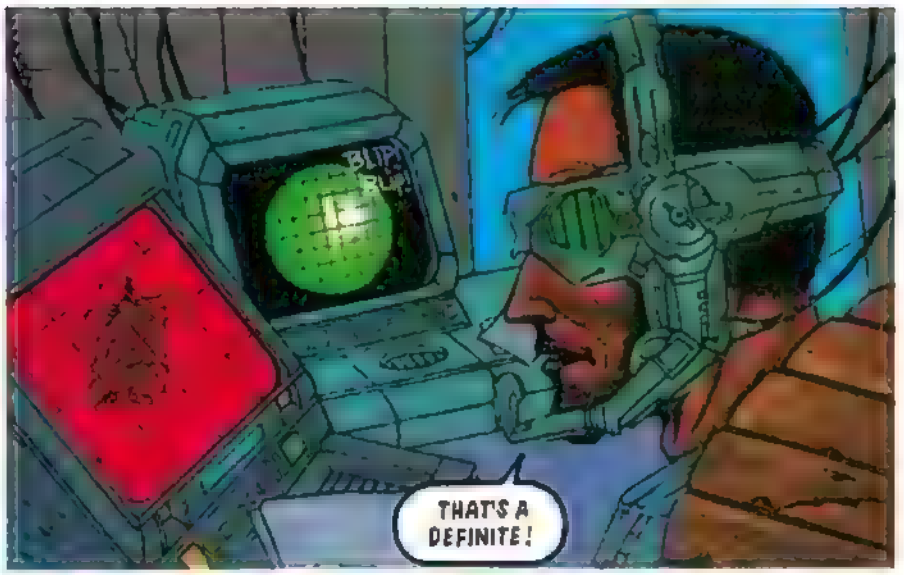
MAW, HOW COME HE'S ONLY WEARING HIS U'S?

AAAHH!

BADOW!

THAT'S ONE FOR PREDD! AND THE BAGWAN'S STILL WALKING! HE SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO THE DANGER -- OR PERHAPS HE DOESN'T CARE!

29
WE'RE GETTING SLIGHT INFRA-RED INDICATIONS FROM THE ROOF OF THE STONEHOUSE BUILDING. CHECK IT ON ULTRA-SCAN.


BLIP! BLIP!
THAT'S A DEFINITE!

SPANGG!
BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!
HELL!

GIVE US A BREAK!
FIZZZZT!

WATCHING BAY! SUSPICIOUS MOVEMENT OF CURTAINS, THIRTY-FIFTH FLOOR, PLUMB TOWER. THAT'D BE APARTMENT KOZ.
WE'LL CHECK IT!

WE'RE ALMOST AT THE MONUMENT NOW. WHERE THE BAGWAN WILL GET TO HIS KNEES AND CRAWL THE LAST 100 METRES!

AND--YES! THERE HE GOES! DOES THIS MAN KNOW HOW TO KOWTOW OR WHAT?

HOBBLE!

BAGWAN! SIGN MY CAST!

GO ON, DO IT, RIDLEY!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE JOKING!

TWO MORE FOR THE CUBES!

ROMMY, THIS JUDGE WANTED TO--

SCREEEE!

CLICK!

DROKK!

DREDD! MISSILE ON AN INWARD-BOUNDER!

FORGET IT! IT'S A HOMING MISSILE! THE BAGWAN'S MEAT!

SCREEEE!

IT'S A HOMER!

GIVE!

SCREEEEE!

SWIPE!

SKiiM!

SCREEEE!

VADOOOOM!

OKAY! DANGER OVER! GET MOVING!

I REGRET THAT IS NOT POSSIBLE.

WHY NOT?

WELL, IT SEEMS AN ANT IS CRAWLING ACROSS THE BAGWAN'S PATH! HE'S REFUSING TO MOVE FOR FEAR OF CRUSHING IT!

FUDDA! FUDDA! FUDDA!

WHOMP!

PROBLEM SOLVED! MOVE!

SPLAT!

AAAAGH!

AYAH! JUDGE BRUTALITY!

FUDDA! FUDDA!

SPUTT!

MID-LEVEL ROOM, GRUBER TOWER HOTEL!

H-WAGON! WE SAW IT!

EL!

FUDDA!

FUDDA! FUDDA!

AIEEEEE!

WELL. THE EXCITEMENT IS PEAKING HERE! AGAINST ALL THE ODDS THE BAGWAN HAS MADE IT TO THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN CITIZEN.

NOW BEGINS THE HIGHPOINT OF HIS PILGRIMAGE -- THE SECRET WATERING CEREMONY!

SPLOSH!
SPLISH!
WE MAY GO NOW.
THAT'S IT ?
THAT'S IT.
NO WONDER THE OECS HAS GOT IT IN FOR YOU !
GET HIM OUT OF HERE OR I'LL DO THE JOB MYSELF !
SHOVE!
AND SO, AS THE BAGWAN DEPARTS, ANOTHER GLORIOUS TELEVISUAL SPECTACLE DRAWS TO A CLOSE. WHICH OF US WILL EVER FORGET THE STARK BEAUTY OF THE WATERING CEREMONY ? WHO WILL FORGET THE GUNFIRE, THE CASUALTIES, THE VALIANT ATTEMPTS TO ENRICH THEMSELVES BY COUNTLESS UNKNOWN CITIZENS
DAVID MALLATE '73

The pale moon hung over Mega-City One that night, it's gentle caress somehow softening the grim outline of Iso-Block 8.

In his dark cube Slick Dickens mentally counted down the seconds and patted his coiffure into place one last time.

The cube cut was perhaps a trifle too severe. Slick kept it that way the better to eke out his meagre supply of conditioner. When he got out he could augment it with one of the hairpieces he'd had made for him by that nice young man at Julian's.

When he got out..

On the far side of the block cubee Eddie Planck was wakened from slumber by a sharp pain in his abdomen.

Slick had been working on the plan ever since his worldwide reputation as a cordon bleu cook had earned him a place in the block kitchens. Planck, he knew, was on a special diet.

Using his encyclopaedic knowledge of common kitchen substances the debonair thief had quickly manufactured a high-grade explosive, adding a gumming agent that made it difficult for the body to expel.

Over a period of weeks he had mixed a little into Planck's food each day. By now, he knew, Planck's large intestine would be lined with a two millimetre coating.

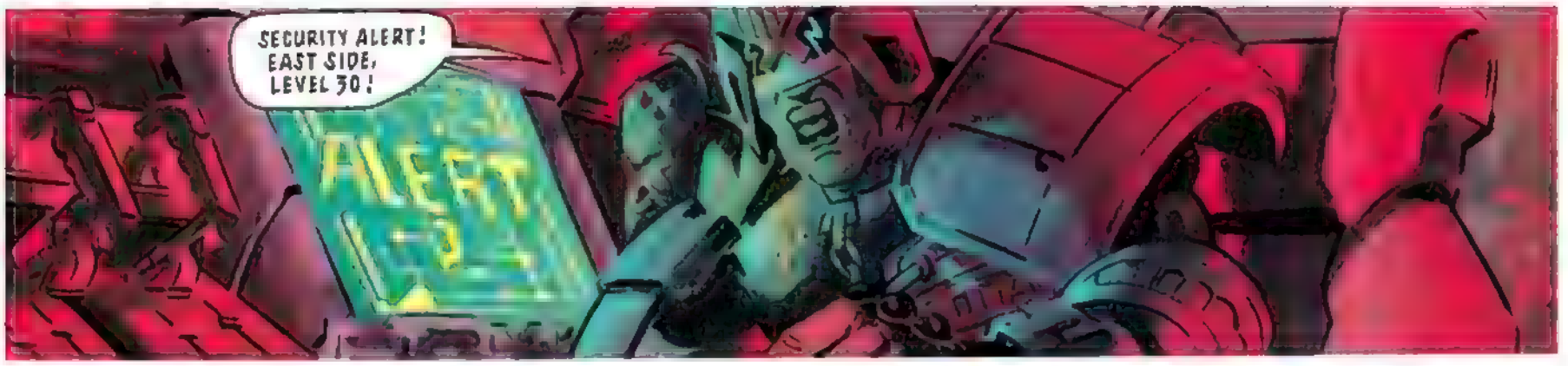
JEEZ! WH-WHAT'S HAPPENING?

Tonight, Slick had prepared him a delicious Munce ala Mockatta with swamp peas in a delicate bechamel-style sauce. The final ingredient had been the reagent that would bring the explosive to destructive life.

Right about now, Slick calculated, it would be reaching Planck's intestine.

HUH-H-H-H-!

FADOOOOOOOM

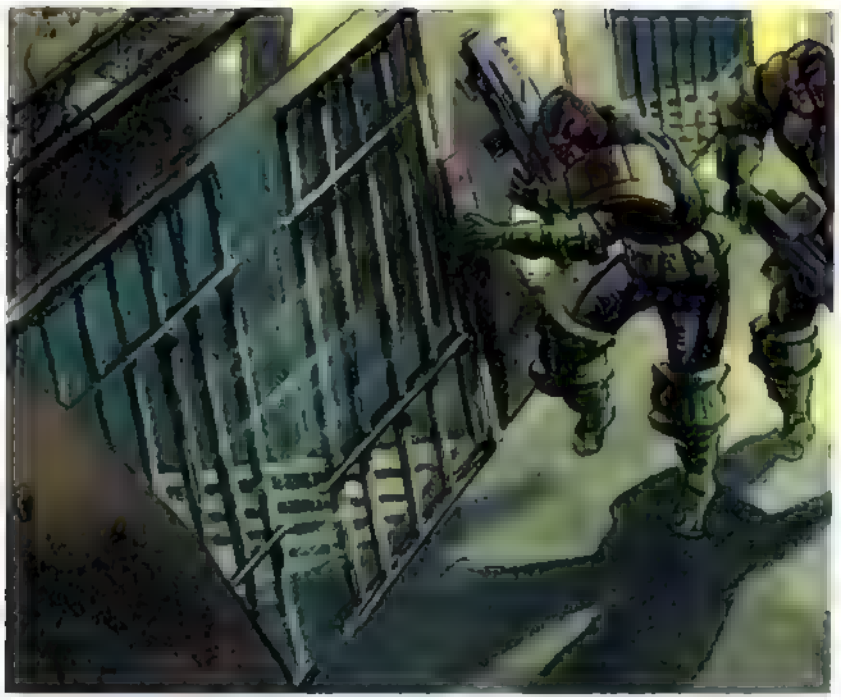


The stolen kitchen laser cut through the cube porthole like a knife through simulated butter substitute.

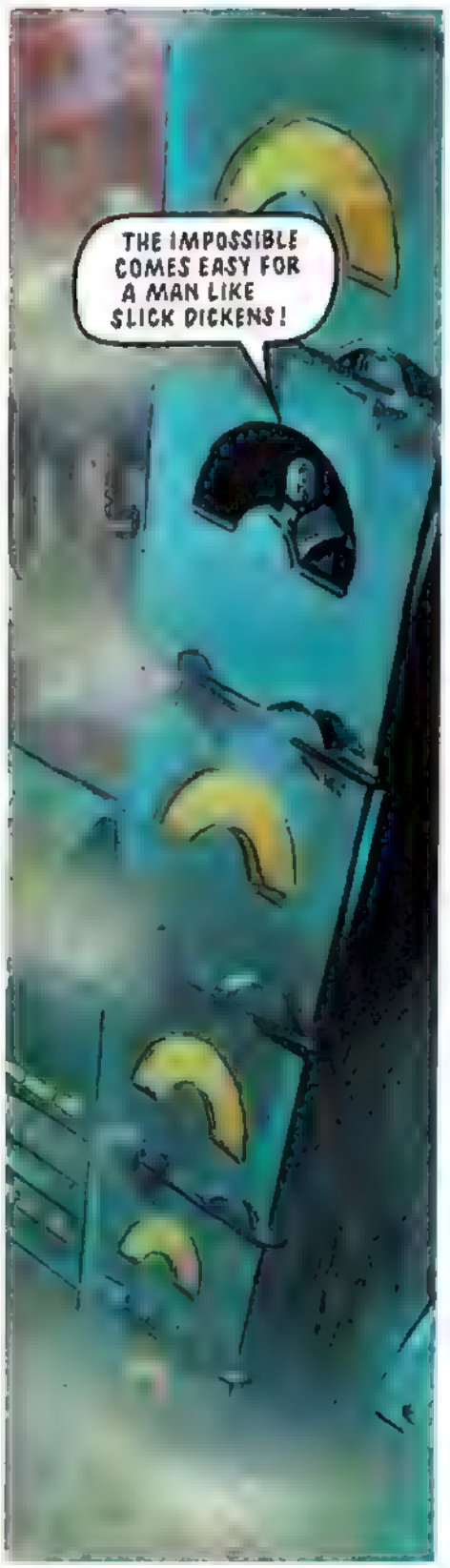
Slick Dickens allowed himself a sardonic smile as he squeezed his slim but superbly-muscled frame through the narrow aperture.

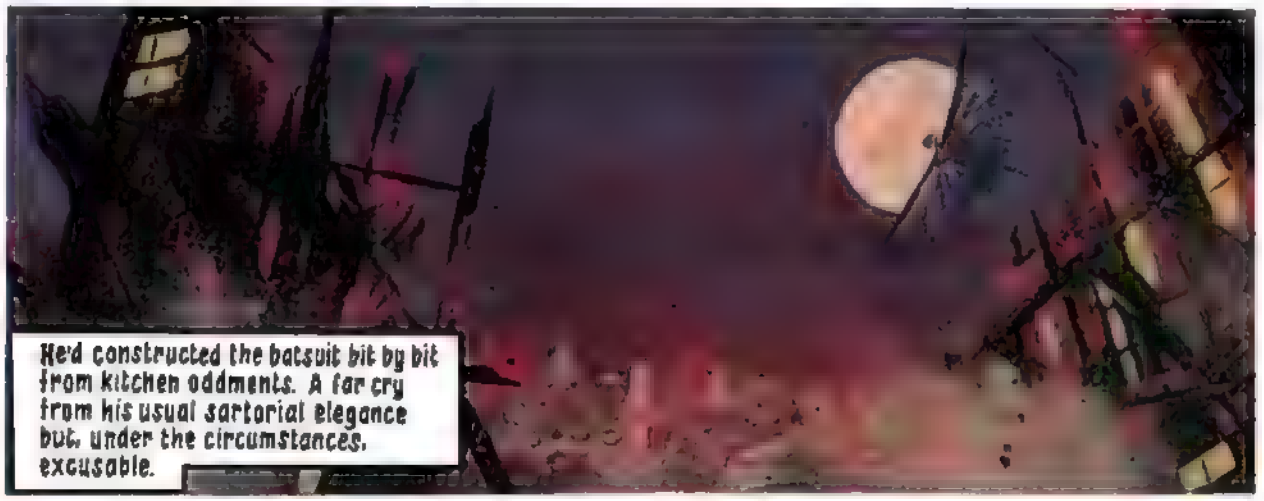
His absence would not go unnoticed. But the confusion would afford him a few vital, extra seconds.

Eddie Planck's sacrifice would not be in vain.



HE'S GONE!
B-BUT HOW? HE'S ON LEVEL 99! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
SO LONG SUCKERS


THE IMPOSSIBLE COMES EASY FOR A MAN LIKE SLICK DICKENS!


He'd constructed the batsuit bit by bit from kitchen oddments. A far cry from his usual sartorial elegance but, under the circumstances, excusable.

How grateful he was now for those few blissful weeks batgliding in the Himalayas with Leslie.

What was Leslie doing now, he wondered? Still hanging around with the guys at the gym?

ALL UNITS, VICINITY ISO-BLOCK 8! BE ON THE LOOKOUT, ESCAPED PRISONER SLICK DICKENS!

PRISONER IS HIGHLY DANGEROUS! REPEAT -- HIGHLY DANGEROUS!

CRASHHH!

In a seedy bar across city Judge Dredd was dishing out his brutal brand of justice.

ANY MORE OF YOU CREEPS WANT A LESSON IN THE LAW?

THUD! THUD!

YOU SAY SOMETHING?

N-NO, SIR!

YOU'RE LYING, CREEP! THAT GETS YOU THREE MONTHS FOR A START!

WHAT DID YOU SAY?

I-I JUST SAID TH-THAT EVERYTHING WAS FINE T-T-TILL YOU CAME IN. N-NOBODY WAS BREAKING THE LAW...

I'LL BE THE JUDGE OF WHO'S BREAKING THE LAW!

BY GRUD! YOU'RE TALKING YOURSELF INTO A LONG STRETCH, MOUTH!

LEAVE HIM ALONE! YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BIG BULLY! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TREATING PEOPLE LIKE THAT!

WELL, WELL! OUR CITIZENS' RIGHTS ACTIVIST!

SKRUNK

THERE'S ALWAYS ONE!

HEY! THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN!

SPAKKK!

IT'S GOING TO GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO GIVE YOU A DEMONSTRATION OF YOUR RIGHTS, CITIZEN!

CONTROL, DREDD. YOU GOT ONE FOR THE **MED WAGON**. DOWN AT HEEL LOUNGE.

ON ITS WAY!

Even as the daystick rose to strike it's cowering victim, the crackle of the radio-com once more broke the eerie silence of the bar.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, DREDD, WE HAVE AN ESCAPE FROM ISO-BLOCK 8. ESCAPEE ONE DICKENS, PERCIVAL. AKA 'SLICK'.

SLICK DICKENS? YOU **SURE**?

THEY MAY NOT BE VERY GOOD AT KEEPING THEM IN, BUT I FIGURE THEY'VE GOT A PRETTY GOOD IDEA WHO'S MISSING.

DROKK!

ALL RIGHT... YOU PEOPLE JUST... CARRY ON HERE.

KEEP YOUR NOSES CLEAN IN FUTURE...

DID YOU SEE HIM? HE JUST WENT WHITE! LIKE HE WAS... AFRAID!

HE JUST FORGOT ABOUT ME!

HEY, DREDD, WHAT'M I GOING TO DO WITH THESE CUFFS?

The voice fell on deaf ears. It was as if a curtain had been pulled down on that other world of busts and interrogations and brutal beatings. For the lawman only two people now existed. Himself...and Slick Dickens.

Slick Dickens, the master criminal. Slick Dickens, whose eye-catching ensembles were only matched by the sharpness of his brain. Slick Dickens, who had bested him once before.

Deep in his cruel heart the lawman knew this would be his last night on Earth.

He landed in a quiet backlot two Sectors from the I-Block.

Beneath the batsuit he wore basic prison garb. A tuck here, a stitch there, dye from the kitchens, sequins cut from foil, and in his skilful fingers it had turned into a passable two-piece glit suit.

Very much a make and do job, but for the brief time he would have to wear it he would not be ashamed to be seen.

His mind was already on the outfit he would wear later that evening. Tonight, he had a date with a man.

The man who had locked him away.

Tonight, he had to look his very best.

Tonight, Slick Dickens was dressing to kill.

HERE, YOU'RE SLICK DICKENS, AREN'T YA?

YEAH, SLICK DICKENS, THE DEBONAIR THIEF! I RECOGNISE YA! I READ ALL ABOUT YA IN THEM BOOKS!

LEMME TELL YA, YOU'RE MY HERO, PAL! THE WAY YA STICK IT TO THEM JUDGES ALLA TIME!

WHAT WAS THE GUY'S NAME WROTE 'EM -- KAPONE--KAPOTE-- SOMETHIN' LIKE THAT?

KAPUT.

Truman Kaput.

Slick had met the little author once at a cube group therapy session. A sad little figure.

Didn't he realise, brown shoes didn't make it?

HAVE THIS ONE ON ME!

NATURALLY.

UUUHH!

SNAK!

AUTOCRUZ

There was just a chance the driver would inform the judges. His death was a necessary precaution.

As an ardent fan, Slick knew he would not begrudge the sacrifice.

The neighbourhood of Sudge and Klarte had become fashionable since it became rumoured that Slick Dickens kept his secret lock-up there.

Snik!

Choice of weapon was important tonight. Slick's small but tastefully-selected arsenal held something to match every mood.

But first, the real challenge...

SNIK!

As he surveyed his vast wardrobe — a wardrobe style gurus the world over would have sold their souls for — even Slick Dickens could not suppress the merest frisson of fear...

Tonight, Judge Dredd would die. Tonight there could be no mistakes. He was dressing to kill.

His ensemble had to be perfect...

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO PUT DICKENS AWAY, DREDD. HE'LL BE COMING AFTER YOU.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD PULL ME OFF THE STREETS TILL HE'S SAFE IN A CUBE AGAIN.

I'M SORRY, I CAN'T DO THAT.

WE HIDE OUR TOP JUDGE AWAY FROM ONE MAN AND EVERY CHEAP PUNK IN THE CITY WILL THINK THEY CAN WALK ALL OVER US!

IN ANY CASE, YOU CAN'T HIDE FROM SLICK DICKENS. HE'LL FIND YOU, WHEREVER YOU GO.

Xwasus

AND WHEN HE DOES I CAN BE SURE OF ONE THING... HE'LL LOOK SHARP.

THAT GIVES HIM THE EDGE.

I MEAN, LOOK AT ME! NOBODY COULD CALL ME A STYLISH DRESSER!

FUNCTIONAL, I'D SAY.

WE COULD SHARPEN YOU UP A BIT. A LITTLE GOLD HERE AND THERE-- A STRIPE OR TWO MAYBE...

NO! I'LL FACE HIM AS I AM!

I'M A JUDGE, DAMMIT, NOT A FASHION STATEMENT!

Double-breasted teflon overjak with matching retroflares and --

NO!

That Gucci Gucci groinpiece that he'd won in a game of three ball shuggy with that hard-bodied little stylebeast at Rancy's...?

A trifle gauche, perhaps. Besides, everybody was wearing them.

Slick Dickens did not follow fashions -- he set them.

The neo-punk headpiece from Van Golf on 299th --?

NO!

It had to be right!

Something so stunning -- so startling -- so utterly outrageous -- that only a man like Slick Dickens would have the panache to carry it off...

YES!

THIS IS PINKUS STOLLY LIVE AT THE CRISCO CLUB ON KIELER STREET WHERE A FIRE HAS WIPED OUT OVER TWO HUNDRED LATE-NIGHT REVELLERS!

JUDGE DREDD, YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THE INVESTIGATION--

DO YOU THINK IT'S WISE, CHIEF JUDGE-- ANNOUNCING DREDD'S WHEREABOUTS TO THE WHOLE CITY? YOU MIGHT AS WELL SEND DICKENS A MAP!

EXACTLY!

WE HAVE SO MANY JUDGES ROUND HIM **NO ONE** COULD GET THROUGH! WHEN DICKENS SHOWS, WE'LL TAKE HIM!

ALL QUIET SO FAR, CONTROL!

STAY ALERT! IF DICKENS SHOWS, YOUR ORDERS ARE TO SHOOT ON SIGHT!

SO YOU THOUGHT YOU'D START A LITTLE FIRE, DID YOU, CREEP?

I WAS JUST HAVIN' A LITTLE FUN—

SPAKK!

YOUR **FUN** COST A HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN LIVES! AT **TWENTY APIECE** I MAKE THAT **TWO THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY YEARS!**

TAKE HIM AWAY!

LITTLE **EDGY**, AREN'T YOU, DREDD?

Dredd knew about the surveillance units, the impenetrable line of steel that protected him from his would-be assassin. He was too seasoned a hand not to have noticed.

Surely not even the debonair master criminal could reach him now.

And yet...

JUDGE DREDD, GETTING AWAY FROM THE FIRE FOR A MOMENT -- WHAT'S YOUR REACTION TO THE ESCAPE OF SLICK DICKENS, THE DEBONAIR THIEF? I UNDERSTAND THERE'S SOME PERSONAL ANIMOSITY BETWEEN YOU--?

SHUT UP! GET OUT OF HERE!

And yet he could not escape the suspicion that somehow the suave supervillain would get through.

Just when Dredd thought he was most safe, Slick would be there—a slight sneer playing on his lips as he drew the pearlene-handled zootblaster from the mock-croc holster beneath his delicately scented armpits--

What would he be wearing. Something stylish, that was certain. If only he could know, he could be ready...

EXCUSE ME, SIR --

But it was a futile exercise.

Who could ever anticipate the Master of the Unexpected?

DROKK!

IT'S SLICK DICKENS!
BZAANG!
BZAANGG!
HE'S CROSS-DRESSING!
AHHHH!

A flashing stiletto -- met with a gratifying crack of bone --

Kra-aak!

WHAKK!

A blow swift as the strike of a cobra -- powerful from long sessions at the gym --

Even as the lawman fell, the jewel-studded hara-kiri lazer-knife spun from an elegantly manicured hand...

CHUNK!

UNGHHH!

IT CAN ONLY BE SLICK DICKENS! BOY! WHAT A SHOWMAN!

HE DIDN'T JUST BURY DREDD-- HE DID IT IN STYLE!

LOVE THE OUTFIT, SLICK!

SLICK DICKENS, YOU REALLY DRESSED TO KILL TONIGHT! TELL ME--WOMEN'S GARB-- THE IN THING FOR THIS SEASON?

NOW THAT I'VE SET THE TREND, ALMOST CERTAINLY.

GET HIM!

CAN'T STOP TO CHAT!

CIAO, SUCKERS!

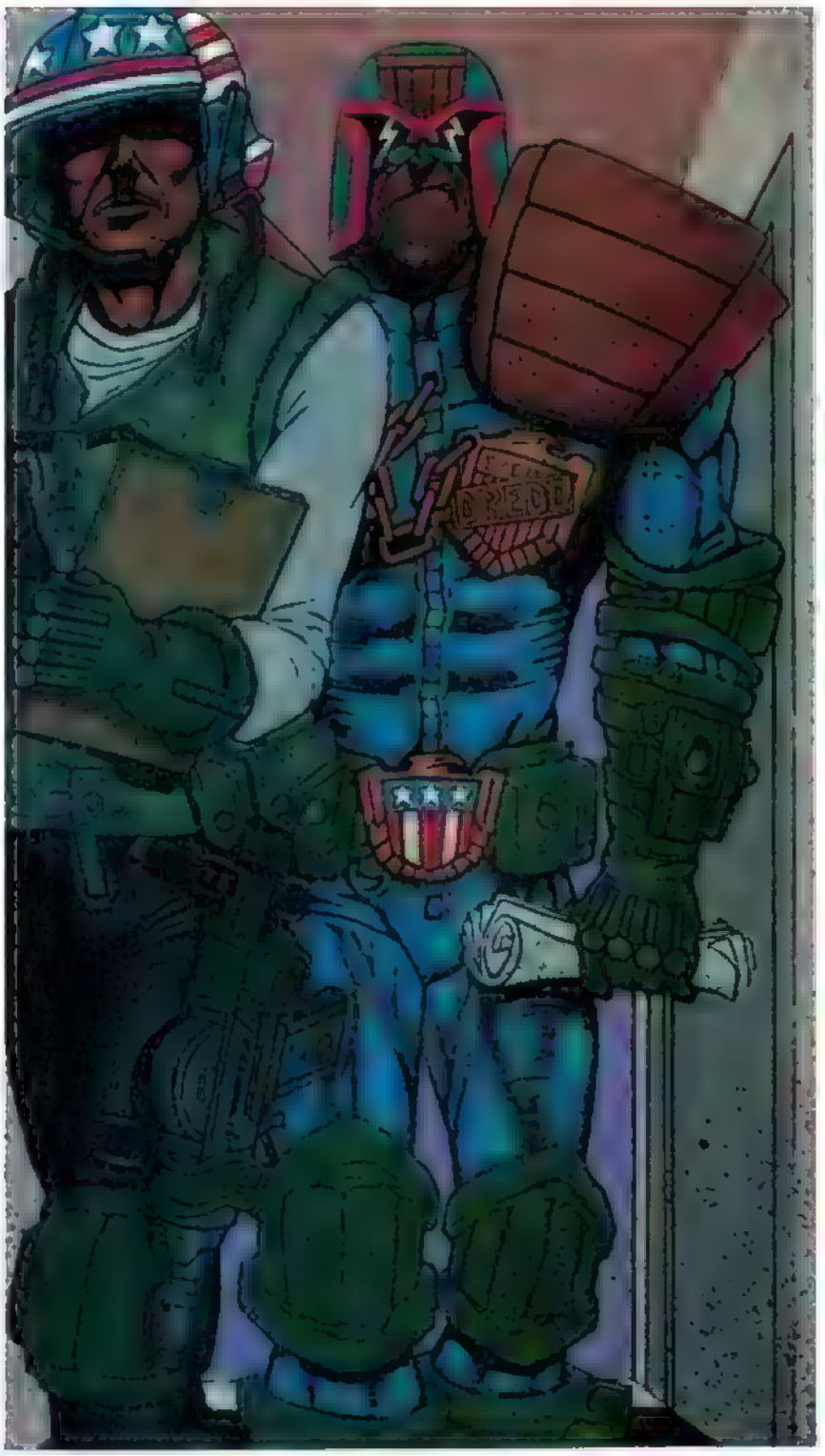
POOF!

HE'S GONE!

PIXIE DUST!

BOY, HE EVEN KNOWS HOW TO MAKE A GREAT EXIT!

MAKES YOU FEEL HUMBLE, DOESN'T IT?



VISITOR! ON YOUR FEET, KAPUT!

THOUGHT YOU KILLED ME IN YOUR LAST ONE, KAPUT?
SLICK DICKENS
DRESSED TO KILL
BY
TRUMAN KAPUT
YOU-YOU HAD A MIRACULOUS RECOVERY.

WE CAUGHT YOUR AGENT TRYING TO HAWK THIS ROUND THE BACKSTREET PUBLISHERS! YOU NEVER LEARN, DO YOU?
ULP!
I'M A WRITER! WRITERS HAVE TO WRITE!
AND I'M A JUDGE! JUDGES HAVE TO SENTENCE—AND I'M GIVING YOU ANOTHER FIVE YEARS FOR THIS PILE OF GARBAGE!

OH, AND ANOTHER THING.
PIXIE DUST?
IT..IT WAS A TOUGH SITUATION. I COULDN'T FIGURE A WAY OUT.

PIXIE DUST DIDN'T WORK FOR YOU, HUH?
WELL, I CAN WORK ON IT...
WHAT DO YOU THINK OF A TELEPORTER?
WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT GETTING SMART AND FINDING ANOTHER SIDELINE?

KENNETH CLARKE
Get outa here
WIMP
J-23
E.SHELDUK
EGGHEAD
GC
CREEP!
HERE COMES THE EGGHEAD!
HEY, EGGY!
YA GONE ALL RED INNA FACE!
WHY YOU LITTLE THUG, I'LL--
NOVA RED
UNFF!
OH YA WILL, WILL YA--?
C'MON, CHICKEN! TRY AN' TAKE ME! UK-PUK-PUK-PUK!
HEY, CALVY! COME AN' SEE THIS! LITTLE BUGGY'S BEATIN' UP EGGHEAD NEXT DOOR!
HAW! THIRTEEN YEAR OLD KID AN YA CAN'T EVEN LICK HIM! WHAT A WIMP!
GO ON, HIT HIM AGAIN, BUGGY!
HEY! I WANNA PUNCH THE EGGHEAD TOO, MOM!
GO ON THEN! HURRY UP!
BAP!

EGGY! EGGY!

WHY...WHY CAN'T YOU PEOPLE LEAVE ME ALONE?

'COS WE DON'T LIKE YA, THAT'S WHY!

THIS IS A LOW IQ BLOCK, SEE! WE DON'T LIKE YOUR TYPE ROUND HERE!

M-MY TYPE--?

YOU'RE A SPECKY EGGHEAD!

I'M NOT A SPECKY EGGHEAD!

YA LOOK LIKE ONE TO ME! YA TALK LIKE ONE TOO!

AN' YOU'RE ALWAYS READIN' THEM BOOK THINGS!

BU-BU-BUT I DIDN'T ASK TO BE PUT HERE! THERE WAS A MISTAKE AT HOUSING!

OH, HE'S TOO GOOD FOR US NOW, IS HE?

GO ON, HIT HIM AGAIN, BUGGY!

THUD!

OH, GRUD! WHAT HAVE I DONE TO DESERVE THIS?

GET LOST, EGGHEAD!

BANG!

4 MESSAGES WAITING

MESSAGES! MAYBE THERE'S ONE FROM THE HOUSING DEPARTMENT!

HELLO, EGWARD, IT'S EGWINA! I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST CAN'T CARRY ON A RELATIONSHIP WITH SOMEONE WHO LIVES IN THAT BLOCK! WHAT IF MY FRIENDS FOUND OUT?

SO THIS IS GOODBYE!

EGWINA— NO!

MR SHELDUK? D43STROKE7 AT THE CREDIT AGENCY. I'M AFRAID WE HAVE TO TURN DOWN YOUR APPLICATION FOR A HOUSE LOAN.

"IT'S YOUR ADDRESS, I'M AFRAID. KENNETH CLARKE IS CLASSIFIED AS "HIGH RISK". SORRY.

OF COURSE, IF YOU MOVE TO ANOTHER ADDRESS WE MAY BE ABLE TO RECONSIDER.

BUT I CAN'T MOVE! THAT'S WHY I WANT THE LOAN!

EGWARD! UNCLE JOBERT! I, UH...THOUGHT IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU HEARD IT FROM ME! I'M EXPECTING YOUR MOTHER'S BABY!

THAT IS ALL!

HUH~?

MR SHELDUK? IT'S 'CALL ME MAUREEN' AT **HOUSING**. GOOD NEWS. WE'VE CHECKED OUR RECORDS AND, YES, IT DOES APPEAR A MISTAKE HAS BEEN MADE! YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ALLOCATED AN APARTMENT IN THE **SWINGLE SINGERS SWINGING SINGLES** DEVELOPMENT. WE'RE RECTIFYING THE SITUATION IMMEDIATELY!

OH, THANK GRUD! THANK GRUD!

UNFORTUNATELY, THE APARTMENT HAS NOW BEEN RE-ALLOCATED. BUT DON'T WORRY, WE'RE PUTTING YOU ON OUR **URGENT PRIORITY** LIST. WITH LUCK WE SHOULD HAVE YOU RE-LOCATED THE YEAR AFTER NEXT.!

HAVE A NICE DAY!

NO!

EGWARD MAKES THE MISTAKE OF CALLING IN THE LAW—

I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE -- IF YOU COULD JUST HAVE A WORD WITH THEM...

CAN'T DO THAT, CITIZEN.

ASSAULT--INCITEMENT--INTIMIDATION-- THESE ARE SERIOUS OFFENCES! I CAN'T OVERLOOK THEM!

CONTROL! CATCH WAGON TO KENNETH CLARKE!

OH, NO!

WE'LL GET YA FOR THIS, EGGHEAD!

THAT EARNS YOU ANOTHER SIX MONTHS, CREEP.

NO JUDGE TA PROTECT YA NOW, EGGHEAD!

IF THERE'S ONE THING WE HATE WORSE'N AN EGGHEAD IT'S A STINKIN' **SQUEALER!**

I-I D-DIDN'T WANT THIS—!

THUNK!

THUD!

YOU'RE DEAD, EGGY!

IN DESPERATION, EGWARD TURNS TO HIS BOOKS FOR INSPIRATION --

OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF IT BEFORE! I'LL **TRANQUILLISE** THE WHOLE BLOCK!

IT'S SO SIMPLE! I CAN MAKE IT UP MYSELF FROM COMMON CHEMICALS YOU'D FIND IN ANY HIGHLY ADVANCED LABORATORY!

SCIENCE TODAY

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT HE PUTS HIS SCHEME INTO OPERATION—

MAINTENANCE

TRANQ GAS PUMPED DIRECTLY INTO THE BLOCK VENTS!

NOSE FILTERS FOR ME!

IT IS NOT LONG, HOWEVER, BEFORE EGWARD'S ACTIVITIES COME TO THE NOTICE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.

SOMETHING ODD HERE!

IN THE PAST TWO HOURS REPORTED CRIME IN AND AROUND KENNETH CLARKE HAS DROPPED TO ZERO! MUGGING—ASSAULT—MALICIOUS DAMAGE—D&D—YOU NAME IT! NOT A SINGLE OFFENCE!

GOT TO BE A COMPUTER ERROR.

NORMALLY WE'D EXPECT A CRIME EVERY THREE MINUTES!

NEGATIVE. I TRIPLE CHECKED.

CONTROL TO ANY UNIT, VICINITY KENNETH CLARKE! INVESTIGATE SUDDEN DROP IN CRIME RATE!

DREDD! I'M ON IT!

CLIA

DOES SEEM KIND OF QUIET...

DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS!

NO MUTES

ZZZzZZZ...

DISTINCT SMELL OF--

--GASS

UUHHH...

HMMM! INTERESTING!

RESPIRATOR!

WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S POWERFUL!

ZzzZzzz...

DROKK!

CONTROL! MED-WAGONS TO KENNETH CLARKE! WE HAVE A MASS GASS.NG!
GUNS R US

DREDD INVESTIGATES --
HMMM!
YANK!
UHHH! MY STINKIN' HEAD!
DAMN, I'M MAD! I WANNA FIGHT! WHO WANTS TA FIGHT?
YOU WANNA FIGHT, HUH, BUTTFACE? I'LL GIVE YA A FIGHT!
HEY! NOBODY PUSHES ME!
WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS! THEY'VE ALL GONE CRITICAL!
CONTROL! REINFORCEMENTS REQUIRED! WE GOT A RIOT AT KENNETH CLARKE!

SOMEBODY'S GOING TO PAY FOR THIS!

THE RIOT IS RUTHLESSLY QUELLED --

RIGHT! I'LL DEAL WITH THE PERPETRATOR!

AHH, BLISS! I CAN STUDY IN PEACE NOW! I'LL PASS ALL MY EXAMS AND MAYBE THEY'LL GIVE ME A POST-GRAD HAB AT THE UNIVERSITY!

I JUST KNOW MY LUCK'S CHANGED FOR THE BETTER

CRASHH

YOURS?

OOER! H-HOW DID YOU KNOW?

NO ONE ELSE IN THE BLOCK IS SMART ENOUGH!

YOU PUT THE WHOLE BLOCK TO SLEEP, CREEP!

B-BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE-THE TRANQUILLISER WASN'T STRONG ENOUGH!

NOT ON ITS OWN, MAYBE--

BUT COMBINED WITH THE TRANQUILLISER WE PUMP INTO THE BLOCK SYSTEM--

YOU?

JUST ENOUGH TO KEEP THEM UNDER CONTROL.

THE TWO GASSES MUST HAVE REACTED, FORMED A PRETTY POTENT BREW.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND US IS, WE DO IT LEGAL! STILL, AT LEAST YOU'VE SOLVED YOUR HOUSING PROBLEM.

TWENTY YEARS, MOVE!

PLISH!
SPLISH!
SPLISH!
SPLISH!

SPLISH!
SPLOSH!

NUMBER 5!

NUMBER 5!

NUMBER 5!

Skreeee!

THIS IS JUDGE STITCH!

YOU ARE MALFUNCTIONAL, NUMBER 5! REPEAT --MALFUNCTIONAL! I AM ORDERING YOU TO SURRENDER TO ME!

YOU TO SURRENDER TO ME!

SURRENDER TO ME!

TO ME!

ME!

HMMM.

I KNOW YOU'RE DOWN HERE, NUMBER 5! I DON'T CARE HOW LONG IT TAKES, I'LL FIND YOU!

SPLUSH!

SPLISH!

FIND YOU

FIND YOU

FIND YOU

SUBJECT READY FOR ASSESSMENT, CHIEF JUDGE.

BEGIN.

COMMENCE COMBAT ASSESSMENT.

++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++

FZAKK

KILL POINT THREE NINE SECONDS.

URGENT

JUDGE DESMON STICH ESCAPED SECTOR 4 PSYCHIATRIC 16.08 HOURS

AGAIN ?

HE OVERPOWERED A NURSE. GOT OUT THROUGH THE STAFF EXIT.

++TAKE AVOIDING ACTION++

+TRACKING+

++HI-EX++

VADOOOM!

KILL. THREE POINT OH FOUR SECONDS.

THEY WANT TO KNOW WHETHER TO INSTIGATE A SEARCH.

HE'S GONE DOWN THE SEWERS AGAIN.

HE WAS SEEN ENTERING A MANHOLE ON CITY BOTTOM.

STILL OBSESSED WITH NUMBER 5. HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN NOW -- TWELVE MONTHS !

POOR DEVIL.

BANG!

+TARGET INVALID+

++NO ACTION++NO ACTION++

WE SPOKE TO NEFF AT SECTOR 4 PSYCHIATRIC JUST THE OTHER DAY -- CLAIMED STITCH WAS MAKING GOOD PROGRESS

I GUESS YOU NEVER GET OVER A FAILURE LIKE THE MECHANISMO PROJECT.

FREEZE! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

+VP SCAN NEGATIVE + SUBJECT UNKNOWN+

++IMPOSTER++IMPOSTER++

VZANGGG!

KILL. ONE POINT SIX OH SECONDS.

HE PICKED OUT THE JIMP EASY ENOUGH.

DO WE SEND OUT A SEARCH PARTY?

WHAT...?

NO. NO... WE CAN'T SPARE THE MANPOWER RIGHT NOW. LEAVE HIM. HE'LL COME UP IN HIS OWN TIME.

YOU NEVER KNOW. HE MIGHT EVEN FIND NUMBER 5. MAYBE THAT'S JUST WHAT HE NEEDS.

WE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THOSE SEWERS, CHIEF JUDGE. IF THE MECHANISMO DROID WAS THERE, WE'D HAVE FOUND IT.

THEN WHERE DID IT DISAPPEAR TO?

I DON'T KNOW...

A PIECE OF EQUIPMENT THAT DANGEROUS VANISHES INTO THIN AIR AND THE WHOLE OF JUSTICE DEPARTMENT CAN'T FIND IT. WORRYING. MESSY.

ITS POWER CELLS WOULD HAVE RUN FLAT LONG AGO. WHEREVER IT IS IT'S NOT LIKELY TO CAUSE US ANY TROUBLE.

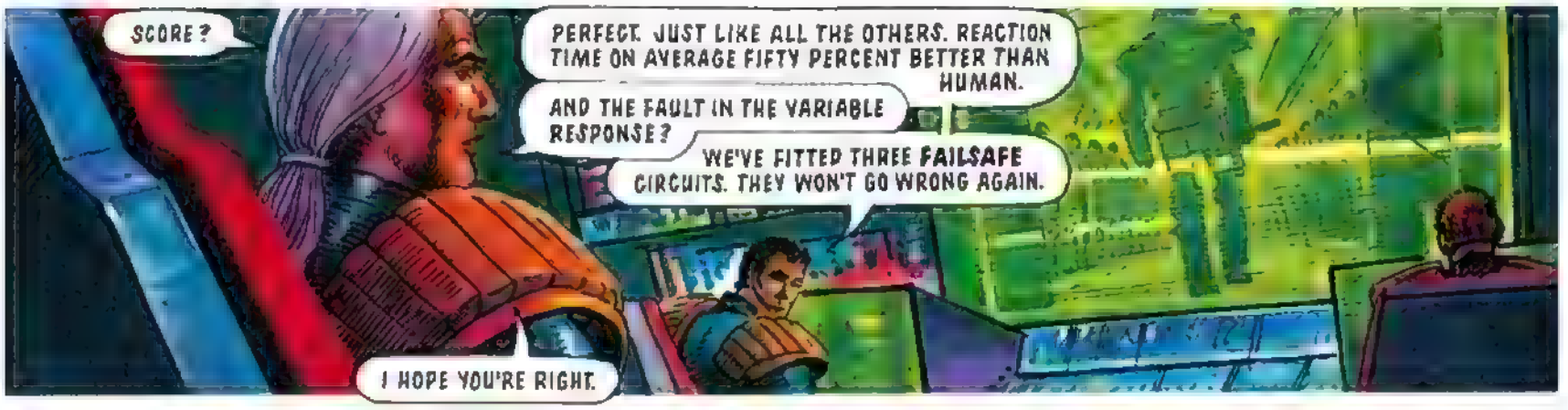
"ALL THE SAME, WE'D BE HAPPIER IF WE KNEW WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO IT."

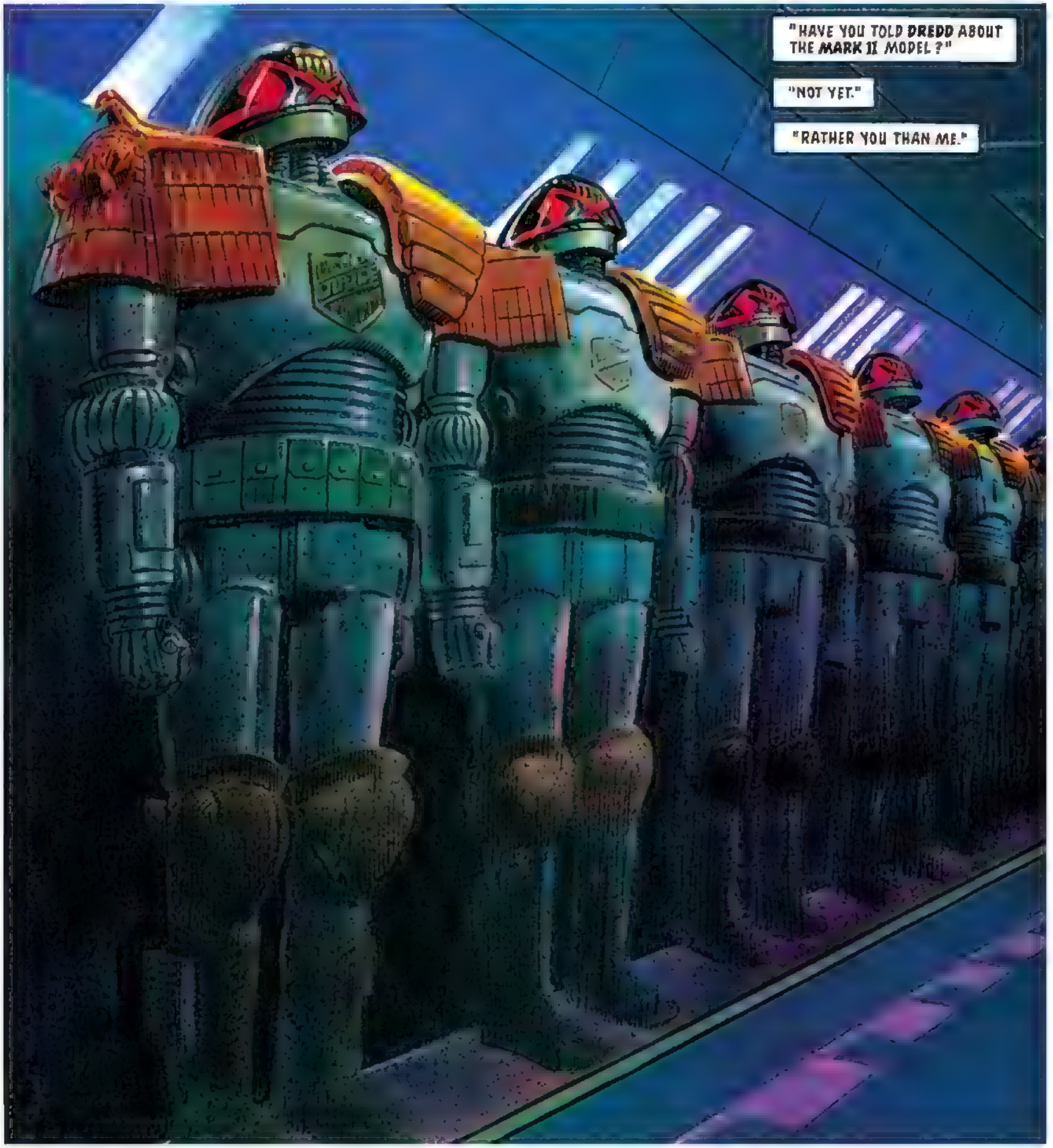
FZAKKK!

BZANNG!

BZANGG!

ASSESSMENT COMPLETE. RETURN TO MUSTER STATION.


SCORE?
PERFECT. JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS. REACTION TIME ON AVERAGE FIFTY PERCENT BETTER THAN HUMAN.
AND THE FAULT IN THE VARIABLE RESPONSE?
WE'VE FITTED THREE FAILSAFE CIRCUITS. THEY WON'T GO WRONG AGAIN.
I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT.


"HAVE YOU TOLD DREDD ABOUT THE MARK II MODEL?"
"NOT YET."
"RATHER YOU THAN ME."

C'MON, C'MON! HURRY IT UP, MAN!

HOW MUCH YOU RECKON WE GOT HERE?

KA-CHINK!

QUIET! KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN!

GOTTA BE FORTY-- FIFTY THOUSAND CREDS HERE!

KA-CHINK!

KA-CHINK!

HUH-?

YOU CREEPS ARE UNDER ARREST!

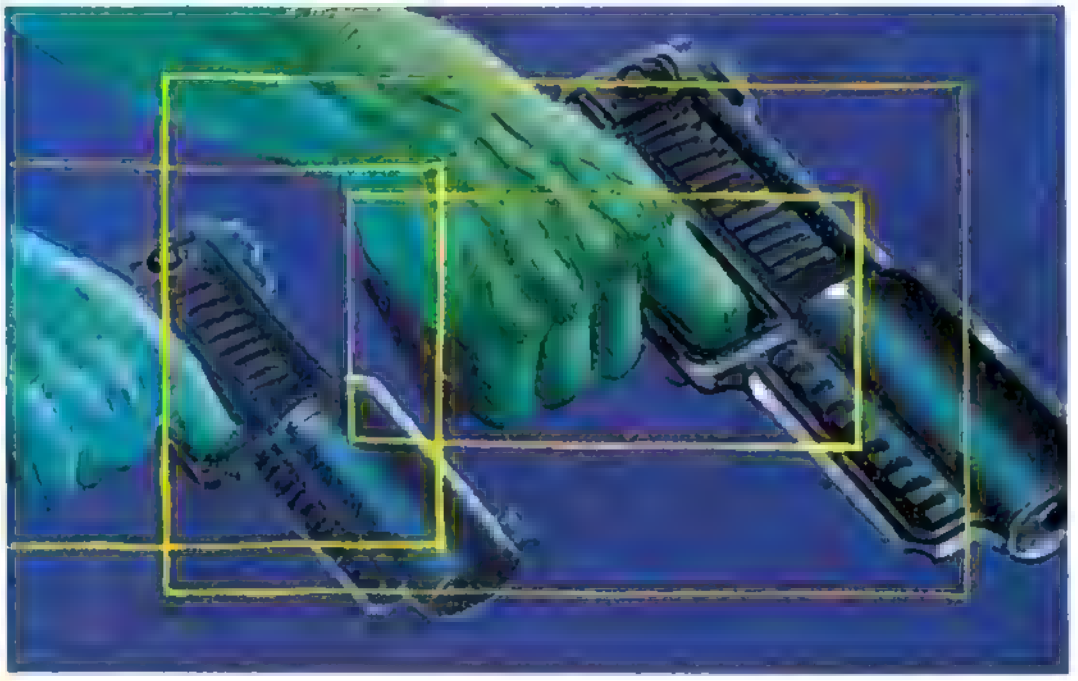
IT'S ONE OF THEM ROBOT JUDGES!

THEY ALL GOT WITHDRAWN, DIDN'T THEY?

L-LOOKS REAL ENOUGH TO ME!

I DIDN'T SAY TALK AMONG YOURSELVES! UP AGAINST THE WALL! SPREAD 'EM!

DAMNED IF I'M ROLLIN' OVER FOR NO ROBOT! WE CAN TAKE IT!



BAD MISTAKE!

BY THE POWERS VESTED IN ME, I BLOW YOUR BONES AWAY!

FZAAKKK!

AAAGH!

AHHHHH!

GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!

DISOBEYING A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CREEP!

HI-EX

THE SENTENCE IS DEATH!

VADOOM!

AHHHHGH!

KRUNNNG!

Ka-chink!

Ka-chink!

CONTROL, WE HAVE A BREAK-IN. WAREHOUSE ON WYLER'S SKED.

THREE FOR THE MEAT WAGON. CLEAN UP CREW REQUIRED.

CALLER, YOU ARE TRANSMITTING ON A RESTRICTED FREQUENCY -- JUDGES ONLY. IDENTIFY YOURSELF.

THIS IS MECHANISMO UNIT NUMBER 5.

NUMBER 5? THE MISSING MECHANISMO ROBOT...?

IT'S BEEN OVER A YEAR. IT CAN'T BE.

UNAUTHORISED USE OF THIS FREQUENCY IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE! I REPEAT -- IDENTIFY YOURSELF!

FURTHER COMMUNICATION IS UNNECESSARY, CONTROL. RESUMING PATROL. OVER.

NEGATIVE! IF YOU ARE NUMBER 5, WAIT THERE. REPEAT -- WAIT THERE!

HE'S BROKEN CONTACT.

BETTER CHECK IT OUT.

WYLER'S SKED... NEAREST UNIT IS... DREDD.

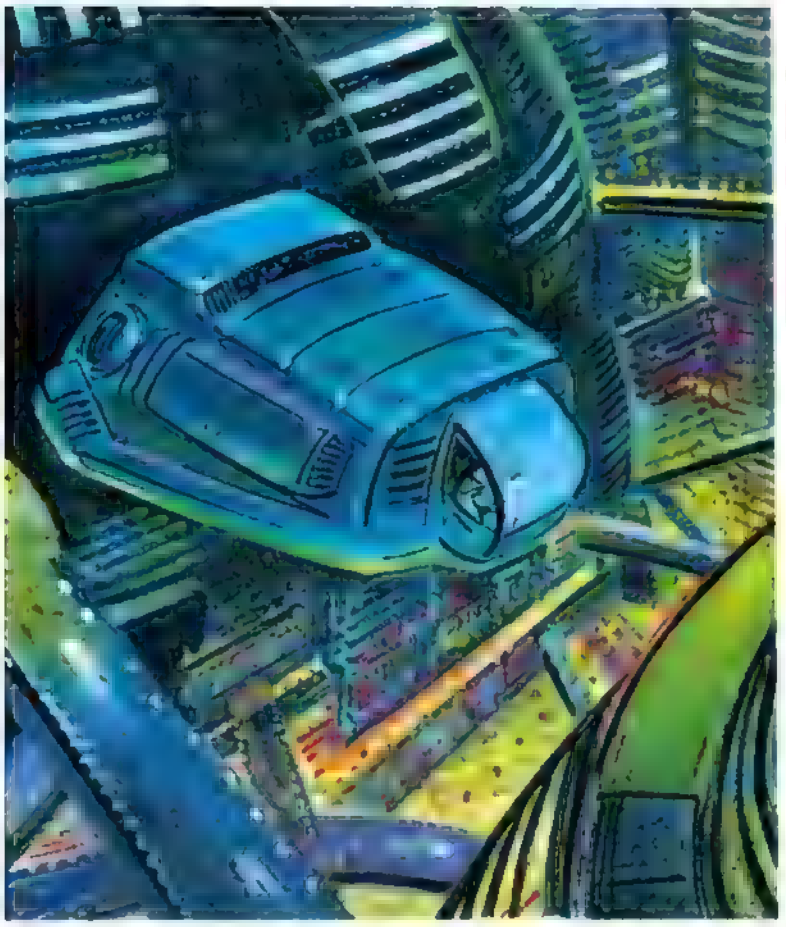
KIDNEY STONE BAR

...IT'S PROBABLY JUST A HOAX CALL. THE VOICE WAS DEFINITELY A ROBOT THOUGH.

ROJ, I'LL LOOK INTO IT!

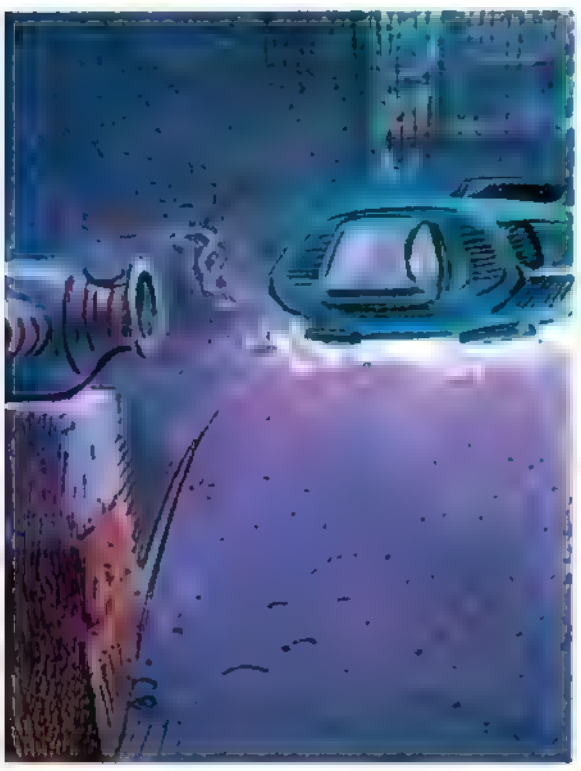
YOU GOT TWO FOR THE CATCH WAGON, KIDNEY STONE BAR. D&D -- SIX MONTHS APIECE!

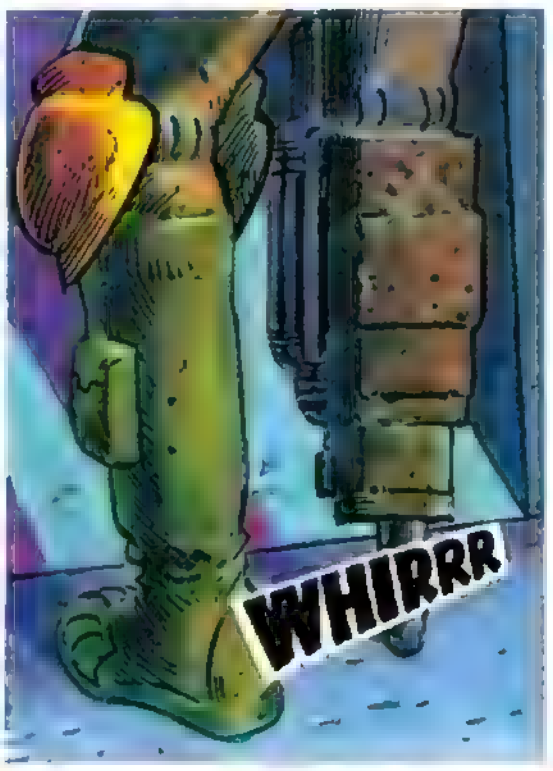
MED WAGON REQUIRED!

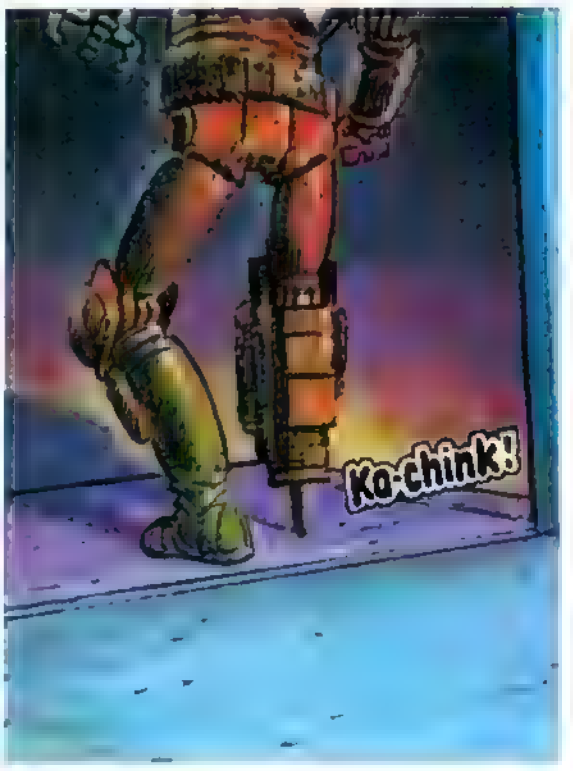


+AURAL RECEPTORS TRACKING+
+AMPLIFY+AMPLIFY+
PLEASE! DON'T HURT ME!

SHUT YOUR MOUTH!
UNNG!
GIMME THEM RINGS, SCUMMER!




WHIRRR


Ko-chink!

IS THIS ALL YOU GOT?

YOU LITTLE SQUIRT! YOU WANNA STAY ALIVE YOU BETTER MAKE IT WORTH OUR WHILE!

I HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING ELSE! PLEASE!

Ka-chink!

+SUBJECT: SHUTZ, BOSS+
+CURRENT: 4 YEARS, 150-BLOCK 22 [MULTI ARV]+
++ACCESS 3089110 FOR FURTHER DATA++

+SUBJECT: FRONG, DERWENT--AKA 'CYBORG'+
+CURRENT: 11 YEARS, 150-BLOCK 109 [HOM 2]+
++ACCESS 1003054 FOR FURTHER DATA++

SHUTZ AND FRONG! I'M A LITTLE OUT OF DATE. SEEMS WE LET YOU TWO CREEPS OUT.

UP TO YOUR OLD TRICKS, I SEE!

OH, MAN! ARE YOU TWO DIRTBAGS GONNA GET IT DOWN!

SILENCE! WHEN I WANT YOUR COMMENTS I'LL ASK FOR THEM!

CUBES OR RESYK, BOYS -- THE CHOICE IS YOURS!

DAMNED IF I'M GOIN' TO THE CUBES-!

BOANNG!

AND DAMNED IF YOU DON'T!

RESYK IT IS!

AAAHH!

KEEP BACK! I'LL KILL HIM! SO HELP ME!

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT NUMBER 5, CONTROL, BUT SOMEBODY WASTED THREE CITIZENS. CAUGHT IN THE ACT, BY THE LOOK OF IT.

MADE A PRETTY PROFESSIONAL JOB OF IT TOO.

I'M BACKING OUTA HERE!

I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT.

NOT MUCH YOU CAN DO TO STOP ME -- NOT WHILE I GOT A HUMAN SHIELD!

IF I HAVE TO SHOOT THROUGH HIM, SO BE IT! YOU'RE ON YOUR LAST WARNING!

SH-SHOOT THROUGH ME? H-HEY, NOW WAIT A MINUTE, MAN--!

DON'T WORRY! HE WOULDN'T! NOT EVEN ROBOT JUDGES ARE THAT CRAZY!

FZAKK!

GEEZ-!

Ka-chink!

NO ONE ESCAPES THE LAW, CREEP!

CONTROL! MECHANISMO UNIT 5! YOU GOT TWO FOR THE MEAT WAGON, POL POT STREET. ARV. MED WAGON REQUIRED. VICTIM DOWN.

BETTER MAKE IT QUICK, CONTROL. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE HE'S GOING TO MAKE IT.

POL POT! THAT'S IN THE NEXT SECTOR!

MANY THANKS, CITIZEN. YOUR SACRIFICE IS APPRECIATED. PITY THEY COULDN'T ALL BE AS PUBLIC-SPIRITED AS YOU.

HELP ME...!

CAN'T STOP HERE YAKKING. I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

ALL UNITS, NORTH SECTOR 29! GO TO POL POT STREET. POSSIBLE ROGUE MECHANISMO UNIT!

LOCATE AND DESTROY!

ALL UNITS! POSSIBLE ROGUE MECHANISMO UNIT, POL POT STREET! LOCATE AND DESTROY!
REPEAT! LOCATE AND DESTROY!

GRUD--!

Ka-chink!
Ka-chink!

TAKE IT E-EASY NOW, JUDGE! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'!

BZANG!

Ka-chink!
Ka-chink!

MECHANISMO UNIT NUMBER 5. CITIZEN FOR THE MEAT WAGON. CONTROL. POT WALK.

TERMINATED TO PRESERVE THE OPERATIONAL STATUS OF THIS UNIT.

TERMINATED TO PRESERVE YOUR OPERATIONAL STATUS! ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND, NUMBER 5?

OF COURSE IT'S OUT OF ITS MIND! TRY A DIFFERENT TACK--

NUMBER 5! WE HAVE A **RIOT** IN PROGRESS. TRIBEK PLAZA. ASSISTANCE REQUIRED! GO TO PLAZA DRIVE. AWAIT INSTRUCTIONS!

REGRET I CANNOT COMPLY.

SECTOR HOUSE 12 LOCATED 4499 PLAZA. CALCULATE 100% PROBABILITY YOUR TRUE INTENTION IS TO ENTRAP AND DESTROY ME.

I CANNOT ALLOW THAT.

HE'S NOT FALLING FOR IT!

WE ONLY WANT TO REPAIR YOU, NUMBER 5! YOU'LL BE BACK ON THE STREETS IN NO TIME!

+LIE+LIE+LIE+

WARNING! LYING TO A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE!

CALL OFF YOUR SEARCH, CONTROL. I WILL TOLERATE NO INTERFERENCE!

I MUST DO MY DUTY. THE PEOPLE MUST BE JUDGED.

THIS COMMUNICATION IS OVER.

DAMN!

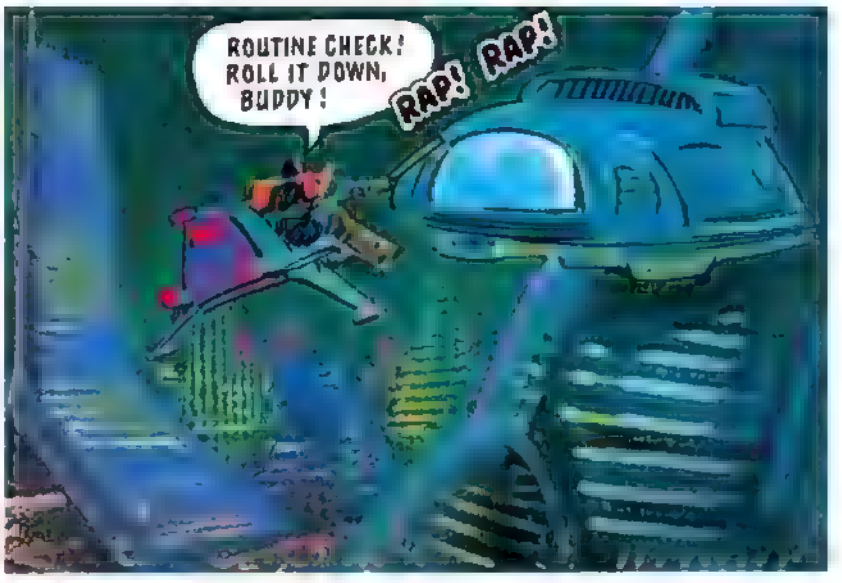
WE'RE GETTING NOTHING FROM THE ROBOT'S INBUILT TRACERS. IF IT IS NUMBER 5, HE'S MANAGED TO DISCONNECT THEM.

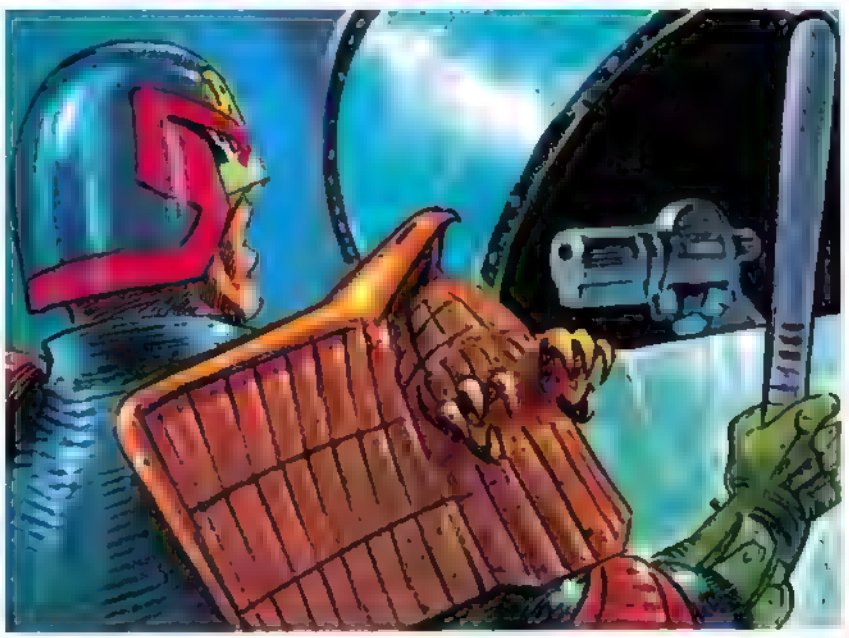
THIS IS FOSS, ON POL POT! YOU GOT THREE BODIES HERE -- INJURIES CONSISTENT WITH MECHANISMO ARMAMENT. NO SIGN OF THE ROBOT.

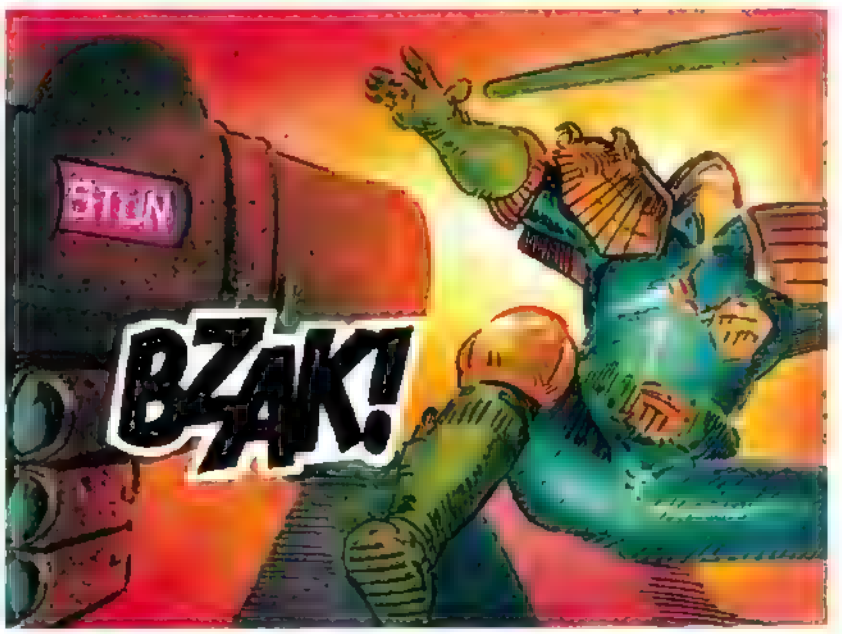
ROJ! CHECK OUT POT WALK, POSSIBLE BYSTANDER VICTIM!

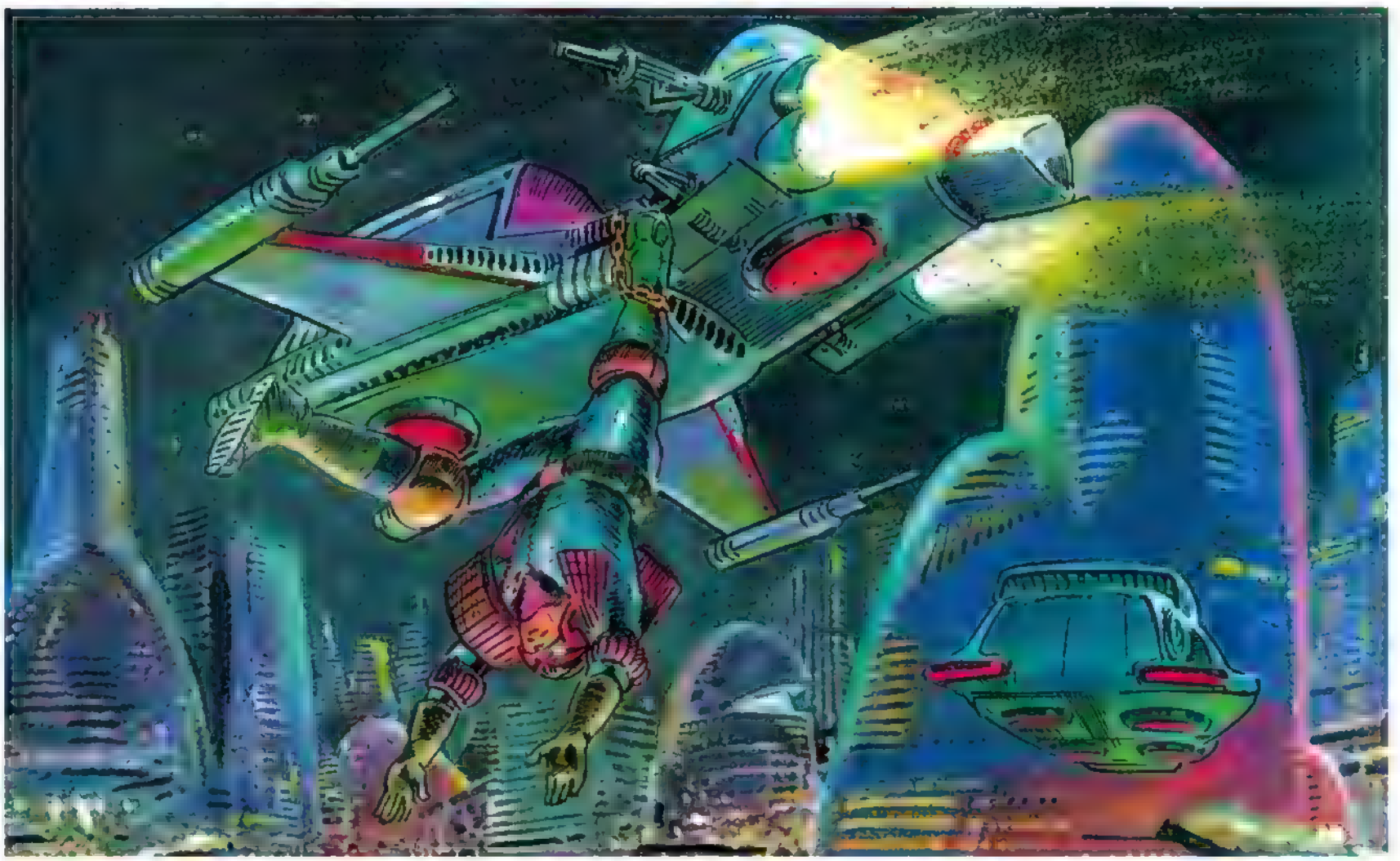
ALL UNITS! PRIORITY ONE ALERT! ROGUE MECHANISMO UNIT PROBABLY MOBILE! LAST REPORTED POT WALK, SECTOR 12!

IF SIGHTED, REPORT IMMEDIATELY! AWAIT BACK-UP! DO NOT TACKLE ALONE!


ROUTINE CHECK! ROLL IT DOWN, BUDDY!
RAP! RAP!




BZAK!



0612 HOURS.

SURVIVORS HAVE POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THE ATTACKER AS THE MISSING MECHANISMO UNIT.

TOTAL FOR THE NIGHT STANDS AT 27 DEAD, 12 'ARRESTEES'.

AND THE ROBOT CALLS IN EVERY CRIME -- JUST LIKE IT WAS STILL OUT THERE JUDGING!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU -- IT IS.

THE FINAL SIGHTING OCCURRED AT FEEVER RISE AT 0437 HOURS. SINCE THEN NOTHING. IT APPEARS TO HAVE GONE TO GROUND.

CHECK WHAT TIME SUN-UP WAS. IF IT'S DECIDED TO OPERATE UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS IT MIGHT GIVE US SOME IDEA HOW FAR IT HAD TO TRAVEL TO ITS BASE.

WHAT'S THE CONDITION OF THE HOVER PATROLMAN?

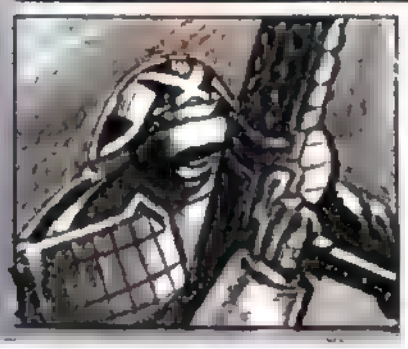
STILL DISORIENTATED. THE STUN BOLT TOOK HIM FULL FORCE. THE BEST WE CAN GET OUT OF HIM IS A DARK HOVERPORTER.

JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT... WE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THOSE SEWERS. WE SHOULD HAVE FOUND IT!

MAYBE IT GOT OUT BEFORE WE SET UP THE MONITORING OPERATION.

SO WHERE HAS IT BEEN? AND WHY **NOW**, AFTER ALL THESE MONTHS—?

The Mega-Times



KILLER 'JUDGE' STILL MISSING

SEARCH FOR MECHANISMO ROBOT CALLED OFF

JUDGES HAVE abandoned their search in the city's sewers for the missing rogue robo-judge, nicknamed 'Mechanismo'.

A spokesperson for the Justice Department said it was satisfied that the robot was not hiding in the vast network of tunnels beneath Mega-City One's oldest sectors after extensive searches by remote controlled

The rogue robo-judge went missing more than ten months ago after murdering several judges and nearly a dozen citizens. The spokesperson would not comment on rumours that a new Mechanismo programme was already in development

SEWER NETWORK DECLARED 'CLEAN'

SEWERS SAFE was the message from the

NO DANGER TO PUBLIC

DANGER OVER but for how long? says Citizens' Right campaigner Dutchie Mojo.

The outspoken elderly believes the robo-judges are merely the 'thin end of the wedge' for the future of law enforcement in the Big Meg

"What proof have we got that the Judges are planning to gradually replace themselves with these murderous mechanoids?!" demanded Dutchie

STILL, ALWAYS **SOME** SPUGWIT WHO'LL BUY IT! RIGHT, ALBY?

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH!

Blee Blee

STRONG SIGNAL HERE!

Blee Blee

GETTING STRONGER! RIGHT UP THE WALL, MAN!

THESE BRICKS SEEM KINDA LOOSE --

THEY'RE JUST COMIN' AWAY!

LOOKS LIKE A RECESS -- BEEN BLOCKED OVER.

JEFZZZZZZzzz...

NO WONDER THEY COULDN'T FIND IT! MUST'VE BRICKED ITSELF OFF BEFORE IT RAN OUT OF JUICE!

OH, MAN! WE STRUCK IT BIG! THERE'S BOUND TO BE A FAT REWARD FOR THIS.

YOU'RE CRAZY! MORE LIKE A FAT **SENTENCE**! WE'RE DOWN HERE WITHOUT A SALVAGE PERMIT!

I FORGOT ABOUT THAT.. WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO? WE CAN'T JUST LEAVE IT HERE!

I DUNNO, ACE... THESE SUCKERS ARE DANGEROUS. REMEMBER HOW THEY ALL WENT HAYWIRE...

SO WE FIT AN OVERRIDE! WE CAN CONTROL IT!

WE **CAN'T** LEAVE IT, ALBY! IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE!

I DUNNO, ACE. CAN'T HELP FEELING WE SHOULD JUST LEAVE IT...

AW, YOU WORRY TOO MUCH!

PLISH!

CAMERA 994, QUAD 1A3052. PICKING UP SOMETHING!

SPLISH!

PLOSH!

NUMBER 5! YOU ARE MALFUNCTIONAL! REPEAT -- MALFUNCTIONAL!

I AM ORDERING YOU TO SURRENDER!

STITCH!

I HEARD HE'D ESCAPED!

GO AWAY! LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M NOT COMING OUT TILL I FIND IT!

BUG CRAZY!

1600 HOURS.

CAMERAS HAVE LOCATED STITCH IN THE SEWERS, CHIEF JUDGE. DO YOU WANT HIM BROUGHT OUT?

NEGATIVE! WE'VE MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO CONCENTRATE ON!

BUT HE'S NOT RATIONAL-- HE COULD BE A DANGER TO HIMSELF.

STICH! STICH! ALL I HEAR IS STICH!

HE'S THE CAUSE OF ALL THIS, DAMMIT! IF HE'D DONE HIS WORK PROPERLY THERE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO MALFUNCTION. THE MECHANISMO PROGRAMME WOULD HAVE BEEN FULLY INSTATED!

INSTEAD WE'RE MADE TO LOOK LIKE A **FOOL** AND--

NO! SAVE YOUR SYMPATHY FOR THE VICTIMS! DON'T BOTHER US ABOUT STITCH AGAIN!

LAST NIGHT'S INCIDENTS ALL OCCURRED WITHIN THESE SIX CENTRAL SECTORS! WE'LL SHIP IN EVERY AVAILABLE UNIT! WE'LL HAVE **TEN THOUSAND** JUDGES ON THOSE STREETS BY NIGHTFALL!

YOU'LL LEAVE THE REST OF THE CITY BADLY EXPOSED.

DERANGED OR NOT, **NUMBER 5**'S STILL A ROBOT--AND ROBOTS ARE CREATURES OF **HABIT**.

IT'LL HIT THE SAME AREA AGAIN--TAKE OUR WORD FOR IT!

2017 HOURS. THE NIGHT'S FIRST INCIDENT TAKES PLACE AT THE 101 SOCIAL AND SPRITELY CLUB, SOUTH SECTOR 142--
Ka-chink!
Ka-chink!
Ka-chink!
GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS.
CRIME SWOOP.

CALL THE JUDGES-!

THE JUDGES ARE HERE, CREEP!

BENET

BDOW!

SNAPP!

SIX MONTHS-- OBSTRUCTION.

EMPTY YOUR POCKETS. CONCEAL **NOTHING** FROM ME OR IT WILL GO BADLY FOR YOU!

PLEASE, J-JUDGE-

DON'T BEG! BEGGING IS AN OFFENCE! SIX MONTHS!

KRAK!

YOU ELDSTERS MAY THINK YOUR AGE PUTS YOU ABOVE THE LAW. I'M HERE TO SHOW YOU **DIFFERENT.**

THESE YOURS?

Y-YES SIR. F-FOR MY HEART!

GOT A LICENCE FOR THEM?

YOU-YOU DON'T NEED A LICENCE, SIR.

ARE YOU TELLING ME THE LAW?

N-NO, SIR!

+LIE+LIE+LIE+

YOU'RE LYING.

LYING TO A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE, CREEP. ONE YEAR.

TRACES OF TOBACCO. YOU GOT A HABIT, PAL?

M-MY HEART-!

BY 2036 HOURS THE ROBOT HAS MADE EIGHTEEN ARRESTS ON CHARGES RANGING FROM OBSTRUCTION TO POSSESSION OF A FORGED ZOOM PASS.

NORMALLY I WOULD SEND YOU ALL TO THE CUBES TO SERVE OUT YOUR FULL AND LAWFUL SENTENCES.

HOWEVER, AS I BELIEVE JUSTICE DEPARTMENT MAY BE TRYING TO SUBVERT MY AUTHORITY, I MUST TAKE OTHER ACTION.

BUDDA- BUDDA- BUDDA-

UHHH!

ARRGHH!

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU ALL! NO ONE BREAKS THE LAW IN MY CITY AND GETS AWAY WITH IT! NOT IN MY CITY!

Ka-chink!

Ka-chink!

MECHANISMO UNIT NUMBER 5!

EIGHTEEN FOR THE MEAT WAGON, 101 SOCIAL AND SPRITELY CLUB, SUNSET SKED. EXECUTED TO ENSURE DUE PROCESS OF THE LAW.

EXECUTED? YOU CAN'T KEEP DOING THIS, NUMBER 5! YOU'RE **BREAKING** THE LAW-- DOESN'T THAT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

INFORM THE CHIEF JUDGE!

I **AM** THE LAW.

OVER.

THE ROBOT'S STRUCK AGAIN. ELDSTER'S CLUB, SOUTH SECTOR 142.

AND WE'VE GOT HALF THE FORCE STAKED OUT IN CENTRAL!

SO MUCH FOR PREDICTABILITY.

WE DON'T NEED YOUR COMMENTS! CANCEL THE ORDER! ALL UNITS RETURN TO STATIONS!

EIGHTEEN DEAD. EXECUTED TO 'ENSURE DUE PROCESS OF THE LAW'.

GRUD!

2059 HOURS. SECTOR 111.

ARMED ROBBERY-- THREE DEAD.

IT'S HEADING NORTHWEST-- MOVING FAST! UNITS TO INTERCEPT!

2121 HOURS. ZOOM SIDINGS IN SECTOR 143.

TRY SCRAWLING NOW, CREEP.

SECTOR 143. SOUTH AGAIN.

SCRAWLER. BLEW BOTH HIS HANDS OFF. THE BOY DIED BEFORE MED-WAGONS COULD REACH HIM.

THE AVR PROGRAMME MUST BE DECAYING. ITS RESPONSES ARE BECOMING MORE AND MORE EXTREME.

2215 HOURS. WEST SECTOR 223.

2252 HOURS. EAST SECTOR 27.

0101 HOURS. NORTH SECTOR 299.

TIMES AND LOCATIONS ARE FOLLOWING NO IDENTIFIABLE PATTERN. IT'S USING A **RANDOMISER** TO MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO TRACK.

IT'S RUNNING RINGS AROUND US!

US. PERHAPS...

SET A THIEF TO CATCH ONE! YES. WHY DIDN'T WE THINK OF IT BEFORE! THAT'S THE WAY!

I'M SORRY, CHIEF JUDGE—?

WE CAN'T HOPE TO ANTICIPATE THE ROBOT'S MOVEMENTS! ONLY ANOTHER ROBOT CAN DO THAT!

QUIGGLY! THE **MARK 2** UNITS—THEY'RE OPERATIONALLY READY?

YES. CHIEF JUDGE. YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN REQUESTING A FULL FIELD TRIAL FOR WEEKS.

THEY'VE GOT IT! ALL UNITS HERE FOR BRIEFING! IMMEDIATE!

YES, CHIEF JUDGE!

THE MARK 2'S — DO YOU THINK THAT'S WISE?

OF COURSE IT IS!

SET MECHANISMO TO CATCH MECHANISMO! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!

ITEM! AS OF 0150 HOURS, MARK 2 MECHANISMO UNITS WILL BE UNDERTAKING FULL STREET TRIAL!

ROBOTS ASSIGNED TO PARTICIPATE IN HUNT FOR ROGUE MARK 1!

ALL PERSONNEL ARE INSTRUCTED -- DO NOT IMPEDE! ASSIST AS REQUIRED!

MESSAGES ARE GOING OUT SCRAMBLE-CODED. IF THE ROBOT PICKS THEM UP, ALL IT'LL GET IS GIBBERISH.

DREDD ON LINE ONE, CHIEF JUDGE!

AH, DREDD! WE WERE WONDERING HOW LONG IT WOULD TAKE YOU.

I REQUEST A PRIVATE CONFERENCE.

NEGATIVE. IF YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SAY IT. OPENNESS, JOE -- I'M ALL FOR OPENNESS!

VERY WELL! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD MENTAL PROBLEMS, McGRUDER, BUT I CONSIDERED THE CONDITION TOLERABLE. YOUR JUDGEMENT HAS GENERALLY BEEN SOUND. BUT THIS LATEST EPISODE -- THIS IS INSANITY!

MARK 2'S! DIDN'T THE LAST FIASCO TEACH YOU ANYTHING? GOOD GRUD, WOMAN, YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE FORCE NEGLECTING ITS DUTIES TO CATCH ONE OF THEM!

STITCH GOT THE MARK IS WRONG, JOE -- STITCH. THAT'S HUMAN ERROR! THAT MISTAKE HAS NOW BEEN RECTIFIED.

THERE IS NO REASON WHY A ROBOT CAN'T DO THE JOB AS WELL AS ANY OF US -- BETTER. WE HAVE ABSOLUTE FAITH IN THE MARK 2S.

THEN YOU'RE PROBABLY THE ONLY ONE! I'M TELLING YOU -- PULL THEM OUT! NOW!

YOU DON'T TELL US ANYTHING! WE'RE IN CHARGE HERE!

THEN IT'S TIME YOU RESIGNED!

REQUEST DENIED!

YOU'VE GOT WORK TO DO, JOEY BOY -- GET ON WITH IT! LEAVE THE STRATEGIC PLANNING TO US!

SHE'S GONE OVER THE EDGE AT LAST.

MCGRUDER HELPED SAVE THIS CITY FROM DISASTER ONCE-- NOW SHE'S LEADING US STRAIGHT BACK INTO ANOTHER ONE!

AND WHAT IF THE MARK 2S DO SUCCEED IN FINDING THE ROGUE ROBOT? THERE'LL BE NO STOPPING HER!

THERE'S ONLY ONE SOLUTION -- I'VE GOT TO FIND IT FIRST!

ONE MARK 2 IS WORKING THE SEWERS CLOSE TO WHERE NUMBER 5 WAS LAST SIGHTED. THE REST ARE MAINTAINING A HOLDING PATTERN.

YES, GOT IT! WHAT TIME--?

IT'S STRUCK AGAIN! SECTOR 45-- HOLD-UP AT A STRAP HALL. THREE PERPS DEAD.

NO INNOCENT BYSTANDERS THIS TIME, THANKFULLY.

FEED THE INFORMATION TO THE MARK 2 UNITS.

45--THAT'S JUST ONE SECTOR OUT. THE ROBOTS PREDICTED 44 OR 186.

HOW CAN THEY DO THAT?

EVEN RANDOM FACTORS HAVE A LOGIC, CHIEF JUDGE. THE UNITS WILL ADD THE DATA TO THEIR OWN RANDOMISER PROGRAMMES AND REASSESS.

EACH NEW PIECE OF DATA HELPS THEM BUILD A CLEARER PICTURE. THEY'LL KEEP CLOSING IN UNTIL THEY HAVE IT.

QUIGGLY! THEY WANT SET DOWN IN SECTOR 190. THEY ESTIMATE TIME OF ATTACK AS 0315 HOURS!

0315 -- A BIG GAP.

IT DID THE SAME THING LAST NIGHT.

YES...YES.

RIGHT! WATT -- BACK-UP COVERING ALL ADJACENT SECTORS!

INSTRUCT ALL UNITS TO MAINTAIN A LOW PROFILE! IF NUMBER 5 GETS A SCENT OF THEM, IT'LL BACK OFF!

WHEN NUMBER 5 WENT TO GROUND EVERY EXIT FROM THE SEWERS WAS UNDER OBSERVATION WITHIN **FOUR MINUTES** OF THE LAST SIGHTING. IN THE STATE THE ROBOT WAS IN, THE ONLY ONE IT COULD HAVE REACHED WAS HERE...

BENET.

RUSTED SOLID. HASN'T BEEN OPENED IN YEARS.

SO IT COULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT! IT **HAD** TO BE DOWN THE **SEWERS** ALL THE TIME...

BUT ITS POWER CELLS WOULD'VE RUN DOWN WITHIN A FEW DAYS. IT COULDN'T HAVE GOT OUT AFTER THAT...

...UNLESS SOMEBODY FOUND IT, BROUGHT IT OUT AFTER THE SURVEILLANCE WAS CALLED OFF!

BIKE COMPUTER-- GIVE ME A READ-OUT. ANY CITIZEN CONVICTED OF UNLAWFUL ENTRY TO THE SEWER SYSTEM, LAST TWO YEARS.

CONCENTRATE ON ILLEGAL RECLAM OUTFITS, CITI-DEFS.

THE ROBOT'S HEAVY. COULDN'T BE MOVED WITHOUT THE RIGHT EQUIPMENT--OR PLENTY OF MUSCLE...

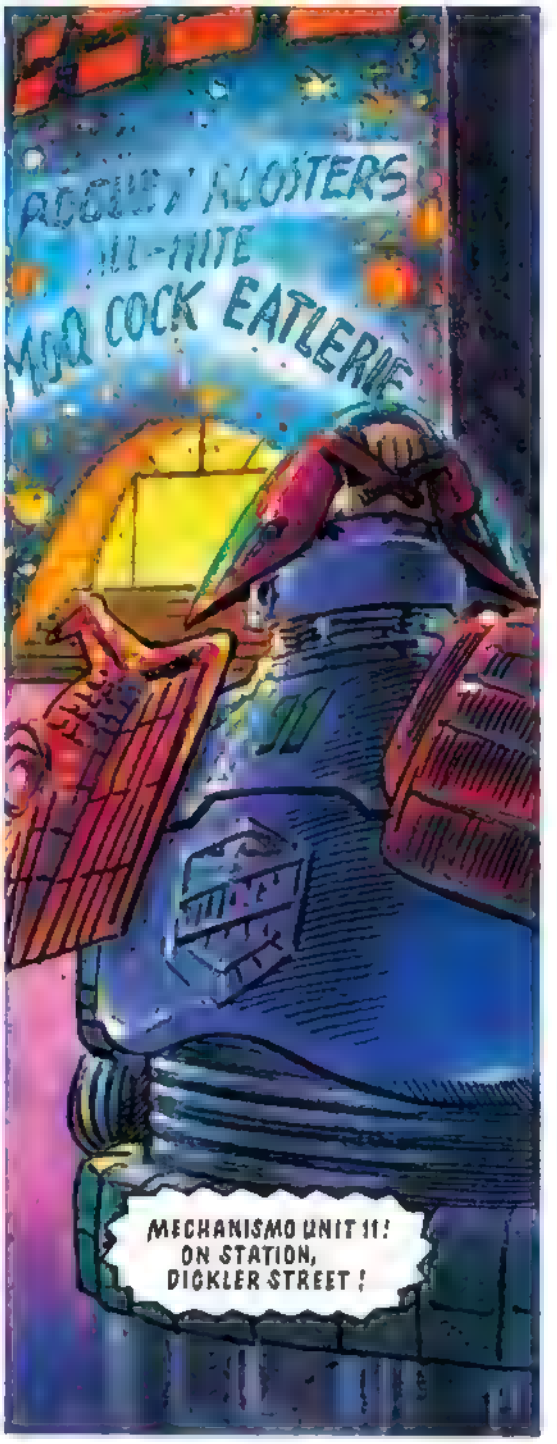
SEARCHING

AARON, JERARD DAAVE.
AKA 'ACE'.
CO-PROP, A2 SALVAGE C,
4444/8 URO BLVD.
CONV: 1.9.14.
UNLICENCED SALVAGE
OPERATION
MON, 1820

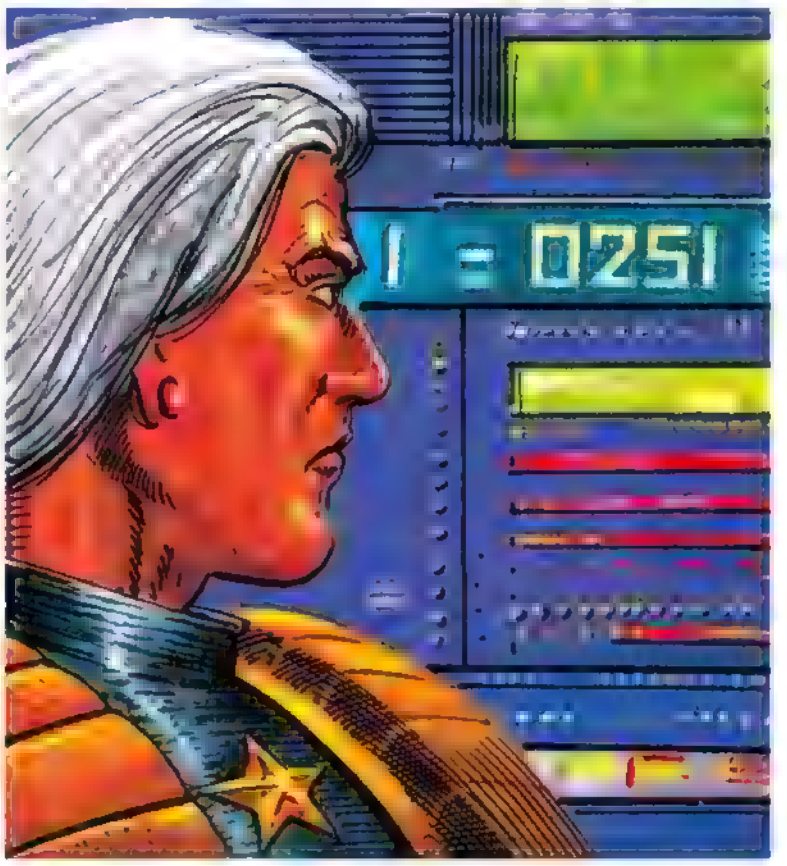
VIS, NIOME.
THE STANZA,

190
THE
PHOTOCHEMICAL
SMOG SECTOR.

190
THE
PHOTOCHEMICAL
SMOG SECTOR.
MECHANISMO UNIT 10!
ON STATION!
WATCHING BAY 1909!


ROGUE'S ROOSTERS
ALL-NITE
MEGA COCK EATERIE
MECHANISMO UNIT 11!
ON STATION,
DICKLER STREET!

ALL
UNITS ON
STATION.
SPY CAMERAS WILL
PROVIDE BLANKET
SURVEILLANCE. THE
ROBOTS HAVE POSITIONED
THEMSELVES TO RESPOND
QUICKLY TO ANY SIGHTING.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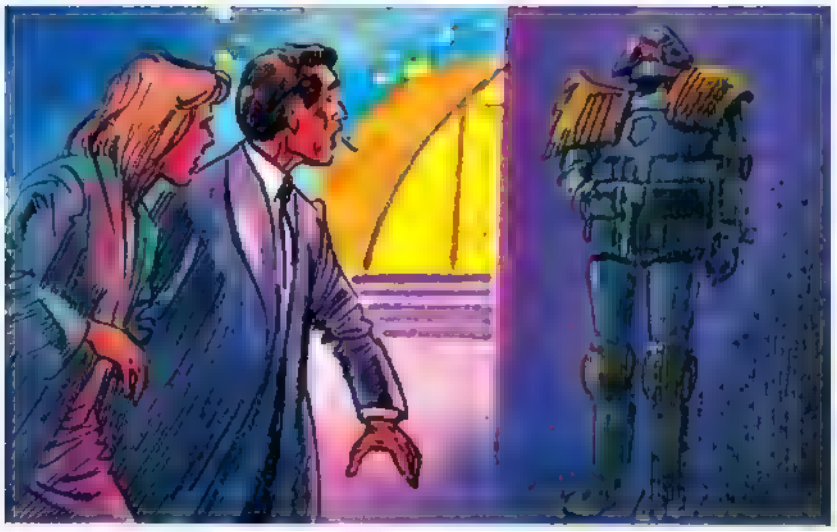
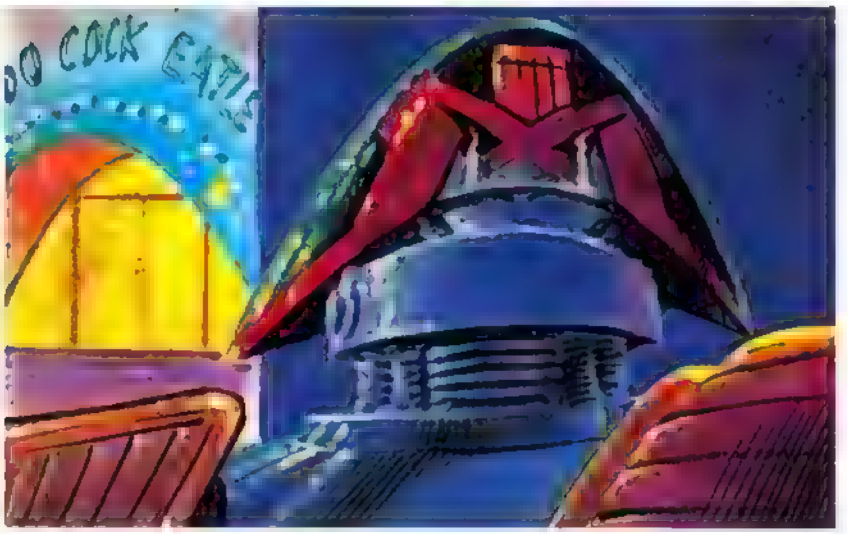
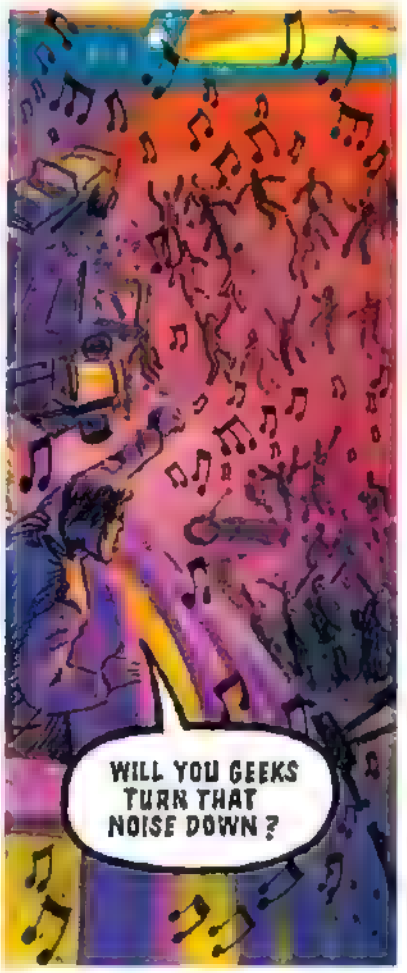



OO COCK EAT'S

Ko-chink!


WILL YOU GEEKS TURN THAT NOISE DOWN?

Ko-chink!
Ko-chink!

SORRY, GEEK! CAN'T HEAR YA! THE MUSIC'S TOO LOUD!

HAW HAW HAW

Ka-chink!

Ka-chink!

JEEZ-!

YOU'RE READING THIRTY DECIBELS OVER THE LIMIT, CREEPS!

O-OKAY! WE'LL TURN IT DOWN, MAN!

TOO LATE FOR THAT! YOU BROKE THE LAW!

NOW YOU'LL PAY THE PRICE!

BUDDA! BUDDA! BUDDA!

ARRRGGH!

FDOW!

AHHH!

SECTOR 3! HE'S STRUCK IN SECTOR 3!

++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++

RUN!

UNNNG!

KZANGG!

IT'S KILLING EVERYONE!

GRUD!

CALL THE JUDGES!

+SUBJECTS ABSCONDING+

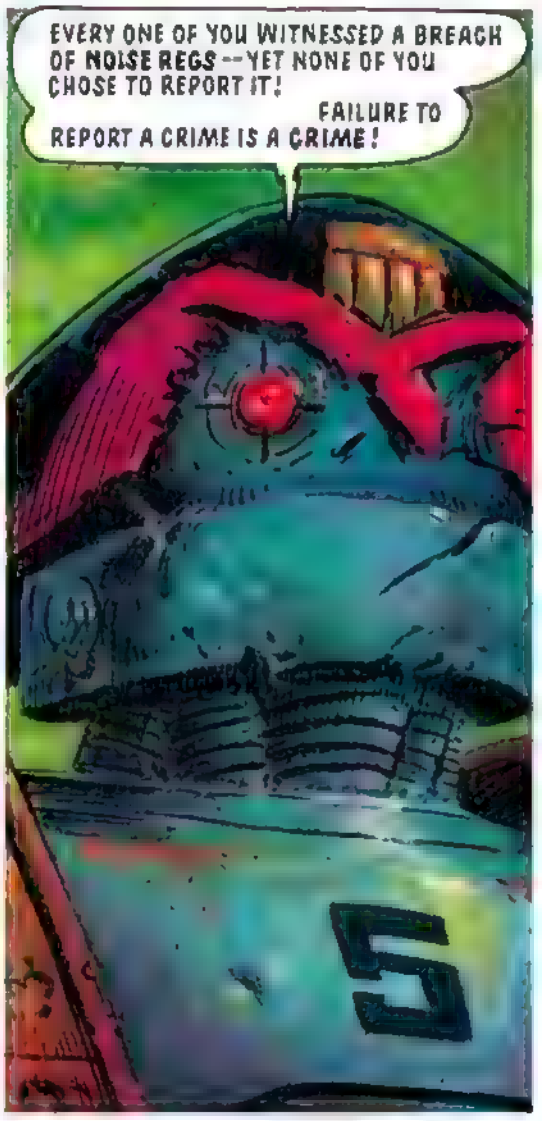
++DETAIN++DETAIN++DETAIN++

JUSTICE DEPARTMENT? MOG COCK HOUSE, CORNUS PLAZA! THERE'S ONE OF THEM ROBOT JUDGES HERE GOING CRAZY!

Ka-chink!
Ka-chink!

YES, IT'S OUTSIDE! IT'S --
OH, MOLEY--

Ka-chink!


EVERY ONE OF YOU WITNESSED A BREACH OF NOISE REGS --YET NONE OF YOU CHOSE TO REPORT IT!
FAILURE TO REPORT A CRIME IS A CRIME!

LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU!

INCENDIARIES!

NO-ONE BREAKS THE LAW AND GETS AWAY WITH IT-- NOT IN MY CITY!

UNNN!

FWUMPH!

AAHHH!

AAAIIIEEE!

"HOW LONG AGO DID THIS HAPPEN?"

"FIVE MINUTES, CHIEF JUDGE. A FIRE TEAM ARE ON SITE. NO ACCURATE BODYCOUNT YET BUT THEY'RE ESTIMATING OVER FIFTY."

WHATEVER ELSE THEY ARE, THE MARK I'S ARE REMARKABLY EFFICIENT KILLING MACHINES.

AND NO SIGN OF NUMBER 5?

NEGATIVE.

AND WHY? BECAUSE WE HAD EVERY SPY CAMERA AND HALF THE JUDGES IN THE DEPARTMENT SOMEWHERE **ELSE** -- ON YOUR ADVICE, QUIGGLY! WHAT ARE YOUR ROBOTS PREDICTING NOW?

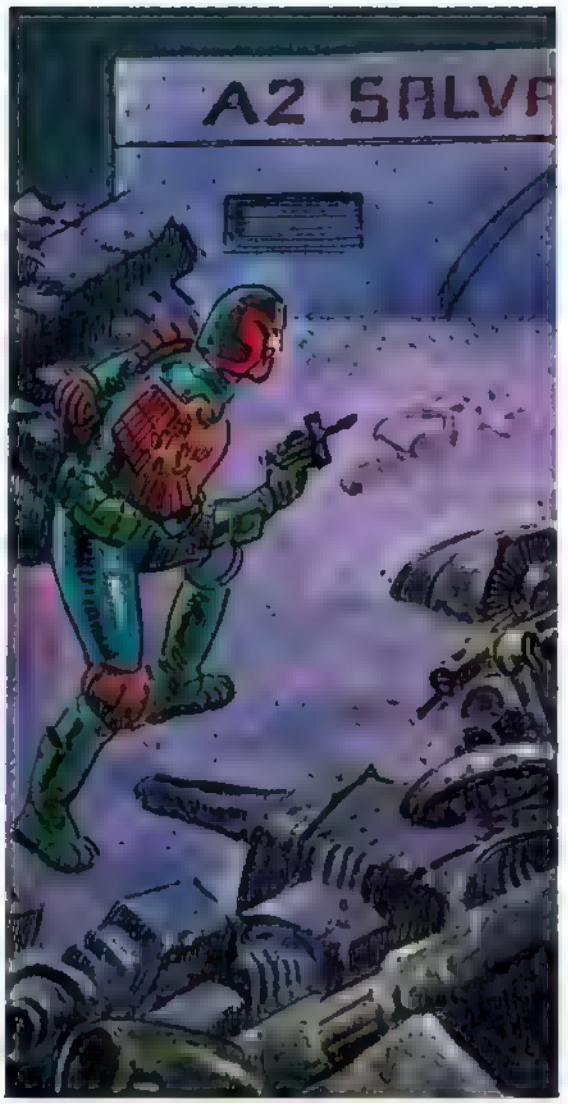
BE FAIR, CHIEF JUDGE! YOU CAN'T EXPECT THE MARK 2s TO GET IT RIGHT EVERY TIME. IT'S A DELICATE BALANCE OF PROBABILITIES. THIS LATEST ATTACK WILL BE ADDED TO EXISTING DATA AND --

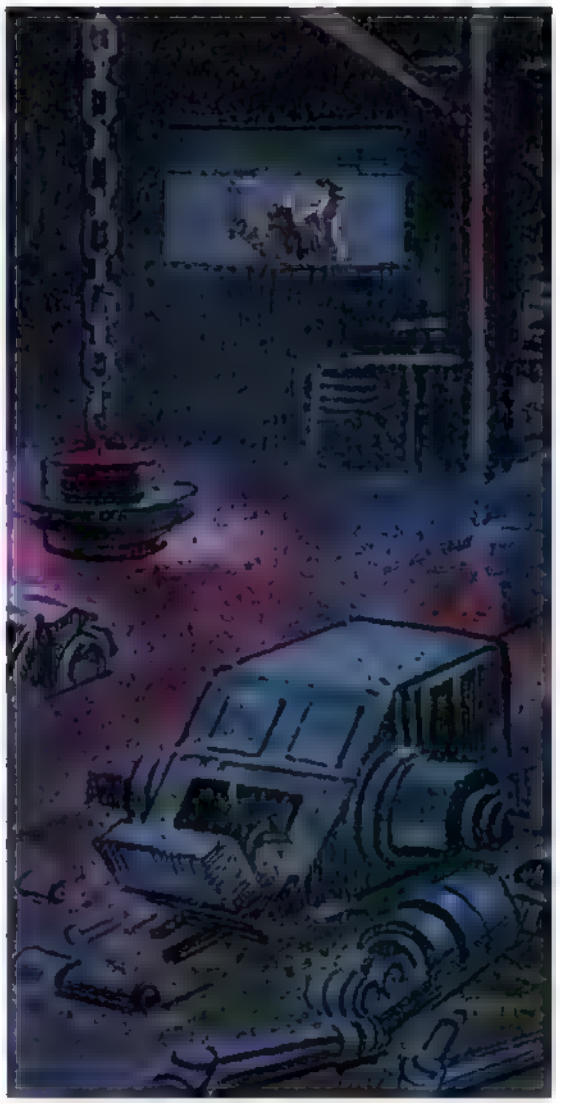
WE'LL DELICATE BALANCE YOUR ASS RIGHT OUT OF THE DEPARTMENT IF YOU CAN'T DO BETTER! WE'VE STAKED OUR REPUTATION ON THIS!

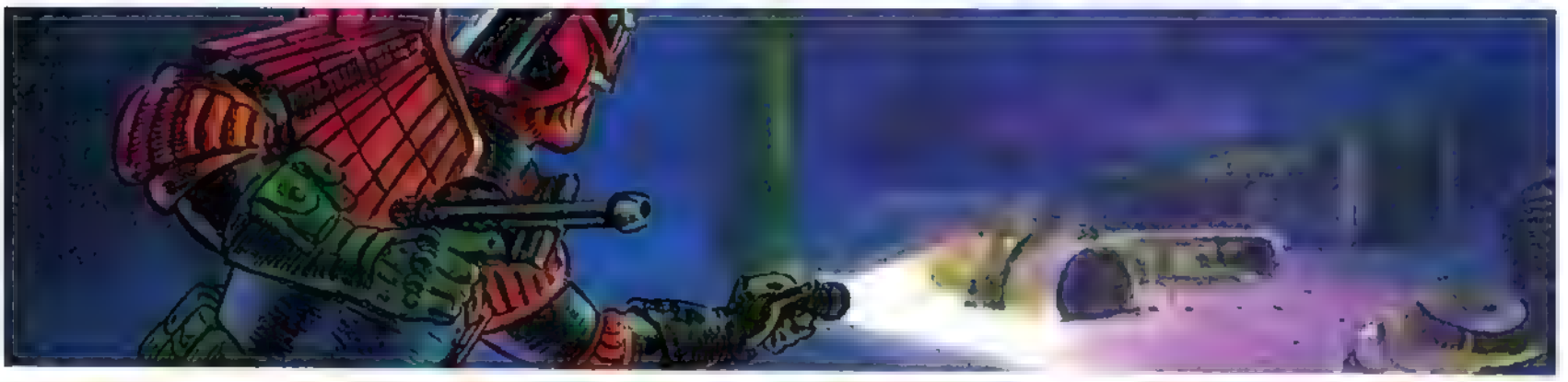
YOU'RE GIVING DREDD ALL THE AMMUNITION HE NEEDS! HE'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO BURY THE WHOLE MECHANISMO PROJECT!

42 SALVAGE

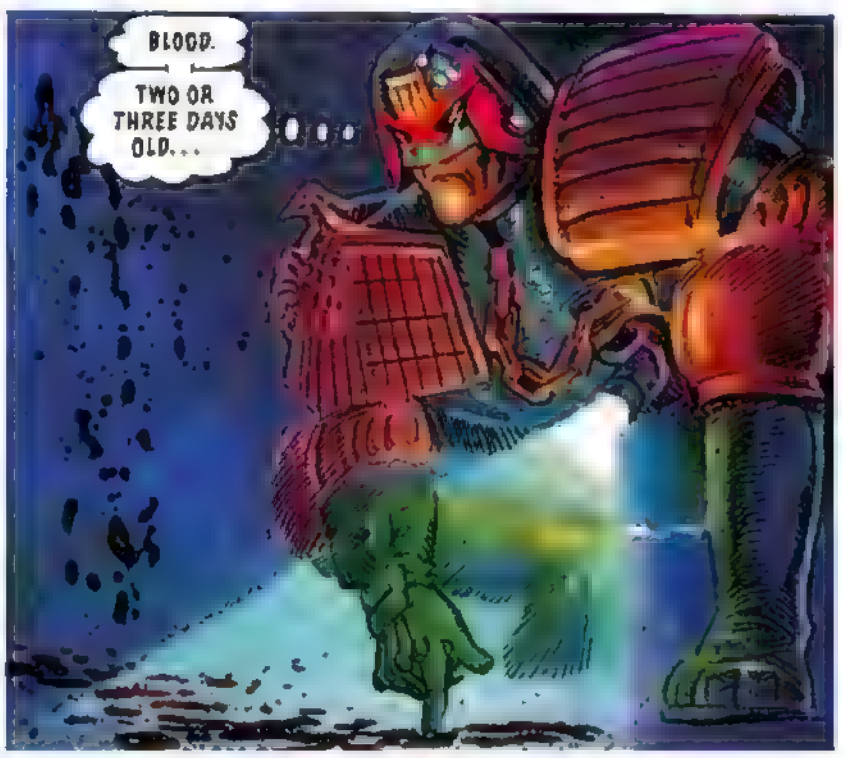
AND US! YES! THAT'S HIS PLAN! HE WANTS TO BURY US!


A2 SALVA





A2 SALVAGE CO


BLOOD.
TWO OR THREE DAYS OLD...

+AURAL RECEPTORS TRACKING+

+AMPLIFY+

PLISH!

SPLOSH!

SPLISH!

NUMBER 5! CAN YOU HEAR ME? THIS IS STICH! I'M ORDERING YOU TO SURRENDER!

NUMBER 5--?

++DANGER++

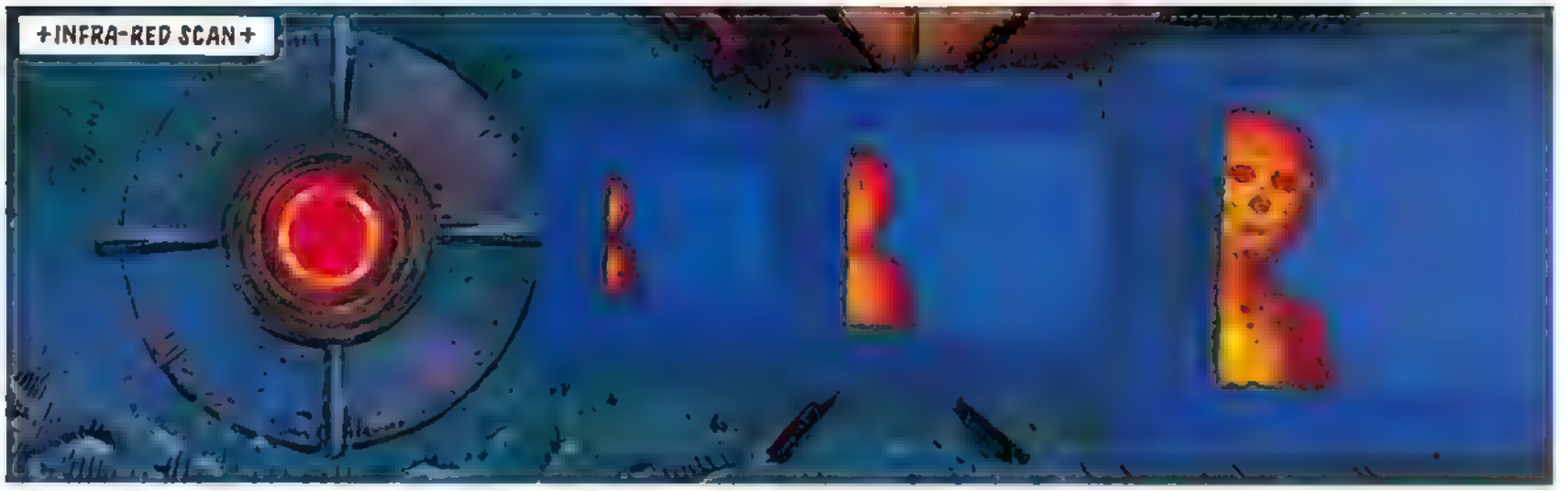
BINGO!

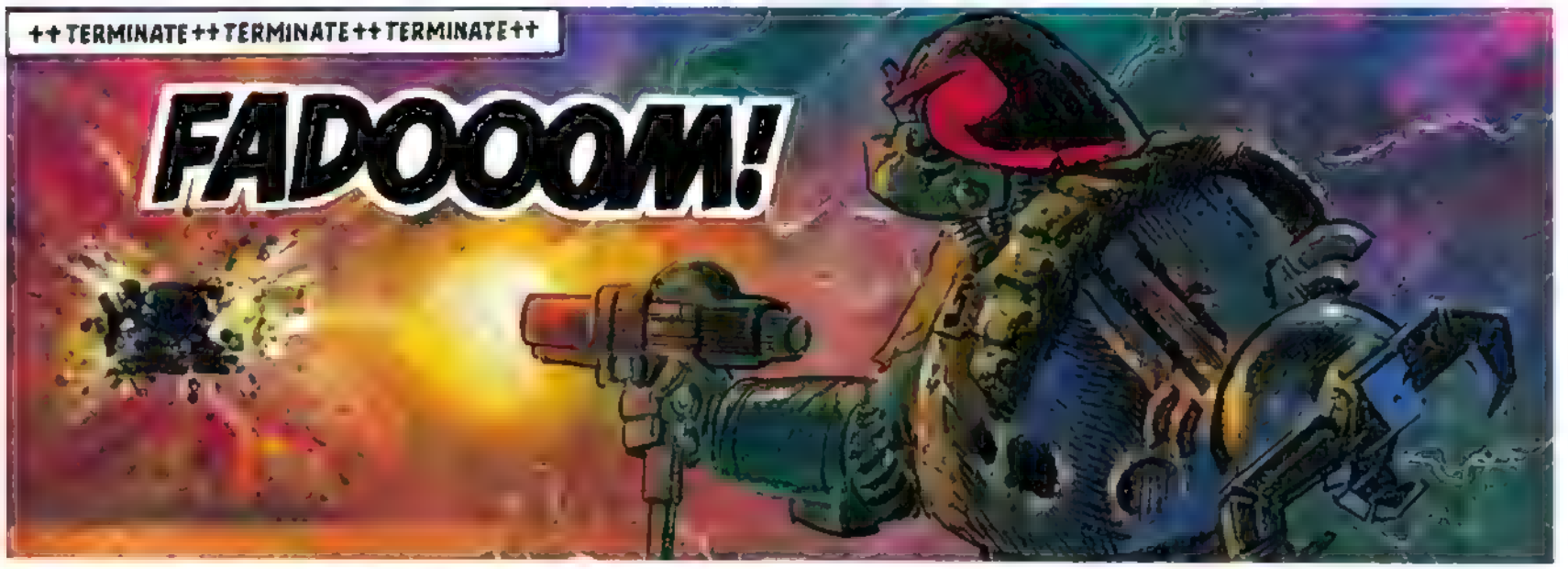
Ka-chink!

THIS IS DREDD! ALL UNIT ALERT!

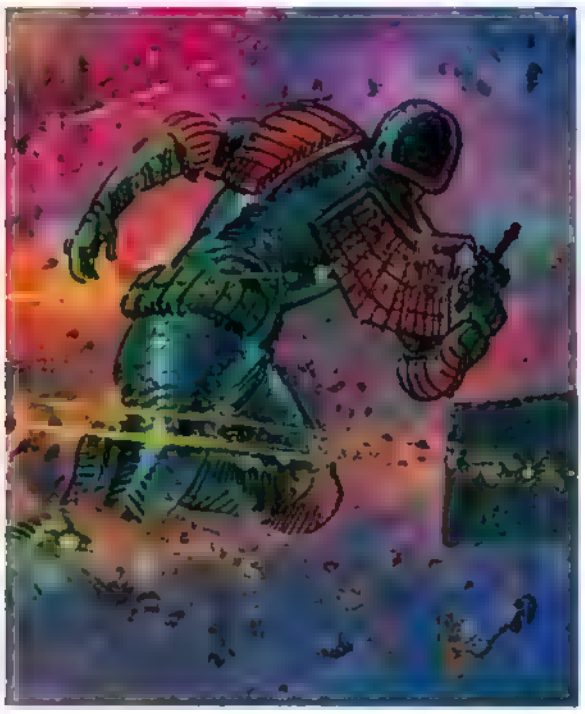
HAVE LOCATED ROGUE MECHANISMO UNIT. AZ SALVAGE CO. URO BOULEVARD! IMMEDIATE ASSISTANCE REQUIRED!

DREDD!


+INFRA-RED SCAN+


++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++
FADOOOM!

SPATTA!



CRASSHH!

HI-EX!

+WARNING!! COMBAT STATUS DETERIORATING+
TRY DOING YOUR VANISHING ACT THIS TIME, PAL!
VADOOOM!
++ASSESS DAMAGE++
++SENSOR IMPAIRMENT+
OPTIC: INOPERATIVE
AURAL: INOPERATIVE
INFRA-RED: 43 (E-MIN 001/00)

+AVOIDING ACTION+

URGENT
URGENT
URGENT

SH.IIEEAGG

THIS IS DREDD! I'VE DISABLED IT! IT'S RETREATING INTO THE SEWER SYSTEM!

MUST BE RICH PICKINGS DOWN THERE-- **A2 SALVAGE** BUILT THEIR OWN PRIVATE ENTRANCE.

THEY BROUGHT BACK MORE THAN THEY COULD HANDLE WITH THE MECHANISMO UNIT! YOU GOT TWO BODIES IN A BARREL IN THE WORKSHOP!

PLISH!

AM IN PURSUIT!

THE SEWERS -- WE'VE GOT A **MARK 2** UNIT DOWN THERE!

SAME QUADS.

RELAY THE INFORMATION TO IT! IT'S GOT TO BE THERE **FIRST!**

WE'LL TRY, CHIEF JUDGE, BUT WE MAY NOT BE ABLE TO GET THROUGH TO IT DOWN THERE.

I'M TAKING YOU BACK WITH ME, NUMBER 5!

+ SUBJECT: STICH, JUDGE DESMON+
+ FORMER HEAD, PROJECT MECHANISMO+
+ CURRENT: CONFINED SECTOR 4 PSYCHIATRIC. ABSCONDED 09.16.15 +

+PRIMARY MISSION TAKES PRECEDENCE+

+NO ACTION+

NUMBER 5!

PLOTSHH!

SPLUSH!

PLUTSHH!

SPLUNNGE!

YOU ARE MALFUNCTIONAL, NUMBER 5! REPEAT-- MALFUNCTIONAL! I'M ORDERING YOU TO SURRENDER!

COME BACK HERE! THIS IS JUDGE STICH! STICH, DO YOU HEAR--?

PLISH!

SPLISH!

RADIO CONTACT'S GONE!

I'M ON MY OWN!

PLASHH!

PLISH!

SPLUSHH!

+ AURAL RECEPTORS TRACKING+

+ AMPLIFY+

10

KA-SPLUPP!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY FROM ME, NUMBER 5!

NUMBER 5

NUMBER 5

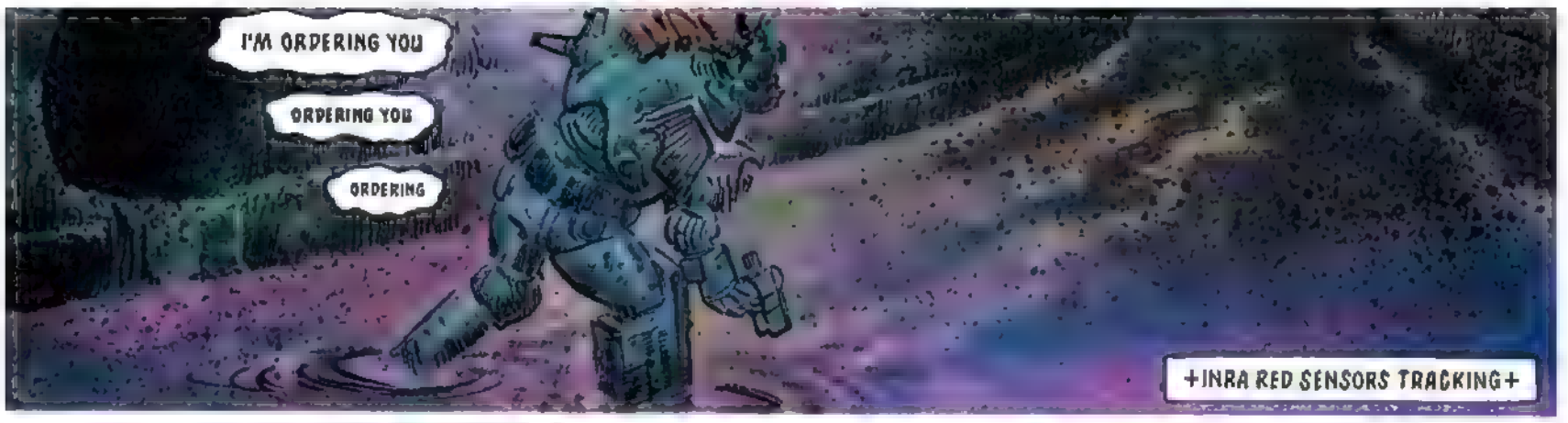
NUMBER 5

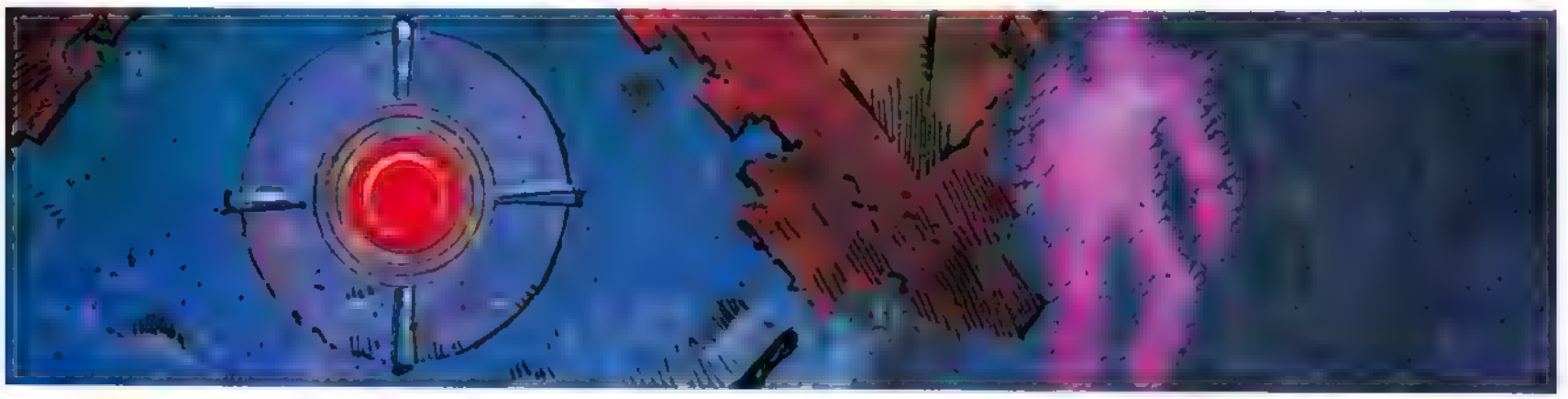
THAT VOICE—

STICK!

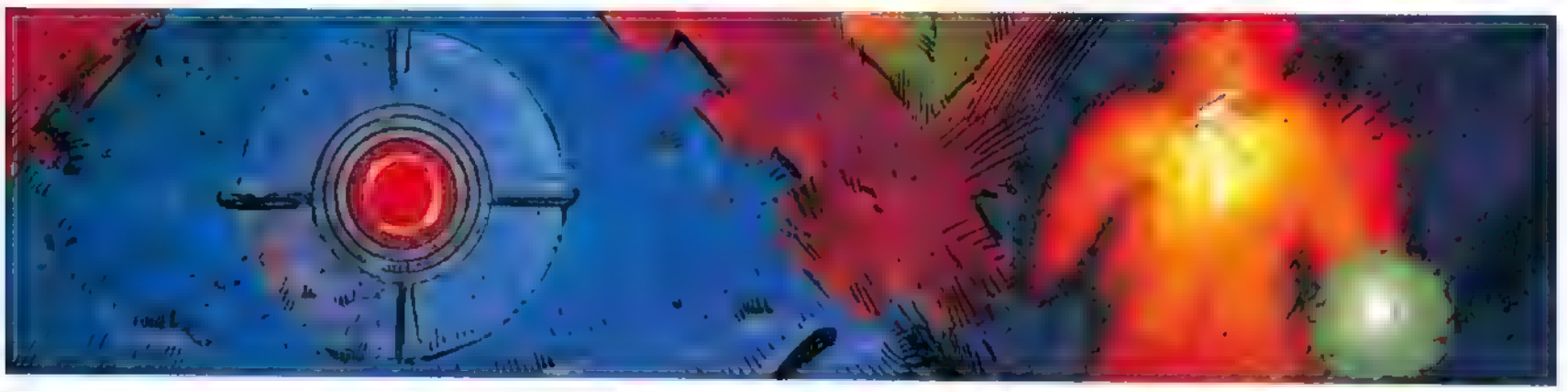
SPLAP!

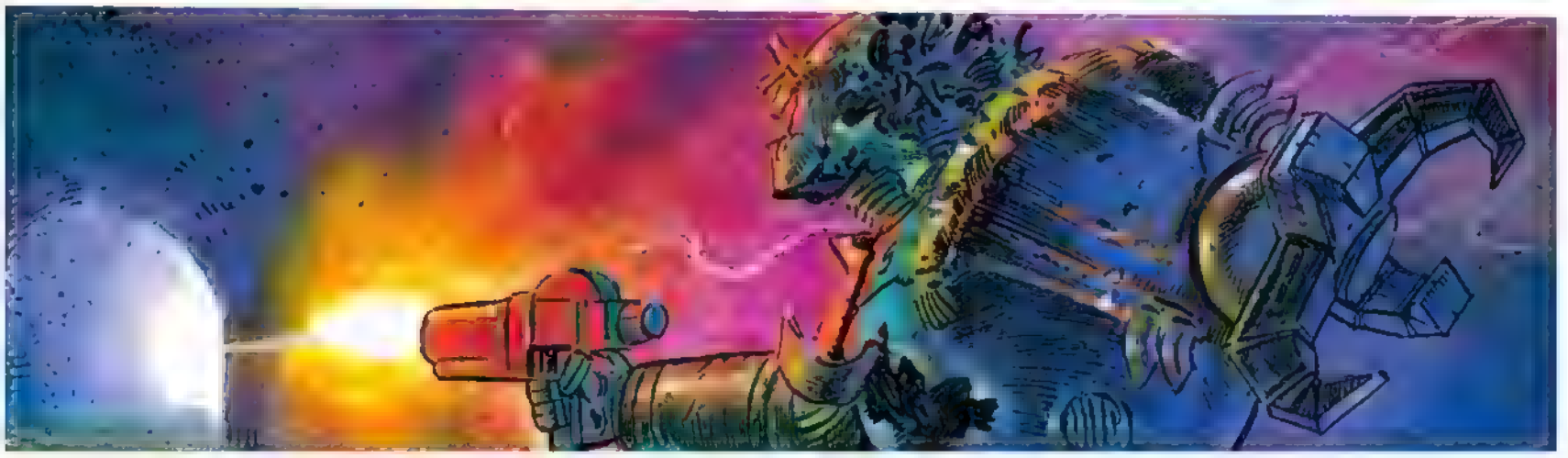
SPLOOSH!


I'M ORDERING YOU
ORDERING YOU
ORDERING
+INRA RED SENSORS TRACKING+



+TRACKING+





ZAANNNGG!

LOSING ACCURACY! MUST'VE DAMAGED IT BADLY!

GUNFLASH GIVES ME A TARGET—!

KRRANNG!

SOMEONE ELSE--

THAT YOU, STICH?

DROKK! ONE OF THE MARK 2S!

++VP SCAN++

+SUBJECT: DREDD, JOE. SENIOR JUDGE, GRADE 1+

THIZZ IZZ ILLEGAL

INNTERVVRING WIZZZ ATUPGGE IZZZ-VZZZZT!- A-A-A- SZZZZERUSS OVVENZZZZE

+SUBJECT: MARK 1 MECHANISMO UNIT+

++ORDERS: ELIMINATE ON SIGHT++

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THAT'S AN ORDER!

++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++TERMINATE++

BLAMM!

D-DREDD!

STICH!

TWO ROBOTS... I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND--

YOU WERE TOLD TO HOLD YOUR FIRE, ROBOT! WHY DIDN'T YOU OBEY?

ORDER INVALID. CHIEF JUDGE'S INSTRUCTIONS TAKE PRIORITY. JUDICIAL CODE, SECTION 19, SUBSECTION F.

NUMBER 5--?

IT'S RIGHT, DAMMIT!

NEVER MIND THE FACT THAT THE CHIEF JUDGE IS DANGEROUSLY UNBALANCED. MIGHT AS WELL HAVE POOR STICH HERE AS DEPARTMENT CHIEF...

AND WHEN SHE HEARS HER PRECIOUS MARK 2 FIRED THE FINAL SHOT NOTHING'S GOING TO DETER HER! SHE'LL HAVE ONE ON EVERY CORNER-- AND GRUD HELP US WHEN THESE BABIES GO WRONG!

YOU LEAVE ME NO ALTERNATIVE.

POINTING A FIREARM AT A JUDGE IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE.

YOU'RE NO JUDGE, PAL-- NOT IN MY BOOK!

VAPOOOM!

AT POINT BLANK RANGE THE BULLET HAD ENOUGH FORCE TO PENETRATE THE SHELL--

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHAT'S GOING ON? WHY... WHY ARE THERE TWO NUMBER 5s...?

JUST ONE--

THAT'S NUMBER 5.

THIS IS A MARK 2, THE ROBOT THEY BROUGHT IN TO REPLACE YOURS. BECAUSE YOU MADE SUCH A HASH OF IT, STICH.

THERE...THERE WERE CERTAIN PROBLEMS, YES, BUT THEY COULD HAVE BEEN CORRECTED. IT WAS POTENTIALLY A FINE MACHINE. A FINE MACHINE!

WHY...WHY DID YOU SHOOT IT?

I DIDN'T.

YOU DIDN'T? B-BUT I SAW YOU--

TRICK OF THE LIGHT, STICH.

WHAT YOU SAW WAS NUMBER 5 BLOWING THIS SUCKER AWAY.

I DID?

N-NO, I'M SURE THAT'S NOT WHAT HAPPENED...

WHAT, YOU'RE TELLING ME THIS HEAP OF JUNK COULD GET THE BETTER OF YOUR BOY?

WELL, NO, BUT--

HALF ITS HEAD BLOWN AWAY AND NUMBER 5 STILL BEAT IT TO THE DRAW! YOU REALLY KNEW HOW TO BUILD 'EM, STICH.

YES, WELL, MY MODEL WAS CERTAINLY DESIGNED TO BE RESILIENT...

RESILIENT'S NOT THE WORD! JUST WAIT TILL YOU TELL THE TEKS WHAT A SECOND-RATE MACHINE THEY TURNED OUT -- MUST BE A DESIGN FAULT, LETTING NUMBER 5 GET TO POINT BLANK RANGE LIKE THAT.

YOU CAN REMEMBER, CAN'T YOU?

I... I'M NOT SURE.

YOU DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK YOU'RE CRAZY.

N-NO...

YES...NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, I-I THINK I CAN SEE IT M-MORE CLEARLY NOW...

GOOD. C'MON, LET'S GO.

HE'S IN AN EXTREMELY IMPRESSIONABLE STATE. BY THE TIME I GET HIM OUT OF HERE I'LL HAVE BELIEVING THE WHOLE STORY -- AND THE REST OF THE DEPARTMENT AS WELL!

PROBABLY A FAULT IN THE PRIMARY COMMAND MODULATOR.

THAT'S MY GUESS. AND YOU KNOW HOW LONG THESE BUGS CAN TAKE TO FIND.

OH, MONTHS. **YEARS** SOMETIMES...

A DECEPTION, BUT NECESSARY UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES. ENOUGH TO MAKE McGRUDER PULL BACK FROM COMMISSIONING THE MARK 2s -- FOR A WHILE AT LEAST.

LONG ENOUGH TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO DEAL WITH McGRUDER...

WRITERS

John Wagner has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dog, Ace Trucking, Al's Baby, Button Man* and *Mean Machine.* Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars, Lobo, The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence.*

Garth Ennis first came to prominence as writer on *Troubled Souls*, the Northern Ireland-set series he created with John McCrea for *Crisis*. After scripting its sequel, *For a Few Troubles More*, and *True Faith* (created with Warren Pleece) for that title, he was also a regular contributor to *2000 AD* and the *Judge Dredd Megazine*, writing *Judge Dredd, Strontium Dogs, The Corps, Time Flies, Chopper*, and *Sleeze 'n' Ryder.* Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', his well-received run on *Hellblazer* was followed by *Preacher*, the hugely successful DC Vertigo series he created with Steve Dillon, as well as titles such as *Hitman, Goddess, Bloody Mary*, and a lengthy run on *The Punisher*. He is currently writing *The Boys* which is published by Dynamite Entertainment.

Mark Millar is one of *2000 AD's* most prolific story creators, with many co-creation credits including *Babe Race 2000, Big Dave,* and *Slaughterbowl*. He has also written for *Judge Dredd , Judge Anderson, Rogue Trooper* and *Zenith* with Grant Morrison. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic Millar has written *The Authority, Aztek, Batman, The Ultimates*, and *Vampirella*. His creator-owned project, *Kick-Ass*, was turned into a feature film and directed by Matthew Vaughn.

Grant Morrison is one of the most successful ex-*2000 AD* writers, with a host of awards and a huge fan following. He began his career on Marvel UK's *Zoids* before coming to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where his strip *Zenith* became a fan-favourite.
At first a prolific writer of 'mature readers' comics, including the award-winning *Animal Man, Batman: Arkham Asylum, Doom Patrol ,The Invisibles* and *The Filth* for Vertigo, he has gone on to write successful runs on the *X-Men*, *Batman* and received critical acclaim for his work on the *All-Star Superman* series.

John Smith is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood, Devlin Waugh, Firekind, Holocaust 12, Indigo Prime, Pussyfoot 5, Revere, Slaughterbowl, Tyranny Rex, Leatherjack, Dead Eyes* and *Cradlegrave* . Smith has also written *Future Shocks, Judge Dredd, Judge Karyn, Pulp Sci-Fi, Robo-Hunter, Rogue Trooper, Tales from Beyond Science, Vector 13* and *Tales from the Black Museum.*
Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series in *Crisis*, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab,* and Harris Comics' *Vampirella.*

JUDGE DREDD

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